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THE
MONTHLY PACKET
OF
EVENING READINGS

FOR
Younger Members of the English Church.

VOLUME XVI.
PARTS. XCI. TO XCVI. JULY—DECEMBER, 1858.



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PRICE 8d.

CONVERSATIONS ON THE CATECHISM.

CONVERSATION XLV.

PRAYER.

Helena. Now for the fourth division of the Catechism.

Miss O. The three first have taught us the obligations of our Covenant, and leave us with the image of perfection before us; that perfection which becomes terrible when we perceive that it is what we are bound to fulfil, helpless as we are.

Audrey. But this next part shows us how we need not be helpless.

Mary. 'And when we faint, let prayer
Thy messenger be there,
On Thee for help to call.'

Helena. The weapon called 'All-prayer,' which helped Christian in the valley of the Shadow of Death, when even his sword was of no use to him.

Miss O. Yes; the weapon that alone can render the others availing.

Helena. All over the world, only very bad men indeed, or savages, that have almost sunk into brutes, have ever tried to do without some sort of prayers.

Miss O. Some acknowledgment that there is an Unseen Power to be propitiated and entreated.

Helena. I think the Greeks personified prayers, as following after the goddess of mischief.

Miss O. Here are Homer's lines, translated in the Christian Scholar :—

'Litæ are daughters of the mighty Jove
Wrinkled and lame, with side distorted eyes
They follow, full of care, wherever Atè flies.
Revengeful Atè, trampling on mankind,
Strong, swift of foot, hastes onward. In her rear
Her wounds to heal, the Litæ move behind.'

Audrey. Surely the prayers need not be lame and decrepid! Why do they not fly before mischief instead of coming after her?

Miss O. Perhaps they did not find their wings till Christian days, and even then, I fear that they are too often left to lag behind, and remedy what, but for our negligence, they might have hindered altogether. Another thing to be observed in looking at the ancient world, is the intimate connection in man's mind between sacrifice and prayer.

Audrey. It seems as if the Greeks and Romans did not dare to pray without a victim, or an oblation of some kind.

Miss O. The sense of the distance between the Divinity and man was strongly impressed on them, and their offerings were no doubt attempts to compensate for their own unworthiness.

Helena. And the Patriarchs generally prayed, making an offering, or if they had none at hand, at least pouring oil and making a vow, like Jacob at Bethel.

Miss O. Yes; and the Ceremonial Law systematized their offerings, and revealed to them what would be the most acceptable, as pledges of obedience and tokens of faith.

Audrey. But they could not offer sacrifice, excepting at the Tabernacle or the Temple.

Miss O. No; but all their prayers everywhere else would be taken as offered in right of the victims there

slain, the morning and evening sacrifice of the lamb serving to consecrate the prayers of every faithful Israelite who 'looked unto the hills,' with his windows open towards Jerusalem.

Helena. Elijah waited for the time of the evening sacrifice to pray for the fire from Heaven. Yes, then he was in communion with the priests in the Temple, and with all the faithful in Judah.

Audrey. And Daniel, when the very Temple was gone, and at such peril to himself, remembered Solomon's prayer, kept the old times, and opened his window towards Jerusalem, in memory of the glory that had been there.

Miss O. And in faith that the true and real Sacrifice and Atonement would there be offered, to consecrate all the prayers of faith, both before and after.

Helena. Then Christian prayers are more near and sure than the Jewish ones could be? But then the prayers in the Old Testament were often granted; and besides, the Psalms are called the great Prayer-Book of the Church, are they not?

Miss O. The faithful prayers of the Saints of old were offered in presage of the future Atonement, and accepted for its sake. And inspiration filled those precious Psalms with more than could be then understood, to serve for our benefit, as well as for that of the thousand years of Israelites, whose devotion was fed upon them. But the prophets implied that prayer should be offered with greater confidence, when the veil should be taken away, and the way to the Mercy Seat opened by the completion of the expiation. Look at Isaiah lxxv. 24.

Mary. 'And it shall come to pass that before they call, I will answer, and while they are yet speaking, I will hear.'

Miss O. See how that promise is carried on to the fulfilment by our blessed Lord's own words, when His work

was close upon the accomplishment. St. John, xvi. 26, 27.

Mary. 'At that day ye shall ask in My Name; and I say not unto you that I will pray the Father for you; for the Father Himself loveth you.'

Helena. And in the 23rd and 24th verses: 'Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in My Name, He will give it you. Hitherto have ye asked nothing in My Name. Ask and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full.'

Audrey. And twice again, in the 14th and 15th chapters.

Miss O. You see, there, so close upon the consummation of the offering, He reiterates five times the promise of fulfilling prayer offered in His Name.

Audrey. We finish each prayer in obedience to that command, but I never used to understand at all what the words convey.

Miss O. More, far more than we can express or enter into, and I think the various formulæ with which the blessed Name is introduced, are guides to the infinite shades of meaning. As when we say, 'for the sake of Thy Son, our Lord,' we seem to imply 'Thine only Son is our Master and our Friend, for His sake, therefore, listen to us, and glorify Him in us His members.'

Audrey. Yes; and it reminds us of the words, 'He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him freely give us all things?'

Miss O. One of the closest and most precious pledges of trust.

Helena. Or when we say 'through the merits,' we mean that we do not deserve to ask anything, but that our Lord deserved all that was good, and gave His merits to us.

Mary. And 'through the mediation,' means, because He is interceding for us in Heaven.

Miss O. Or when it is a prayer, especially for forgiveness of sins, the 'through our Saviour,' is an especial laying of our guilt on His cross, and appealing to the Sacrifice lying upon the Altar.

Audrey. I suppose that is implied when we mention His holy name of Jesus ?

Miss O. Yes. The chief ways in which He is our Intercessor in Heaven, are shown by the manner in which He revealed Himself to St. John in Heaven, sometimes as the Lamb as it had been slain ; sometimes as the Great High Priest, for ever presenting the Sacrifice, and therewith the Incense of the prayers of the Church.

Helena. As the High Priest carried in the blood of the victim, and the incense, into the Holy of Holies.

Audrey. And David knew what incense meant, when he said, ' Let my prayer be set forth in Thy sight as the incense.'

Miss O. The last of the prophets carried on the promise.

Mary. ' From the rising of the sun, even unto the going down of the same, My Name shall be great among the Gentiles, and in every place incense shall be offered unto My Name, and a pure offering.' Mal. i. 11.

Miss O. See how that answers to St. John's vision, where around the living Lamb that had been slain, the four Living Creatures and four-and-twenty Elders bear vials full of sweet odours, which are the prayers of the saints.

Helena. And again, before the blowing of the trumpets the incense of the prayers of the saints is offered upon the golden altar.

Miss O. So between the shadows in the Old Law, and the vision of the beloved Apostle, it is in part shown to us, how the death of our blessed Lord has consecrated our prayers, and why they are brought so much nearer to the Mercy Seat, as being offered in right of the expiation, and presented by the great High Priest.

Helena. No wonder St. John could say, 'This is the confidence we have in Him, that if we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us.'

Audrey. St. John had heard Him say, 'What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.' St. Mark, xi. 24.

Mary. 'All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall have them.' St. Matthew, xxi. 22.

Audrey. Believing— I suppose that partly means the believing that our prayers are accepted for our Lord's sake ; but the believing that they will always be granted, how shall we do that ?

Miss O. See St. James's comment on that head.

Audrey. 'If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him ; but let him ask in faith, nothing wavering, for he that wavereth, is like a wave of the sea, driven with the wind and tossed. For let not that man think that he shall receive anything of the Lord.'

Miss O. Then of what may he make sure, provided he ask in unwavering faith ?

Audrey. Of heavenly wisdom.

Miss O. It is of that, and all it implies, namely the grace of the Holy Spirit, that it is said, 'Ask and ye shall have, seek and ye shall find.'

Audrey. The best thing is the most certain of all.

Miss O. Still there are conditions before even this best of prayers can be accepted.

Helena. The forgiving of our neighbour.

Mary. The Psalm says, 'If I incline unto wickedness with my heart, the Lord will not hear me.' lxvi. 16.

Miss O. If we harbour wilful sin, our prayers cannot be sincere.

Helena. And then we must pray with all our heart, and all our attention, and not draw nigh with our lips alone.

Audrey. Oh ! if we could.

Miss O. That is the difficulty and temptation that comes with the many, many blessings of using forms of prayer, but we will speak of that afterwards; what we are thinking of now, are genuine prayers from the heart, and I was going to put you in mind of another virtue, often, though not always, called for when we pray, I mean patience.

Helena. That was what our Lord taught in the two parables of the unjust judge and the churlish friend, 'that men ought always to pray, and not to faint.'

Miss O. It is taught throughout the Scripture, from David in those beautiful words, 'Oh ! tarry thou the Lord's leisure, be strong and He shall comfort thine heart, and put thou thy trust in the Lord,' Psalm, xxvii. 16 ; on to St. James's 'Be patient therefore, brethren, behold the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and the latter rain. Be ye also patient.' St. James, v. 7.

Audrey. And the answer to prayer does not come at once, that our faith may be exercised and our patience and earnestness tried ?

Miss O. Yes ; that is the special consolation when we pray and strive apparently without effect.

Audrey. Oh ! I know what you mean, when we go battling on with some old burthensome fault, and praying every morning and every church-time against it, and not seeming to get one bit better, or to get nearer the good quality we want.

Miss O. Even the good seed had to 'bring forth fruit with patience.'

Audrey. If we were sure the prayers were the right sort.

Helena. And if one wants to do good, and the more one does, the worse things seem to get.

Miss O. Then remember who came with the morning

to those who had toiled all night and taken nothing. He can fulfil prayers, though not in our way, in His own ; and even when they are not absolutely granted, He will return them into our own bosom.

Audrey. No faithful prayer is ever lost.

Miss O. And this is to be the comfort in the worst and most grievous trial of all, that trial which our Lord Himself endured for us, and for which David prepared so ample a provision—the trial of feeling forsaken.

Audrey. Thinking that God has hidden His Face—that we are too far gone to be heard at all. Oh ! I cannot fancy anything so terrible.

Miss O. I believe the greater part of Christians are spared this exceeding misery, which often is constitutional, and rather depending on the human frame than on the soul ; but where it does occur, the only means to use is to pray on—pray even though the spirit refuses to think it is praying in faith.

Audrey. And then will the cloud clear up at last ?

Miss O. Often it does, and at ‘evening time there is light ;’ but there are some—such as the poet Cowper—who are left to pass away from us, even in the horror of great darkness, we may trust, wakening again with a trebly joyful and glorious wonder. But so far as we are taught, all depends on whether the faith, to be shown by obedience and by continuing in prayer, have survived the fearful proof to which it has been set. Let us not dwell on this any longer, may such never be the trial of any of us ! Let us turn our minds to some of the other lessons we have learnt on the way to make our prayers acceptable.

Helena. Giving alms.

Miss O. Yes ; both as proving our love to our neighbour, and as one of the means of making an offering to God.

Audrey. We are told that the prayers and alms of Cornelius came up for a memorial.

Miss O. And mercy to our brethren is one of the only proofs we can give that our love to God is sincere.

Audrey. And humility must be another requisite—not to be like the Pharisee in the temple.

Helena. Who did not pray at all, only gave thanks for his own virtues ; and then there is the not making a display of our prayers, like the Pharisees who loved to stand at the corners of the streets.

Miss O. Yes ; that was censured as something quite apart from congregational prayer, it was rather a display of private prayer, and we hear it had its reward, the reward it sought in influence and applause, and no more.

Helena. ‘But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father which is in secret shall reward thee openly.’ St. Matt. vii. 6.

Audrey. That answers to ‘Commune with your own heart, and in your chamber, and be still ; offer the sacrifice of righteousness, and put your trust in the Lord.’ Psalm, iv. 4, 5.

Miss O. Yes ; I should say that as breath is the essential life of the body, so that secret intimate private prayer is the very life of the Christian soul.

Helena. It is the having our conversation in Heaven.

Audrey. It is the living our everlasting Life.

Miss O. And it is that which circumstances cannot deprive us of. Distance from a priest may cut us off from the reception of the Holy Eucharist, sickness may keep us from attendance at church, but even at the worst, this being alive unto God, who is about our path and about our bed, may be kept up ; yes, even where the mind is lost to external objects of sense, it often shows that prayer and praise are still the voice of the soul.

Audrey. I suppose above all personal religion consists in this constant secret prayer.

Miss O. It is intercourse with God. It is what seems

a mere weariness and burthensome effort to those who do not attempt it, but to those who strive after it, however feebly, it is, as I say, life ; to call within themselves for a blessing on all they begin ; to ask for aid in all difficulties ; to offer up all they accomplish ; to entreat pardon for each error ; to summon protection in all dangers ; to give thanks for all pleasures ; to invoke blessings on all persons with whom they are concerned, that is truly living in constant reliance, and more than in any other way in the peace of God.

Audrey. If one could but always live in that way !

Helena. If one could recollect it !

Miss O. The more you strive, and the longer you live, the more naturally it will come to you, and the more precious such music of the heart will be to you.

Audrey. It must be ascending in heart and mind.

Miss O. But this life of private prayer requires some fixed points and observances, from which it may all grow up, and round which it may, as it were, revolve.

Audrey. You mean our morning and evening prayers, and our saying grace, and the like.

Miss O. Yes ; those are like the daily tokens of homage to be paid to our King, and require to be rendered with more of form. There the danger of ostentation ceases, for they are the settled form of respect, and it is undutiful to God, as well as dangerous to ourselves, to omit the recognised external observance.

Audrey. Yes ; though it would be ostentation to kneel down at all times of the day, when anyone was present to observe on it, it would be absolutely wrong not to kneel down to our evening and morning prayers.

Miss O. For us of the English Church it would. She has from all times brought us up to follow the example of our Blessed Lord, and of almost all the Scripture Saints, and pray, kneeling humbly on our knees, at all set times of prayer.

Helena. Do you mean that all Churches do not ?

Miss O. In the Eastern Church, kneeling has never been common. The people stand to pray, except on the chief days of humiliation ; and in the West, I believe, that though kneeling was more often practised, yet at the interval between Easter and Whitsuntide, the people stood in memory of the Resurrection.

Helena. That is not like sitting down.

Miss O. No ; it was not for the sake of ease. Lutherans and Calvinists set their faces against kneeling in public in a manner that seems to us very strange, I suppose from some confusion as to the formalities of Romanism ; but as we have been trained, I think that for a person in health to omit kneeling at the set times of private prayer, or at the right portions of the Church service, is open disobedience to our Church's rules, for the honour her children shall pay to their Father.

Helena. And it is often a real confession. I suppose school-boys once had, and many servants have now, great difficulties with their companions when they are bent upon kneeling.

Miss O. And even in church it does not seem to come into people's heads, that if things are not perfectly comfortable, they can be expected to kneel. Many, who I am sure must be usually in the habit, will not kneel if they find a bare floor before them, and no desk to lean against, and as the alternative is now always sitting instead of standing, it is a very sad piece of attention either to personal ease, or to the bad customs of the world.

Audrey. I am glad you have said that, I shall know better what I ought to do. I have been to strange churches when I was staying with my cousins, and have been very much puzzled.

Miss O. This matter of kneeling has carried us away from what I was wishing to keep to to-day—I mean the habit of personal prayer. I was going to have said that

it is not to be regarded as only between our individual selves and our Maker, but as communion with all the rest of His members, who are to be all of one mind, and desiring the same things.

Audrey. The many streams meeting in one.

Miss O. So with full latitude for the secret extemporary petitions, the raising our hearts to God at all times, we want certain hours and certain forms upon which we may all agree.

Audrey. Yes ; and as models, or we should never know how to pray, or what to wish for.

Miss O. Also to draw up our feelings, which would not of themselves reach such depth of contrition or amount of devotion, as these ejaculations would lead us to. We want words to form our thoughts.

Helena. And so our blessed Lord gave us the Lord's Prayer as the first and chief pattern of all.

Miss O. Without which, I think, we ought to offer no set prayers, so as to act in obedience to 'when ye pray, say—'

Audrey. And then we have the whole Book of Psalms, which will serve for all occasions.

Mary. And all the Collects.

Miss O. Yes ; we have our inheritance in the Prayer-Book ; and besides these, there are all the forms arranged for private devotion for the hours of the day, days of the week, seasons of the year, and occasions of life, by good men of all times. Of these I should say that Bishop Andrews's Devotions, and Bishop Cosins's, are the most taken from those of early times ; but of course in these things, we all may act as we are disposed, so long as our devotions are in accordance with Scripture and with the Church Catholic.

Helena. Some good person is sure to be saying some of those prayers at the same time.

Miss O. And it is a beautiful bond of fellowship be-

tween friends or relations, or those engaged in the same good work, to agree upon some prayer to be said by each at some fixed season. But it must be a deep and real union to be cemented in such a manner, and the pledge must not be lightly given.

Helena. And about regular times ?

Miss O. They depend so much on the Church and her services, that I had rather keep them for our next talk, except just to mention a few of the times that seem especially to belong to habits of secret private devotion, when good men have taught us to make silent ejaculations.

Mary. The waking in the morning, with the verse 'I laid me down and slept, and rose up again, for the Lord sustained me.'

Miss O. Yes ; and some holy people have had a short prayer to be used at their dressing, that even so they may be clothed with His righteousness. Or again, at the striking of the clock, that we may be ready for death, which is coming nearer, and so on, even to the verse at lying down in bed, which you all know.

Audrey. It must be a great help to the life of constant prayer.

Miss O. Using constantly those petitions in the words of Scripture, sanctified and applied to special occasions by the practice of the Church is surely trusting ourselves to the guidance and intercession of the blessed Spirit, and we know what is said of the aid He bestows.

Helena. 'Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities, for we know not what we should pray for as we ought, but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings that cannot be uttered. And He that searcheth the hearts knoweth what is the mind of the Spirit, because He maketh intercession for the Saints according to the Will of God.' Rom. viii. 26, 27.

Audrey. It is not only having the mediation of ou

Lord, but of the Holy Spirit, our other Comforter and Advocate.

Miss O. Yes ; guiding, directing, and forming our prayers, either in the words of Inspiration or in our own hearts, and then going along with us, offering them with us.

Audrey. It is like the mother helping and teaching her little child to pray, putting the words into its mouth, and praying with it, and for it, leading the prayers up for it.

Miss O. It is as much blessed encouragement as exceeding awe to think what Christian prayer is, led and fostered by the Holy Spirit, offered through and by the Son, and heard and accepted by the Father, these weak wavering prayers of ours, the especial care as we may say of the whole ever-blessed and glorious Trinity, not only to grant them, but even to form them, and make them acceptable.

Audrey. It is almost beyond the power of thought.

Helena. Must we leave off?

Miss O. I think so. We will talk of the forms, the hours, and the subjects of prayer at some other time.

(To be continued.)

FORGOTTEN POETS.

HROSWITHA, THE RELIGIEUSE OF GANDERSHEIM.

TENTH CENTURY.

ON the banks of the Ganda, a river of Lower Saxony, there stood in the tenth century a convent of nuns, which had been removed thither in 852 by Ludolf, Duke of Saxony, five of whose daughters were placed within its walls. Here Hroswitha, at twenty-three years of age, sought refuge from worldly cares and pleasures. The convent at Gandersheim had long been highly esteemed on account of the learning and piety of its inmates, and

Hroswitha, of whose early life little is known, appears to have been attracted thither by the hope of meeting with congenial minds as well as pious consolation. Here, under the tuition of Rikardis and Gertrude, daughters of Henry Duke of Bavaria, the talents of the youthful nun were rapidly developed, and leaving her instructresses far behind, she, about the year 960, composed a series of heroic poems on legendary subjects, which were received with indulgence and encouragement by the most learned men of the time.

These, however, formed but the starting-point of her literary career, and were quickly followed by a second work, a series of six dramas, founded also upon legendary subjects, and which are universally allowed to contain at least the germ of the modern drama. These dramas, like the legends, were submitted by their timid authoress to the inspection of certain learned men, who had already (as she informs us in an address prefixed to her second work) condescended to express a favourable opinion of her former attempt. She declares that her sole object in composing the dramas had been 'to supply a purer aliment than the Comedies of Terence, for those who needed such amusement,' and 'to keep alive in her own breast the poor measure of genius with which God had endowed her, not suffering it to rest in indolent neglect, but compelling it when struck with the hammer of devotion, to respond in tones which, however feeble themselves, might yet redound to the praise and glory of God.' She gratefully acknowledged the kindness with which her former attempt had been received, and encouraged by such approval, no longer hesitates to lay her productions before others, and 'bending like a reed' before her friendly critics, entreats them to examine her work with care, and make such corrections and alterations as may enable her to see and amend its more glaring defects.

The works of Hroswitha, as published by Conradus

Celtis, and subsequently by Schurzfleisch, are divided into three parts; the first containing the poetical legends before mentioned; the second, the six dramas; and the third, a panegyric on Otho, and a poetical history of the Abbey of Gandersheim. The greatest amount of interest, however, centres in the dramas, which may justly be regarded as the very earliest examples of those religious plays or mysteries which continued in favour throughout the whole course of the Middle Ages. They are written in Latin rhymes, for the assonance *may* be detected, although in most editions the dramas are printed simply as prose. Hroswitha had read the Comedies of Terence, and anxious that others should participate in the pleasure she had derived from their perusal, she conceived the idea of adapting the form of those comedies to the treatment of religious legends, commemorating more especially the triumphs of feminine virtue and chastity. She thus hoped to supply the nuns of her convent, and perhaps others also, not with amusement only, but with high examples and lessons in morality, thus diversifying without destroying the regularity and simplicity of their daily life.

We can hardly expect to find in these plays much startling dramatic incident; they are, indeed, rather pictures, filling up the outline traced by the legend; and, therefore, necessarily restricted within certain limits. Yet they display, in many instances, a true feeling in the delineation of individual character, and a skill and tact in the arrangement of scenes, &c. which is really surprising. The legend on which the drama is founded, is in every instance adhered to with scrupulous fidelity; and not the incidents only, but in many cases even the words used by the different characters, are copied from the original authorities.

Gallicanus, the first play in the series, is taken from the Legend of S. John and S. Paul (not the Apostles) in the *Legenda Aurea*. Gallicanus, a general of the Ro-

man army under Constantine, before setting out on an expedition against the Scythians, requests the hand of that emperor's daughter, Constance, in marriage. This princess being not only a Christian, but devoted to a religious life, the emperor is sorely perplexed between his fear of offending so powerful a subject, at a time, too, when his military services were of so much importance, and his unwillingness to divert the princess from the vocation she had chosen. Constance, however, advises him to promise her in marriage to Gallicanus on his return, trusting that some way of escape might be provided for her in the interim, and desires Gallicanus to leave with her his two daughters, while she sends to bear him company John and Paul, two priests who held the highest office in her household. Gallicanus is converted to Christianity by miracle before his return, and his daughters also are persuaded by Constance to abjure their Pagan errors and embrace the Christian faith. Gallicanus returns to Rome fully resolved to give up his ardently-desired union with Constance, 'for whom he had fought with such undaunted courage, whom he had purchased at the cost of so much blood,' and informs Constance and his daughters, that far from opposing their wish to devote themselves to a religious life, their doing so would be the accomplishment of his fondest wishes. To this Constance replies, with true feminine feeling :*

Hroswitha contrives to give her readers an idea of the greatness of the sacrifice imposed by Gallicanus upon himself by the reply which he makes to Constantine when invited by him to reside in the palace, and receive the honour due to a man who had been the accepted son-in-law of the emperor. 'It were not fitting,' answers Gallicanus, 'that I should behold too frequently a virgin

* 'Eo liberius servabimus
Quo te non contra luctari sentimus.'

Our liberty of service being the greater, in proportion to our not being found in opposition to you.

whom I have loved, as you well know, more than my kindred, more than my life, more than my own soul.'

The second drama is entitled 'Dulcitius;' the third, 'Callimachus.' The first of these is almost comic in some of its incidents, the second deeply tragic. The story of 'Abraham,' the fourth in the series, contains many scenes of considerable interest and beauty, and the legend on which it is founded is preserved in the 'Vitæ Patrum' of S. Jerome. The scene opens in a lonely desert, where Abraham, with his friend Ephrem, devote their whole time to the careful training of Mary, niece to the former, nurturing her in modesty and piety. But Mary, although listening meekly to their earnest exhortations, soon wearies of the solitude of the desert, and we find her in the next scene established in a splendid hotel at Alexandria, surrounded by pomp and pleasure. Abraham, after deploring for two years the fall and flight of his niece, at length resolves to make a last effort to reclaim her, and assuming secular apparel, he shelters his features beneath a broad overlapping hat, and mounting a horse, sets forth on his sorrowful journey.

The scenes between Abraham and Mary are all painted with wonderful truth and pathos. In their first interview Mary, although she does not yet recognize him, seems touched by some memories, evoked she knows not how, and does not at first respond to the assumed gaiety of the old man; but the scene in which Abraham makes himself known, throwing off his secular disguise, banishing the jovial gaiety he had before assumed, urging her to repentance, and gently soothing and stimulating the sharpness of her grief, is beautiful beyond expression.

'It is time,' exclaims the old man, 'to throw off this disguising apparel, and to show myself as I am. Oh! thou, my adopted daughter! Oh! part of my very soul! Mary! dost thou not recognize in me the old man who nurtured thee with the love of a father?—by whom thou

wert betrothed to the only-begotten King of Heaven ?' And Mary replies in anguish, 'Woe is me ! It is Abraham, my father and my master, who now speaks with me !' Then Abraham tries to win her to repentance, and to persuade her to return with him, encouraging her by the recapitulation of all his tenderness had prompted him to undertake for her. 'Is it not for thee that I have abandoned my beloved and solitary habitation, set aside my regular observances, broken through my vow of silence ? Is it not for thee that I, with the heart of a true hermit, have yet clothed myself in secular apparel ? That I, who formerly studied only how to avoid speaking, have like a dissolute worldling taught my lips to utter idle words and foolish jests ? Why is thy face still bent downwards to the earth ? Why disdainest thou still to speak and answer me ?' . At length he prevails on her to return with him to the desert, and the scene closes with their departure.

The sixth and last of these dramas is Sapientia, founded on the allegorical legend of S. Sophia (Wisdom,) and her three daughters, Faith, Hope, and Charity. This drama probably possessed a peculiar interest to the Nuns of Gandersheim, from a certain resemblance between the history of S. Sophia and that of Oda, the venerable foundress of their convent. That princess, by whose persuasions Ludolf had been originally induced to build and endow the abbey, retired thither after the death of her husband, and died at the age of 107, having witnessed the death of three daughters, who had each in succession been abbess of the convent.

In the words pronounced by Sapientia at the tomb of her martyred children, we may imagine that Hroswitha intended to embalm the hopes and consolations which had cheered the widowed matron as her daughters one by one preceded her to the tomb.

There is much to excite admiration in the talents and

energy of the youthful nun who thus ventured on a new and untrodden path, and, despite the many difficulties that opposed her progress, succeeded to a degree that must indeed have astonished her contemporaries. In her dramatic efforts we recognize at least the germ of the modern drama, and they are regarded with interest even in the nineteenth century.

(*To be continued.*)

E. J. M.

CHRONICLES OF AN OAK.

CHAPTER I.

THE DAYS OF THE CONFESSOR.

Boy. What *can* it be? I heard it again just now :—a low, rather hoarse, whispering sound. Is it the wind among the branches? No, it is not quite like that. It seems to me more like a voice. Perhaps if I sit down and quietly listen, it will speak words I shall understand.

Old Oak. I want to tell you my story.

Boy. Oh! do you indeed? that must be very interesting, I am sure. Only—won't it be very long, Mr. Oak?

Old Oak. I suppose it must be long: but, if you are tired, you can go away and come again. I think I shall live to tell it you, though I know I *am* very old—almost dropping to pieces indeed.

Boy. Why, yes, everybody says *that*. I think you lost an arm last winter, and one of your feet too.

Old Oak. You need not tell me. And yet there is life in my heart, too. Just see. One of my best boughs has plenty of acorns upon it. I wish the squirrels would let me alone. Younger trees would be more proper for them, and it is not pleasant to me to have them scampering over my old sides.

Boy. I suppose the owls suit you better?

Old Oak. Indeed, it is come to that. I had rather not :

but still, as my middle is hollow, there is no denying that it is the right place for an owl's nest. Only, dear boy, pray remember, you must never mistake the owl's voice for mine. *I* do not hoot nor grumble. *I* am always glad to see you, so come whenever you like, and don't be afraid of the owl's eyes. You remind me of many past things.

Boy. Well, I will get leave to come now and then. But you must always tell me *nice* stories.

Old Oak. No, that I don't promise. I shall tell you the truth, and I have seen many things in the course of my life that are not at all pleasant. I cannot tell you all, nor half, but what I *do* tell shall be according to my conscience. I should like when you are a man that you should be able to say, 'Once upon a time I met with an honest old oak, who told me true things of English life.' I do not want to tell you falsehoods.

Boy. Can't you begin now? It is really very pleasant here.

Old Oak. Oh, so pleasant! to say the truth, it was because I saw you liked it, that I have been tempted to open my mouth and speak. You do not guess, perhaps, how long I have been living on this spot.

Boy. A very long time, I know. Let me see, were you here in King Charles's days?

Old Oak. Much, very much earlier.

Boy. Perhaps in Queen Elizabeth's?

Old Oak. My dear boy, I was an old oak then. I see you know but little of old trees. What year do you call this?

Boy. The year 1858.

Old Oak. Well, this I know, that I was planted in the year 1050, and I heard the bells ring when William of Normandy was crowned in 1067.

Boy. Amazing! what, have you been here 800 years?

Old Oak. Indeed I have; and I am not the oldest oak in England, they tell me. A traveller came last summer

to look at me, and he was talking about a tree he had seen which was *more* than a thousand years old. However, I am not clear that he knew the exact truth.

Boy. Oh! papa says we all like drawing the long bow; but begin, if you please. Yet stay. Eight hundred years, did you say? Well, Mr. Oak, nobody living can give you the lie.

Old Oak. I think not, indeed.

Boy. And here I sit, and a very few years ago there was no such boy; and not many years hence I shall be gone. And *you* have seen boys like me live and die for eight hundred years and upwards. What a very poor little insect you must think me!

Old Oak. You don't know me yet, or you would not say so. Do you think I am so stupid as not to see how much more there is in the life of a man, than in the life of a tree? Do you think I can have stood here all my days, my old feet growing stiffer and stiffer, and more firmly rooted in the ground every year, and not feel what a number of things you can learn and do, only by moving towards them? In Queen Elizabeth's days, when I was pretty old, there came under my boughs a poet making verses. He looked up at me very gravely, and then he sat down and wrote some verses on his tablets, and afterwards read them aloud. The lines began in this way:—

'It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make men better be,
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall at last, a log, dry, bald, and sear.'

And then he went on to say that it is gathering up all the virtue and strength of goodness he can, that makes a man's life worth living for. I felt he was right then, and I feel it now.

Boy. But *don't* you do good, Mr. Oak? Don't you gather up sweet dews? and don't you enjoy the sun and the moon, and all the beautiful things round you?

Old Oak. Heartily, my boy. I take what I can get: that is, whatever comes to me, and am thankful for all. I give shelter to tired travellers, and am told that I am a beauty, even in my old age; but all England's story, all the changing kings, and all the troubles and joys of the people who have lived these eight centuries, have not been able to move me out of my place. I cannot go abroad. I can learn only just the lessons that come to me here, and I can do only the good that may be done within the space your eye can overlook.

Boy. Well, you're a grand old fellow; pray who was that poet you were talking of?

Old Oak. I did not know at the time, but I heard afterwards he was called Ben Jonson. A writer of plays and masques, very well known at court.

Boy. What is the first thing you remember of yourself?

Old Oak. If you ask me that, I must indeed begin; but I believe I must first tell you about this place where you and I are holding speech; and then, next time you come, you shall hear of me and my own story. I, of course, can hardly help knowing this wood, and all belonging to it, thoroughly.

Boy. 'This wood?' what do you mean? there is no wood here, there are hardly any trees.

Old Oak. I forgot. It was what I remembered that I seemed to see. It was all one thick forest as far as your eye can take in. Here and there, there was a small grassy glade, a beautiful circular space, covered with green turf, where the deer used to come and lie down, and there were woodman's huts scattered about in the forest. There were many kinds of trees, not oaks only, but beeches, and great quantities of holly, which made the whole wood fresh and green in the winter as well as summer; there were green tracks through the forest, wide enough for the clumsy little carts drawn by oxen to go; and there were

often sounds of the axe, for the underwood was cut down between times for firing, for the Saxon Thane, or Ceorl, or Abbot, according as the ownership of the land might be. Hereabouts we were all under very good masters. These lands were Abbey lands in Saxon times, and though the Normans afterwards got Abbey, and forest, and all into their possession, we still belonged to the Church. I tell you this, my boy, at the first, because you will find as I go on that my coming into the world on the Church lands made a great difference in my life, and that I heard and saw much which I should have known nothing about but for the Abbey.

Boy. You mean what they call the Abbey Farm now, where there are some broken walls with ivy growing over them?

Old Oak. I do. That was a splendid place once. I shall have much to tell you about it. Well, this, at all events, was a fine forest, but it did not all belong to the Abbey, for about half-a-mile further on there was a rich Saxon gentleman, living in a great rambling house; and toward the north, but some miles away, rose up, years afterwards, a Norman Castle. I heard in the days of my youth, that King Alfred was fond of this forest, that he had a sort of hermitage in the heart of it, and used to come, when he wanted to be quite alone, for purposes of study and meditation. As my head was not then above ground, I, of course, only tell you this from hearsay, but I believe the fact, and I know also that Edward the Confessor loved the wood very much. He was a great hunter, though people talked much about William of Normandy, as if no one had ever been fond of hunting before him. Yet hardly anyone could be more anxious about the deer than King Edward was; only, being a mild man, he would not be nearly so severe in his punishments of those who harmed them, as William and William Rufus were. Sometimes I have overheard conversations between Saxon and

Norman people, it might be when I was about eighty years old. They still were extremely jealous of one another, and used to quarrel stoutly about the laws. I remember a Norman knight telling a Saxon to his face, that the Saxons were the greatest thieves on the face of the earth; and when the Saxon asked him *why* he thought so, the Norman answered, because when William of Normandy came to England, he found so many of the country men who had but one hand, and the loss of one hand was the Saxon's punishment for theft. But indeed I thought at the time that there might be a mistake about this matter, for it seems that the Saxons reckoned hardly any crime to be so bad as stealing; and they made it matter of the heaviest punishment, and looked more sharply after thieves than any other people did. Other nations might have quite as bad a habit, but their laws did not single out this one fault for punishment.

Boy. To cut off a hand! what a serious thing! How little a working man can do with but one hand!

Old Oak. Still less with but one foot also. Yet, at one time, the Saxon laws extended so far as this against robbers of all sorts; and what do you think of one of those old laws decreeing that 'no one should lose his life for stealing *less* than twelve pence? Unless, indeed,' it added, 'he flies, or defends himself.'

Boy. Well, but if stealing was thought so ill of, what did the Saxons do when a man or woman received bodily hurt from another?

Old Oak. All sorts of things. The loss of an eye or leg was paid for by fifty shillings, a very high fine indeed. The little finger cost eleven shillings, the middle finger four shillings. If a man cut off another man's beard, he had twenty shillings to pay. Then, it seems, twenty-six shillings went to a pound, and twelve pence to a shilling; but there were some pennies larger than others, and five of these went to a shilling. And just let me tell you, that

when the Norman and Saxon were talking together here in this wood, I have heard them say, that an old sheep and her lamb could be bought for one shilling in Edward the Confessor's days, so that really you may see that a fifty shilling fine was a great sum ; fifty sheep and fifty lambs would cost a great deal now, I believe.

Boy. A great deal. Papa is now going to buy a flock of sheep ; he says he expects to have a good many pounds to pay.

Old Oak. Well, a shilling then was worth as much as twelve now.

Boy. You old thing, who would have thought that I should come into the wood to learn the prices of sheep from you ? But, do you know, I am afraid you are growing rather tiresome. I won't come near you if you talk like the multiplication table.

Old Oak. Very well ; I will endeavour to mend my speech next visit. But do, pray, come and see me again.

Boy. Well, perhaps I may. I shall bring my bow and arrows next time.

Old Oak. Capital ! you will bring back the days of Robin Hood. Now, good bye.

(*To be continued.*)

T.

THE YOUNG STEP-MOTHER.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THERE were few intermissions in poor Sophia's gloom during the ensuing month, and even her father's patience hardly held out, though he continued to plead in her excuse the November mists, and the bustle occasioned by the changes in the house.

One grievance was, that she had no grievance at all. Her new apartment was much larger and pleasanter than the former one, but she piqued herself on showing that new conveniences did not compensate for old associations,

and she felt as if every arrangement on her behalf was nothing but a concession to her temper.

The actual day of moving was certain to be a trial. There was no obviating a great confusion, when grandmamma's goods were to be transferred to the study, the contents of the study to the morning room, and Sophy's possessions to her new chamber. Little as Albinia loved by nature to be notable, she could not help enjoying the pleasure of contrivance; she liked to make things fit, and look comfortable, promise herself that they would give pleasure, and figure to herself Winifred's amusement and approval. Lucy was in her element, as useful and as happy as possible, and nothing was discordant except poor Sophy, who had not strength for the fatiguing task, and to whom it was absolute misery to see her books or her repositories of treasures meddled with by anyone else.

Lucy, who in her good-nature only wanted her sister to sit still, and let her take the whole trouble, and make everything so neat and comfortable that it should be a perfect wonder, was quite aghast at the intenseness of her surliness at last, and after bearing a great deal, exclaimed, 'I wish you would not be so ill-natured, Sophy; one would really think you did not like grandmamma's coming!'

'I would give the world to do so,' mournfully answered Sophy.

'Don't you? How funny!' cried Lucy. 'I thought you would have been so glad, you who can so seldom go to see her.'

'Never mind me,' said Sophy, sitting down on the roll of stair carpet, while the tears coursed down her cheeks. What would have been another offence at some moments, had now broken the spell, and released the tears of remorse.

Steps were advancing, and she started up. Fortunately, Albinia preceded the maids and the carpenters, and

in another moment she had thrown her arm round Sophy's waist, and guided her into her own bed-room, the only quiet place in the house. Unspeakably busy as she was, she must forget all; she could not even feel in haste beside that piteous agony of suppressed weeping. She made her lie on the bed, she fondled, soothed, and pitied, and tried to help her out in that difficulty of utterance, which was always so great a distress, and at last, after a long pause, out came the words, 'Oh! I always thought I had a bad heart, and now I know it.'

'My dear, most of us know the same.'

'Not like mine! So hard and cruel—'

'Dear child, what can you have been doing?'

'You have seen,' cried Sophy. 'You know why this mood came!' and she hid her face, in an access of shame.

'Do you mean grandmamma's coming?' said Albinia kindly.

'You know! It is wicked, and hard, and selfish, and shows all my goodness was hollow and hypocritical!' cried Sophy, twisting as if in bodily torture.

'Stop; we will not have such hard names,' said Albinia, with a tenderness verging on playfulness. 'Let us have it quietly out, why this is so unpleasant to you.'

'Why,' cried she, impatiently, 'but because I am the most selfish brute living!'

'No, that is no answer, why it displeases the selfish brute.'

'You know!' said Sophy. 'I shall never be let alone—I shall be teased about whatever I do—I shall be worried about my Persian—and there will be no reading in the evening—nothing but detestable back-gammon, and horrid little card parties—and the elder-wine—and the Drurys for ever streaming all over the house, and fingering all my things, and utterly spoiling Maurice!'

'Well, Sophy, I could not denounce myself for shrinking from such a picture!'

'Everyone else is too good-natured to mind it,' sighed Sophy.

'No, indeed. I am not so good-natured as to intend the Drurys to stream over my house, or to finger my things, far less to spoil my son, and I don't think papa is either! Grandmamma is as much afraid as you can be that she will be in our way, and would not have promised to come unless we were to keep our own hours and habits.'

'I would give anything in the world to be less crabbed,' said Sophy, 'but I feel as if all the comfort of life were over! and I do so hate myself for thinking so, and for having helped to turn papa out of his own dear study.'

'I won't have it called dear!' cried Albinia, suddenly. 'No, Sophy, your father should be your chief encouragement. You know he says that he has suffered quite as much as you do from low spirits, and you have seen how necessary he thought that room, and yet you see how cheerful, and able to think for others, he is now.'

'Papa never was taught what was right. He had to find it all out for himself—he had never been confirmed. Oh! if all that was to come over again, I should have some hope!'

An imperative knock and question came to the door, and with a hasty 'I'm coming,' Albinia turned again to Sophy, and bade her lie still, saying, 'Here are companions for you, Sophy; papa is going to let me keep them here.'

These were Edmund's watch, his little books, and a small black profile, which might have been taken for Sophy herself, and Albinia hoped that she might weep soft tears over them; but the time was not yet come, and on her return she found them lying where she had left them.

'I do not deserve to touch his things,' said Sophy.

'My dear,' said Albinia, 'I am not going to argue with you, I do not think it right, but will you remember one thing? When was it that our Blessed Lord was led into the wilderness to be tempted?'

‘After His Baptism,’ said Sophy.

‘Then, dearest, is it any reason to think so ill of ourselves, if our troubles come soon after receiving grace? Now mind, I don’t say you have not failed, since your poor heart has been in this desolate wilderness; but the real victory may still be won, if you will strive and pray. It will be, if you can keep from answering crossly, and if you can but make yourself be kind to grandmamma! No, don’t get up, tiring yourself only makes your task harder; we are not routing your room. Don’t think how wicked you are, think of all the nice things you can do to please grandmamma—and turn to the great way of being helped.’

It was not sulkiness any more. Sophy was meek and subdued, but utterly broken and unhappy. Albinia had forbidden any farther meddling with her room, and kept it waiting till she thought Sophy able to attend without too much irritation. Then she herself undertook the transfer; she let Sophy unlock everything herself, and put the drawers into her hands, and with delicate scrupulosity as to showing interest or curiosity over those mysterious treasures. Sophy talked no more about herself, and tried to do whatever was asked of her, but she could not be cheerful, and her eyes were often full of tears. The best hope was that this frame would pass off when her attention was occupied, and Albinia was satisfied that something was gained when she found her making up the favours, though it was with a face as if she had been sewing her own shroud.

A grand wedding was ‘expected,’ so all the Bayford flies were bespoken three deep, a cake was ordered from Gunter, and so many invitations sent out, that Albinia speculated how all were to come alive out of the little dining-room.

And Mr. Kendal the presiding gentleman!

He had hardly seemed aware of his impending fate till

the very last evening, when, as the family were separating at night, he sighed disconsolately, and said, 'I am as bad as you are, Sophy.'

It awoke her first comfortable smile.

Experience had, however, shown him that such occasions might be survived, and he was thus less to be pitied than his daughter, who felt as if she and her great brown face would be the mark of all beholders. Poor Sophy! all scenes were to her like daguerreotypes in a bad light, she saw nothing but herself distorted!

And yet she had a turn for finery, and there was a certain exhilaration in the sight of her pretty white muslin and delicate lilac ribbons; and when she awoke on the grey, mild December morning, she was glad that the period of anticipation had consumed itself and its own horrors, and she found herself not insensible to the excitement of the occasion. Lucy was joyous beyond description, looking very pretty in her own attire, and solicitously decorating her sister, while both bestowed the utmost rapture on their step-mother's appearance.

Having learnt at last what Bayford esteemed a compliment, she had commissioned her London aunts to send her what she called 'an unexceptionable garment,' and so well did they fulfil their orders, that not only did her little son scream 'Mamma, pretty, pretty!' and Gilbert stand transfixed with admiration, but it called forth Mr. Kendal's first personal remark, 'Albinia, you look remarkably well,' and Mrs. Meadows, amid all her agitations, reckoned among the honours done to her Maria, that Mrs. Kendal wore a beautiful silk dress, and a lace bonnet, sent down on purpose from London!

Maria Meadows made a very nice bride, leaning on her brother-in-law, and not more agitated than became her well. The haggard wistful look had long been gone, rest of mind had taken away the lean sharpness of countenance, the really pretty features had fair play, and she

was astonishingly like her niece Lucy, and did not look very much older. Her bridegroom looked so beaming and benignant, that it might fairly be hoped that even if force of habit should bring back fretfulness, he had a stock of happiness sufficient for both. The chairs were jammed so tight round the table, that it was by a desperate struggle alone that people took their seats, and Mr. Dusautoy's conversation was a series of apologies to his neighbours for being unable to keep his elbows out of their faces while carving cold pheasant. The waiters needed to have been incorporeal to glide about between the company and the wall, and poor Sophy, whose back was not two feet from the fire, was soon obliged to retreat. She had gained the door before anyone perceived her, and then her brother and sister both followed; Albinia was obliged to leave her to their care, for she was in the innermost recesses of the room, where moving was impossible.

There was not much the matter, she only wanted rest, and Gilbert undertook to see her safely home.

'Oh! no, pray don't,' she said; 'I can go home quite well alone.'

'Not in that trim,' said Gilbert; 'we should have them rolling you in the gutter again.'

'Then I can lie down here.'

'Where?' said Lucy. 'They are packing up in Aunt Maria's room, and grandmamma's bed is gone, and everyone will come in here presently.'

'Oh! the passage, the floor will do,' said Sophy, 'only Gilbert must not come away from all this—'

'I shall be heartily glad to get away,' said Gilbert. 'There is no breathing in there, and they'll begin talking the most intolerable nonsense presently, I shall be glad to miss it! Besides, I want to be at home to take baby down to the gate to halloo at the four white horses from the King's Head. Come along, Sophy. Get her a shawl,

Lucy, to cover up all that,' he proceeded, as he unpinned, and pocketed his own favour.

'Mind you don't make her walk too fast,' said the careful Lucy, 'and take care how you take off your muslin, Sophy; you had better go to the nursery for help.'

'And tell mamma I am quite well,' said Sophy, setting off.

Gilbert did not seem at all inclined to hurry his sister as they came near Madame Belmarché's. He lingered, and presently said, 'Should you be too tired to come in here for a moment? it was an intolerable shame that none of them were asked.'

'Mamma did beg for Geneviève, but there was so little room, and the Drurys did not like it. Mrs. Drury said it would only be giving her a taste for things above her station.'

'Then Mrs. Drury should never come out of the scullery. I am sure she looks as if her station was to black the kettles!' cried Gilbert, with some domestic confusion in his indignation. 'Didn't she look like a housekeeper with her mistress's things on by mistake—in that fine flounced gown too!'

'She did not look like mamma, certainly,' said Sophy. 'Mamma looked no more aware that she had on those choice things than if she had been in her old grey—'

'Mamma—yes—Mrs. Drury might try seventy years to look like mamma, or Geneviève either! Put Geneviève into satin or into brown holland, you couldn't help her looking ten times more the lady than Mrs. Drury ever will! But come in, I have got a bit of the cake for them here, and they will like to see you all figged out, as they have missed all the rest of the show. Aunt Maria might have cared for her old mistress!'

Sophy wished to be amiable, and refrained from objecting.

It was a holiday in honour of *cette chère élève* of five-

and-twenty years since, and the present pupils were from their several homes watching for the first apparition of the four greys from the King's Head, with the eight white satin rosettes at their eight ears.'

Madame Belmarché and her daughter were discovered in the parlour, cooking with a stewpan over the fire a concoction which Sophy guessed to be a conserve of the rose-leaves yearly begged of the pupils, which were chiefly useful as serving to be boiled up at any leisure moment, to make a cosmetic for Mademoiselle's complexion. She had diligently used it these forty-five years, but the effect was not encouraging, as brown, wrinkled, with her frizzled front a little awry, with not stainless white apron, and a long pewter spoon, she turned round in amazement to confront the visitors in their wedding finery.

But what Frenchwoman ever was disconcerted? Away went the spoon, forward she sprang, both hands outstretched, and her little black eyes twinkling with pleasure. 'Ah! but this is goodness itself,' said she in the English, wherein she flattered herself no French idiom ever appeared. 'You are come to let us participate in your rejoicing. Let me but summon Geneviève, the poor child is at every free moment trying to perfectionnate her music in the school-room.'

Madame Belmarché had arisen to receive the guests with her dignified courtesy, and heartfelt felicitations, which were not over when Geneviève tripped in, all freshness and grace, with her neat little collar, and the dainty black apron that so prettily marked her slender waist. One moment, and she had arranged a resting-place for Sophy, and as she understood Gilbert's errand, quickly produced from a corner-cupboard a plate, on which he handed it to the two other ladies, who meanwhile paid their compliments in the most perfect style.

The history of the morning was discussed, and then

Madame Belmarché was drawn into comparisons with the olden time in France, and to describe in full detail an elder sister's wedding, to witness which she had been brought from her convent. Trousseau, corbeille, cashmires, and diamonds, were all minutely described, and so was the *menuet de la cour*, which the bride led off with the actual historical Duc de Liancourt, the chief guest. And Madame described with some humour her girlish curiosity to gain the first view of her new brother-in-law, and judge how he danced.

'But had not your sister told you about him?' asked Sophy.

'My dear, she had only seen him twice.'

'Before she was married?' cried Sophy. 'But how could she get to like him?'

'My sister was too well brought up a young girl to acknowledge a preference,' replied Madame Belmarché. 'Ah! my dear, you are English, you do not understand these things.'

'No,' said Sophy, 'I can't understand how people can marry without any opportunity of loving? How miserable they must be!'

'On the contrary, my dear, especially if one continued to live with one's mother. It is far better to earn the friendship and esteem of a husband than to see his love grow cold.'

'And was your sister happy?' asked Sophy abruptly.

'Ah, my dear, never were husband and wife more attached. My brother-in-law joined the army of the Prince de Condé, and never was seen after the day of Valmy, and my sister pined away and died of grief. My daughter and grand-daughter go to the Catholic burying-ground at Hadminster on her fête day, to dress her grave with immortelles.'

Now Sophy knew why the strip of garden grew so many of the grey-leaved, woolly-stemmed, little, yellow-

and-white everlasting flowers. She had fallen unwittingly on a tragedy, and she did not at once recover herself, so that good Madame began to say that she should not have saddened her on this day of joy.

‘Oh! no,’ said Sophy, looking earnestly up; ‘I like the sad things best.’

‘*Mais non*, my child, that is not the way to go through life,’ said the old lady affectionately. ‘Look at me, how could I have lived had I not always turned to the bright side? Do not think of sorrow, it is always near enough.’

Sophy here was startled to find how late it was, but Gilbert was not quite ready; he had begun talking to Geneviève about an evening singing-class which Mr. Dusautoy had been arranging under his new organist—Would she attend it?

‘I do not know,’ said Geneviève; ‘I have so little voice.’

‘Mr. Dusautoy said he hoped you would not fail,’ said Gilbert. ‘Lucy and I shall certainly be there, even if Mrs. Kendal cannot, and we will call for you. Remember it is a promise, we will call for you.’

And before Geneviève could answer, he was hurrying Sophy away, exclaiming that it was four o’clock, and they should be too late for the dappled grey steeds.

So it proved, and Maurice had been left alone at the head of the domestic establishment to do honour to the animals, which probably conferred more pleasure on him than on any other native of Bayford. Grandmamma was already installed in her apartments, and everyone was wondering how Gilbert and Sophy had disappeared.

‘I thought,’ said the former, ‘that it would be good for her to rest, and only doing what was civil to take a bit of cake to the Belmarchés, and let them see her dress; and then old Madame was so entertaining, that there was no getting away!’

Albinia might have been reminded of her brother’s

hints, but that her attention was diverted by Sophy, who, as Gilbert left the room, began to express her vehement indignation at the system of *mariages de convenances*, which had become almost amusingly impressed on her fancy.

‘And she defended it, Mamma!’ cried Sophy. ‘Who could have thought of her talking such nonsense after living so long in England.’

‘I have seen things in my London days that would almost make me think with her,’ said Albinia. ‘If there is to be a bargain, the girl had better be no party to it.’

‘And then, Mamma, she said if people began with love, it always grew cold? Now has not papa loved you better and better every day? I know he has!’

Albinia could not be displeased, though it made her blush, and she could not answer such a home push. ‘We don’t quite mean the same things,’ she said evasively. ‘She is thinking of passion independant of esteem or confidence. But, Sophy, this is enough even for a wedding-day. Let us leave it off with our finery, and resume daily life.’

‘Only tell me one thing, Mamma.’

‘Well?’

She paused, and brought it out at last with an effort. It had evidently occupied her a very long time. ‘Mamma, must not everyone with feeling, be in love once in their life?’

‘Well done reserve!’ thought Albinia—‘but she is only a child, after all, not a blush, only those great eyes seeming ready to devour my answer. What ought it to be? Whatever it is, she will brood on it till her time comes. I must begin, or I shall grow nervous: “Dear Sophy, these are not things good to think upon. There is quite enough to occupy a Christian woman’s heart and soul without that—no need for her feelings to shrivel up for want of exercise. No, I don’t believe in the passion once

in the life being a fate, and pray don't you, my Sophy, or you may make yourself very silly, or very unhappy, or both."

Sophy drew up her head, and her brown skin glowed. Albinia feared that she had said the wrong thing, and affronted her, but it was all working in the dark.

At any rate the sullenness was dissipated, and there were no tokens of a recurrence. Sophy set herself to find ways of making amends for the past, and as soon as she had begun to do little services for grandmamma, she seemed to have forgotten her gloomy anticipations, even while some of them were partly realized. For as it would be more than justice to human nature to say that Mrs. Meadows's residence at Willow Lawn was a perfect success, so it would be less than justice to call it a failure.

To put the darker side first. Grandmamma's interest in life was to know all the proceedings of the whole household, and to have some comment on each. Now Albinia could endure housewifely advice, and some espionage on her servants, even counsel about her child; but she could not away with the anxiety that would never leave Sophy alone, tried to force her into being sociable, and regretted all her extra studies, utterly unable to perceive the delicate treatment her disposition needed. And Sophy, in the intolerance of early girlhood, was positively wretched at hearing poor grandmamma's petty views, and narrow ignorant prejudices, and visited her own disapproval on herself as disrespect. She might resolve to be filial and agreeable, but too often found herself just achieving a moody, disgusted silence, or else bursting out with some true but unbecoming reproof.

Betty was another trial. She made herself so unpleasant in the kitchen, that Albinia was constantly afraid of a general strike, and though fairly civil to Mrs. and Miss Kendal, she had never forgiven Sophy since the days of Peter Grievous, and had never found out that

she had grown any older. Several times she had openly disregarded orders given her through that channel, and at last, one day when Sophy came to her indignant at finding that she had been giving Maurice sweet things, she answered, 'Come, Miss Sophy, I would not be so jealous of the poor child getting a nicey now and then!'

'I!' exclaimed Sophy; but recalling her dignity, 'Well, Betty, I must tell Mrs. Kendal; I will not have my brother taught disobedience.'

'Yes, you always was ill-natured,' said Betty angrily, only seeing in Sophy the cross disregarded girl of six years since. 'You might remember when you was glad enough yourself of a bit of Gibraltar rock out of my pocket.'

'You forget yourself,' said Sophy gravely.

Betty gave a scornful laugh. With the inaccuracy of her class, she had forgotten that one ground of her dislike had been Sophy's moral and physical antipathy to the stolen dainties so welcome to her brother and sister.

Sophy carried the case to the morning room, where her father so resented the impertinence, that he insisted that a woman who could so speak to his daughter should not remain in the house. But Albinia knew that Mrs. Meadows could hardly live without her; and he was so far pacified, that he contented himself with a very stern warning that the next time anything of the same kind occurred, he would complain to her mistress, and procure her dismissal. Betty made all sorts of promises, to which no one trusted, bore the more ill-will to Sophy, and though they did not again come into open collision, there was no small magnanimity exercised on the young lady's part. As to Maurice, it perplexed Albinia how much to lay on his small conscience; but, happily, his sister's look of horror, and Betty's own injunctions to secrecy, gave him a sense of guilt, and after a piece of liquorice which

was extremely nauseous to him, he took to calling her naughty Betty, and stamping at her.

The third annoyance was the visitors. The Drurys would call at impossible times, and though dread of Mr. Kendal kept them out of the morning room, they would ask for Mrs. Kendal and the young ladies, and Lucy was unsettled, and Albinia's precious morning consumed, and Sophy either teased, or else confirmed in her solitary habits.

This was the worst. The evening visitors were far less troublesome. Grandmamma's old allies often came in for a cup of tea, or sober game in her room, quite independently of the Kendal family; Albinia would show her bright face there for a few minutes, and Gilbert or Lucy would join the party if they were so inclined, but it was not made a duty, and was always received as a favour, especially from Gilbert, whom the old ladies began to talk of as Mr. Gilbert, and as 'a very pretty young gentleman, very well mannered, and attentive.' And it was quite true, his attentions came from a kind heart, and were therefore all that was becoming; and he was a very great assistance to Albinia in making all go smooth during this experiment.

On the whole, all did well. Mrs. Meadows was evidently happy; she enjoyed the animation of the larger party, liked their cheerful faces, grew very fond of Maurice, and daily more dependant on Lucy and Mrs. Kendal. Probably she had never before had so much of her own way as Albinia allowed her, and her gentle placid nature was left to rest, instead of being constantly worried by poor Maria. Her son-in-law was very kind and gracious to her, though very few words ever passed between them, and he gave her a sense of being protected. Indeed his patience and good-humour were exemplary; he never complained even when he was driven from the dining-room by the table-cloth, to find Maurice rioting in

the morning room, and a music lesson in the drawing-room, or still worse when he brought Mr. Nugent home and heard the Drurys everywhere; and he probably would have submitted quietly for the rest of his life, had not Albinia been more attentive to his comfort, and insisted on bringing forward the plan of building if the present state of things was to continue.

And it was to continue. When Captain and Mrs. Pringle returned to Bayford to take leave, they found grandmamma so thoroughly at home, that Maria could find no words to express her gratitude and relief. Maria herself could hardly have been recognized, she had grown so like her husband in look and manner! If her sentences did not always come to their legitimate development, they no longer seemed blown away by a frosty wind, but pushed aside by fresh kindly impulses; and her pride in the Captain, and rest in his support, had set her at peace with all the world and with herself. A comfortable, comely, happy matron was she, and even her few weeks beyond the precincts of Bayford had done something to enlarge her mind.

It was as if her education had newly begun. The fixed aim, and the union with a practical man, had opened her faculties, not deficient in themselves, but contracted and nipped by the circumstances which she had not known how to turn to good account. Such a fresh stage in middle life comes to some few, like the midsummer shoot to repair the foliage that has suffered a spring blight; but it is but seldom the case; and assuredly Mrs. Pringle would have been a more effective and self-possessed woman, a better companion to her husband, and with more root in herself, had Maria Meadows learnt to tune her nerves and her temper by the true accord even in the overthrow of her early hopes.

The parting came, and it was a hard day at Willow Lawn, though everyone spoke as if the ten years would

soon be over, and the family united again. Time, train, and the resolute Captain, hurried Maria away, and the old lady's weeping was beyond all soothing of Albinia and Lucy! For weeks Maria's name brought tears as if over her grave, but after her first letter, her mother began to grow accustomed to her absence, to talk complacently of her prosperity, and to depend upon Albinia.

All the gossipry of Bayford were disappointed of the expected disunion, and consoled themselves with deciding that the Kendals were afraid that Mrs. Meadows would leave all her property to the Pringles.

(To be continued.)

OUR COUSINS AT WISHOP RECTORY.

(Continued.)

THE day after Kate went, Uncle Hetheringham and Hester were to dine and sleep at a certain General Pierrepont's, the sheriff for the year—a higher office in those days than these—and the first commoner of the county any year. The day before the party, Hester called me into her room, and I found her and her maid sorely perplexed between the pink, blue, and grey silks, the Swiss, Indian, and manifold muslins strewn about the room. 'Which do you think would be most becoming?' she asked.

How I laughed at the intense earnestness of the question, but loved her with all my heart for its simplicity.

'Papa did not like the blue, or I meant to have worn that. He liked me in white, but I am afraid he would be tired of it a second time, and I have worn the pink at Pierrepont Priory before.'

I wished I could give a decided opinion; but unfortunately the need was not to know what I thought most becoming, but what Uncle Hetheringham would, and I knew nothing of his taste. I wondered, and debated, and admired all those costly and delicate dresses, but a third

only made matters worse. Hester inclined to the grey silk, the maid to the blue, which it broke her heart should lose such a fine opportunity of showing itself, I to the pink, 'pink became her so well,' and I glanced at the pink ribbons she was then wearing, and smiled. Hester blushed, and then sighed. It went to my heart that she should feel guilty of vanity in her daily dress, when the motive of her care surely converted an earthly foible into a heavenly virtue.

'I know!' I exclaimed; 'ask Uncle Hetheringham, Hessie, he always has a decided opinion, and one word from him would save us from all responsibility and misgivings.'

Hester looked thoroughly astonished: 'He would not know which to choose—he would think it silly to care at all—he—'

'At any rate,' I broke in, 'he could not find fault when it was on, and that is what you most want.'

Cousin Hester's grave face recalled me to the presence of the maid—her pained look that I was speaking to his daughter, and I coloured and gave up the point.

Later in the day Hester consulted me again: 'Charlotte, would you be so good as to make the school-room tea? I am sure the boys would be no trouble, if you do not mind.'

'Oh no, I should like it,' I answered at once, for I loved boys dearly; 'but, Hester, you are not well.'

'Yes—no, not very; I am afraid one of my miserable colds is coming on; I should not mind if it were not for to-morrow; but if you will make the tea, I would lie down till dinner, and try to sleep this headache off.'

I kissed her, and told her I wished she would spare herself, and make me of more use.

'Will you promise to call me in good time to dress?' she asked, smiling. 'Markham sometimes will not wake me.'

‘I don’t think I can *make* you,’ I answered. ‘Why should you not have your sleep out? I would make Uncle Hetheringham comfortable, indeed I would.’

‘Thank you, but I would much rather; and the cold is so little, I am ashamed of making such a fuss about it. I will be the kindest thing you can do!’

She smiled playfully, and I could not resist that, and promised.

We had a very prosperous school-room tea, they were such nice boys. Nothing would do but I must have tea with them, and then they overwhelmed me with the best of their good fare. We laughed and talked, and, I am afraid, made a most unusual racket, for after one of Johnnie’s shrieks of laughter, Uncle Hetheringham looked in to know what *was* the matter; but he smiled very good-naturedly, and went again without a word of disapproval, and without missing his daughter. I would fain have stayed on with the boys instead of fulfilling my reluctant promise of waking Hester, and then dressing for that unwelcome state dinner. I felt much more at home and in my element in the school-room, than whilst receiving Uncle Hetheringham’s courtesies, and acting the sensible young lady in the dining-room. However, there was no help for it, and in spite of Harry’s remonstrances, and Johnnie’s barricades, I went. But Cousin Hester had slept off very little of the headache incident on her cold, and her face was as pale and her eyes as heavy when she came down to dinner, as when she had gone to lie down.

‘What was the matter?’ her father demanded, as sharply as if it were a wilful sin to look ill.

‘I am afraid I have caught cold,’ answered Hester, as meekly as if she thought it so too.

‘Cold? you are always catching cold! but when you will be so imprudent, one cannot wonder: I saw you sitting by an open window this morning. Now, I suppose, we shall have you not ready to go to-morrow, or

some such nonsense : it always is so ! Pray how did you catch it ?

‘ I—I don’t—’

‘ Hester, don’t *equivocate*,’ I whispered : ‘ I know, and so do you. Yesterday afternoon, Sir,’ I continued, aloud, determined to tell the truth, but making a poor attempt to do it boldly ; ‘ she was caught in the rain, coming from Haines End.’

Now Uncle Hetheringham had told Kate to go there, and Kate had forgotten it ; at least, she had gone to Norchester without going herself, or saying a word about it. Uncle Hetheringham had come in from his rounds, found his errand undone, scolded at Hester as head of the house, and responsible for everything, (and so for this,) and Hester had gone herself, and come home in a drenching shower. But, alas ! why did I interfere ?

‘ Coming from Haines End !’ repeated Uncle Hetheringham. ‘ You cannot mean, Hester, that you went there yourself ?’

‘ I thought you told me.’

‘ Not *you*. Pray were none of the boys in the way, or no servant at leisure, that you must go yourself at that time of day ? It must have been dark long before you reached home.’

Here dinner was announced, and he turned to me with his usual courtliness, and offered me his arm, and I was forced to take it, indignant as I was. But in the course of dinner, I managed to whisper to Hester, when my uncle was talking to Roger, ‘ Do not be downcast ; what does it signify ? If you *had* sent anybody, you would only have found you had done worse.’

I wish I had not said those words. I wonder I did not see how much happier Hester would have been, if I had seemed not to notice Uncle Hetheringham’s injustice.

Hester went to bed early, submitting willingly to all Mrs. Hammond’s infallible, but none the less disagreeable,

remedies for a cold. We even persuaded her to lie in bed the next morning, and trust Uncle Hetheringham's comfort to me ; but my self-confidence was doomed to another fall. Uncle Hetheringham was as courteous as ever, and made no complaints ; but though I exerted all my powers to please him, and gratify his likes and dislikes, and make myself agreeable, it did not do. I was thought a good tea-maker at home, but I am sure poor Uncle Hetheringham thought the cup I had taken such pains to prepare, after his daughter's minute directions, the most abominable stuff he had ever tasted. He never asked for a second, (he usually had three,) and, I am afraid, only drank that one from politeness. Still it was a comfort to find that Cousin Hester, if unappreciated when present, was at least missed when absent ; and when I went up-stairs, I tried to recover my fright and mortification, and thought to please her by showing her how invaluable she really was. Alas ! she did not see it, or, at least, lost sight of it in her distress at his discomfort ; and though she said nothing but thanks, I am sure she resolved from that minute never to trust him to me again. She came down to luncheon, looking wretchedly, positively plain. Uncle Hetheringham asked her what she meant to do about going.

‘ Which would you like, Papa ? ’ she asked.

‘ That is no answer,’ was his reply ; ‘ you must decide for yourself.’

Now I am sure Hester would gladly have run all risks, and endured all discomforts and miseries, if she had but known whether her father would like to take such a pale-faced, heavy-eyed companion, as she would be. She sat and thought, till Uncle Hetheringham looked up with his sharp ‘ Well ? ’ Oh ! why did he not help her out ? His ‘ well ’ frightened her into deciding to go, because, I suppose, it was the alternative most disagreeable to herself, for she was not in the least fit to go even then, and her

cold only promised to be worse to-morrow. 'Very well,' Uncle Hetheringham answered, and went on with his luncheon. I longed to speak, but dared not, but dear brave Harry burst out, 'Hester, you can't meant it? Papa, pray don't let her go; Nurse declares it would kill her to go, and you know how ill you were the spring after Mam—'

He stopped short suddenly. It was the first time I had heard Aunt Hester even alluded to, not that she was forgotten, and I believe by Uncle Hetheringham least of all, though I think he tried to forget her. Not one feature of his face moved now, as he answered, 'Very well, no doubt Nurse knows best; she certainly is not fit to be seen.'

Hester found a strange comfort in these words, for they seemed to prove that he *would* have been ashamed of her; and so that, after all, it was settled as he wished. Her face brightened, the headache of the previous day was gone, and she roused herself to the uttermost to please her father, and make the boys happy in the house that long rainy afternoon, for the unusual confinement to the house soon began to tell on the restless Harry, and cricket-loving Johnnie. Charlie was much less trouble; he was quite content to beat me four times running at chess, and then do the same to Hester. The only mishap of the afternoon was, Uncle Hetheringham's coming in to know who had been across the hall in dirty boots; luckily Johnnie was in the room, and diverted the scolding to the real culprit by denouncing himself, and so the matter ended.

We had just finished our early tea, when Uncle Hetheringham started. He was going on his way to stop at an old Master Hicks', who had sent to see him; and I must say this for Uncle Hetheringham, that for that time his attention to his parish was remarkable. Now he would have been thought a better squire than rector; but, then, he was in advance of his age. Hester went out to see him

off, and to attend to his last directions ; so the boys and I were left alone, and we sat quietly enough till we heard the hall door closed, and so knew he was gone. Then Roger, who had been yawning over a novel all the afternoon, looked up.

‘What an abominable wet evening!’ he said, looking out at the torrents of rain. ‘I say, Harry, let’s have a game at something.’

‘All right.’

‘Fetch the cards, will you ; we could make up four for whist. Cousin Charlotte, you will join us?’

Now Roger’s manners were very like Uncle Hetheringham’s, only my cousin’s courtesy always seemed to me put on ; but perhaps this feeling arose from my having known him as a very rude schoolboy, and from knowing he was still often anything but courteous to his younger brothers, or even to Hester. I did not like him, I could not like him : the admiration I could not help feeling freely for his good carriage, and good looks, and mental cleverness, was quite another thing. I don’t think he liked me ; he was always so very polite, and nothing more, to me, and I felt as if I were just the same to him. However, he spoke pleasantly enough now, and I was very fond of whist. We often had whist parties at home, and not unfrequently I was allowed to fill up a vacant fourth. Besides, Roger knew I could not play brilliantly, or talk French fluently, and I wished to show him I could do something well, if only whist playing, so I consented. There was a little whispering between Harry and Johnnie, a few doubtful glances at Roger, a good earnest stare at all three from Charlie, who was working out a practice sum for his own diversion ; and when I went away for a few minutes on Hester’s calling me, I heard a storm of voices behind me. But when I came back all was ready ; counters and cards out ; Roger, and Harry, and Johnnie, in their places ; Charlie looking rather disconsolately ; and

my chair placed ready. Roger had begun to deal, when it struck me that very likely Roger had never expected me to say 'yes,' and that Charlie, most likely the best whist player of the party, was greatly disappointed at being left out. I was trying to beat a retreat, so skilfully as to let no one guess my real reason, for fear Roger's politeness should overpower me, when Hester came in. What a start she gave! she looked from one to the other in astonishment. At length she came up to Roger, and whispered something quietly. He took no heed, and finished dealing; but I saw Harry look genuinely uncomfortable, and Johnnie colour high. Finding Roger took no notice, she spoke out, looking more uncomfortable than any of the three: 'Harry! Johnnie! I think you must forget: papa has forbidden cards by daylight!'

Johnnie looked foolish, Harry looked at Roger, and Roger answered, 'Will you be so good, Hester, as to attend to your own business, and leave us to ours?'

'I beg your pardon, Roger,' said Hester, 'but I cannot allow it; it is papa's order, not mine. Harry! Johnnie! put down those cards; you know you are disobeying him.'

I had flung down mine long ago, and stood looking on the boys in indignation, on Hester with wonder. Her cheek had flushed with pain and distress higher than any of the culprits; she alone looked grieved enough for all three, but she stood firm—she was fighting for her father's authority. Johnnie, at least, wavered, but Roger roused himself to set his influence against his sister's.

'Nonsense. Do you think we are to obey a girl like you? Pray, Johnnie, are you afraid of the possible consequences of neglecting Hester's advice? If so, we can do without you.'

Johnnie took up his cards again, and Harry said, 'Why should you mind, Hester? There is not the slightest chance papa should hear of it, and if he should, it would not be your fault, you know!'

‘But I do mind that you should do when he is away what you would not dare do if he were here. Harry, dear, for my sake, pray leave off. He says I am no good in the house, and I am not, indeed, if you disobey him in this way.’

‘He does not tell the truth, then,’ said Roger, carelessly, arranging his cards; ‘you do better than most people when you keep to your own place. Come, Charlie! we want a fourth.’

Charlie looked and longed, and this was Hester’s last pang, that all the boys should desert her in will, all but one in deed. She entreated, Roger only laughed; and—I hate writing it of Harry and Johnnie, but I must tell the truth—they joined at last, and began their game with a dummy, and paid no heed to her entreaties. I know what I should have liked to have done: made an attack on Johnnie, as youngest and weakest, and the only one whom we had a chance of conquering, and have forced him out of the room, when two could not have played; but most likely I should have done wrong, for I found I always did so whenever I interfered. I do not think I could have done as Hester did. She came to sit down by me in the window-seat and worked. I never in my life before wished to be a man, but I did then, to have compelled those great cowardly boys not to abuse her helplessness. I was on the point of doing the only thing I could do, threaten to tell Uncle Hetheringham of them myself if they did not leave off, when I remembered in time it was certainly not my place to speak, and most likely I should repent it deeply if I did. So Hester and I sat perfectly silent whilst their first awkwardness died away, and they became first happy, then merry, at last uproarious; even I, in all my indignation, could scarcely help laughing with Roger and Harry, at the middy’s queer ideas on whist playing.

So had things gone on for perhaps three-quarters of an hour, when the door opened, and there was Uncle Hether-

ingham. I never shall forget his terrible anger: 'Put those cards by this minute, if you please;' and his displeasure was all the worse for being so calm. 'Now everyone of you to your own rooms this minute. I shall speak to you to-morrow about this.'

And they all obeyed without a word. But, then, he turned on Hester, and reproached her passionately and bitterly for allowing disobedience to his known wishes, and worse still, sitting by and countenancing it.

She did not attempt one excuse, one palliation—perhaps he would not have listened to her; but I would have tried myself to tell him the truth, had not Hester's piteous look restrained me. He must have been dreadfully disturbed—and no wonder, for to find his sons' obedience was mere eye-service, would have been a sore pang to any father—for he left the room again without saying what he had come home for, to leave orders for a horse and man to go for the Norchester physician for Master Hicks, and so after he was gone, he came back once more to tell Hester. No wonder his cold disappointed tone cut her to the heart, but why did she not speak? He was calmer then, and would have listened, but she did not speak. She went and did his bidding, and then came and sat down again by me; she even took up her work again, but her fingers trembled, so I doubt if she made more than half-a-dozen stitches in that half-hour, in which we sat in utter silence. I could not have trusted my voice to speak, even if I had known what to say, and I did not.

At length Nurse Hammond came in to see if Miss Hester were not going to bed. Dear old Nurse Hammond! you seemed a godsend. I had been longing to propose it, but knew Hester would refuse, thinking of the long lonely evening before me, in the place of the pleasant merry one we had expected. But Nurse would not listen to her objections. Sometimes I resented her treating her young mistress too little as a mistress, too much as a child; but

now I could have cried for joy to see how she loved and tended her—how, when Hester had passively swallowed all Nurse's medicaments and gruel, and Nurse had tucked her up warm and tight, the good woman stooped down and kissed her as if she were her own child, and Hester laid her head one minute on that kind shoulder, as if it were indeed a mother's.

I said good-night, and went. I hoped when she was alone she might give way. I had told her I should spend the evening in writing home, because I thought it would be the best way of silencing her care for my dullness; and so I did write, though I had written the day before, and dared not write what I longed to write, to tell my mother all, and beg her to tell me whether Hester were right or wrong. She must have been silent to shelter her brothers, but surely the silence *was* still a deception, a kind of silent equivocation, though it entailed on her all the displeasure and misery, to avoid which most people would have been tempted to use it. I wrote little, I thought much. Hester must be cleared: if she would not speak, I must. But, then, had I any right to interfere, to render all her sufferings useless, and to expose her to new ones by exposing Harry and Johnnie? I did not care for Roger—I should have been glad to expose *him*. Oh! if I could only have asked my mother! if she only had been there! And as poor Hester's pale, sad, tearless face, rose before me, I laid down my pen for good, and cried bitterly.

But good Nurse Hammond did not think her duty done yet. She came in to look after me, under pretence of looking after the fire; for when I had come down from Cousin Hester's room, a blazing, roaring fire, was gleaming on the dull walls, and tempting one to forget the wet and damp without, and the loneliness within, perhaps cold too; for after all that is said about old-fashioned, real midsummers, even in my youth, winter and summer sometimes fought for mastery even into June, and won and lost

alternately, just as they do now. Nurse closed the shutters, lighted the candles, brought in my supper and stayed, waiting about, asked after 'Mrs. Laurence' and 'Master John,' till, when I asked her to sit down, the dear old woman sat down at once, and stayed a good half-hour.

At length she told me her grief. She was sure something had gone wrong; 'Miss Hester was never so cold to her, but when Master had been scolding her.' I could not tell her what she wanted, though I could not deny the fact, and Nurse rose to go; but as she went, said, 'Ah, she's one in a thousand, Miss Charlotte, though I say it of her; she's just like her poor mother!' and she wiped her eyes. 'There ain't nothing she won't bear to save the young gentlemen, bless them, and they need saving, for Master's awful stern on them, and not nothing she would do for any of us; what we shall do when she's gone, I just can't say.'

'Gone!' I repeated, starting up and detaining her. 'Nurse, what do you mean?'

'She has that look about her, and they say the best go first; and didn't you notice, Miss, she looked to-night just as my poor Missus did before she died?'

Nurse's last words dispelled all the cheerfulness her entrance had created. I sat and thought, till I grew so wretched, I could bear it no longer, and started up, put by my desk, took up my candle, and went to bed. I have since heard of a poor schoolboy, who, on hearing of his brother's death at Alma, did the same at noon-day. I can understand it. But as I passed Hester's room I stopped, opened the door very gently, crept to her bedside, and drew back the curtains. She lay quite still, I thought sleeping, and I stood many minutes looking on that young careworn face. How I wished I could have seen one tear, one trace of a tear, if only on the long eye-lashes, which the whiteness of her cheek made so dark and clear. At last, I remembered I might wake her, and I put down my

candle where its light could not reach her, and stooped down to give her one kiss; I almost felt as if it might be a last one, she looked so cold and ill, so like Aunt Hester. I kissed her very softly. In a moment her arms were round my neck, and she drew me close, and closer to her. 'Cousin Charlotte,' she sobbed, 'I am afraid I have done wrong—you must think very badly of me—but oh! what ought I to do?'

I did not seem to care for anything, now the tears had come; they might be silent, lingering tears, but they must give relief.

'I am sure you did what you thought right,' I answered; 'only don't you think—'

But for once she interrupted me.

'My mother's last words to me were, "Hester, you must stand between your father and the boys," and I know she meant Roger most of all; and—Charlotte, how else can I do it?'

I could not tell, I could not advise; I could only feel very thankful to feel so sure that if ever I were left as poor Hester was, I should never be left with such cruel last words. I say *cruel* advisedly, for did they not cast false lights and shadows on a path of duty already perplexed enough?

I could only kiss her again and again; and if she cared for my love as I did for hers, or knew the love and reverence of which those kisses were the tokens, they must have given her some pleasure, if they could not comfort. But I do not think she was thinking of me, till at last she kissed me in return, and said 'good-night.'

'If I could only help you, Hester!'

'Pray, pray, don't grieve yourself about me, Charlotte; if I only knew whether I had done right. But—it is those poor boys. Why did I not prevent it?'

'You did the best you could; you did, indeed,' I answered, earnestly.

'All that *you* would have done?'

I hesitated.

'Tell me! I am sure it must be my fault somewhere!' and she kept my hand fast.

'Except, I think—I can't tell,' I faltered; 'but till I knew about Aunt Hester, I wondered you did not threaten to tell Uncle Hetheringham if they went on.'

'Do you think *she* would have done it?' she asked, eagerly.

No, I did not think Aunt Hester would, yet I felt as if she must have been wrong in not doing it, and so I could not answer. I kissed her once more, and went to my own room, more miserable and perplexed than I had ever felt before.

Hester did not come down to breakfast the next day. Nurse Hammond was in her glory. Now Master was out of the house, and Hester invalided, she reigned merci'ully and gloriously, but supreme. She took her young mistress into her own hands; and oh! the endless sops and basins of gruel I encountered on the stairs that morning!

I met the boys, and we looked very foolish, no wonder. Roger came down very late, and very polite; he treated last night's occurrences as things that had never been, discoursing courteously on the weather, and such other light topics as he thought my understanding equal to. There is nothing more annoying to a woman, than to be treated by a clever man as an irrational creature; and I have always thought this mortification, though, no doubt, very good for me, may have helped to prejudice me against Roger.

The morning passed away, and in spite of Nurse's remonstrances, almost anger, Hester came down in time for luncheon, or rather, in time for her father's expected return. The first sight of her bearing brought all my perplexities to a decision. She to look the only guilty one! She to be shyer of the boys than they were of her!

I waited till Roger left the room, and then following, asked if I could speak with him. I told him of his father's mistaken view of Hester's conduct, of all she *had* suffered from his displeasure, and would suffer in silence if he did not step forward and exculpate her—and he refused. I don't care for the polite veil of obscurity which he tried to throw over his words—they meant a refusal. I told myself I had expected nothing better from him; but I had, and was sorely disappointed. I would make another trial, and I told him so. I saw Harry in the garden, ran after him, caught him up, and put my arm in his, and told him what I had told Roger. After Roger's comfortable courtesies, it was a comfort to see Harry's burning cheeks, and hear his awkward monosyllables. 'You want us to tell Papa?' he said, guessing my meaning, for I did not ask it. 'I—it's abominable she should suffer for us; but—you see *her* row is over, and can't be helped, *ours* is to come, and it will be bad enough without any voluntary confessions—still—I wish you had not told me, Cousin Charlotte. I can't think why she cares so much for Papa's anger; I am sure he would not scold her half so much, if she were not so much afraid of him. And why did not she speak out last night, it makes it so awkward now?'

'Shall I tell you why,' I said, stopping with a sudden resolution; 'it was to shelter you all, because—Aunt Hester's last words were to beg her to stand between you and your father.'

Harry stopped short. 'I'll tell,' he said; 'I wish I had known that before. But I must speak to Johnnie: you see it involves us all alike.'

I had not recognized that very clearly before. I was involving three in additional disgrace for the sake of one, and it rather staggered me, especially when I looked and saw for how much I should be responsible, and remembered how much that one would gladly have endured, rather than increase in any way the trouble in which her

brothers already were. But the truth would be known, that was a great comfort ; and it did not seem to me the atmosphere of the house could be free and happy again till it were—I could not believe that even Roger himself could be really at ease, or at peace, whilst another was bearing his proper burden. Harry came in with me, and we went to the school-room again ; there we had left Johnnie. When we reached the door, I stopped : ‘ Harry, would you mind ? ’ I said, and put my arms round his neck, and kissed him ; ‘ it is so good of you.’

‘ Don’t say that yet,’ he answered, colouring. ‘ I declare I don’t know whether I shall have courage to speak out when the time comes.’

Uncle Hetheringham did not come home till a good deal later than we had expected. He called the boys without saying a word to us ; he even forgot his usual courtliness to me. Hester looked after them, and I too, and I think I suffered at least as much as she did, I knew so much better how fully their delinquencies would be made known. I need not say Roger was not there ; he had come in just in time for luncheon, and as soon as it was over, had ridden over to Norchester. Hester sat there, growing whiter and whiter, colder and colder. ‘ Won’t you go up stairs and lie down ? ’ I said at last. She rose, and trembled so, I put her arm in mine, and she let it lie there.

As we came into the hall, the study-door opened, Harry and Johnnie came out. Johnnie, his face hidden in his hands, and sobbing without restraint ; he rushed past us, and dashed up-stairs. Harry stood still at the foot of the staircase to let us pass. I stole one glance into his face ; it wore a look with which no son should ever have left his father’s presence. I cannot forget the pain that look gave me. I hope Hester did not see it ; at least she took no outward notice of it, and let me help her to her room, arrange her coverings for her, and read to her. I offered,

because I could not bear to go down-stairs, to be alone and think. I looked round for a book, her Bible was lying on the table, I took it up and read; she put her hand into mine, as if I had found what she needed; and as I read the words of love and peace, spoken by One Who spake as never man spake, her face grew less careworn, less anxious.

But when I had finished, she would go down. We went to the drawing-room, Uncle Hetheringham was there. He shook hands with me, and then turned to his daughter. 'Hester,' he said, sternly, 'why did you not tell me the truth last night?'

Hester looked at him, looked at me.

'Your cousin did not tell me; I should have been much obliged to her if she had,' he answered; coldly. 'Harry told me the whole story. I beg your pardon for accusing you falsely last night, but I was not prepared for my daughter's setting my sons the example of deceiving me. Another time, please remember they are bound to obey you as much as myself, and, if necessary, I will enforce your authority.'

'Papa—' Her white lips refused to move.

Uncle Hetheringham was not a vindictive man; I don't think he meant to be cruel. He looked at her; perhaps he saw the painful likeness to his wife's sad, anxious expression, more painful on so young a face as his daughter's. He stooped down and kissed her.

'You are not well,' he said. 'I don't want any more said about it; only another time complain to me,' and he left the room.

The rest of the day passed off slowly enough. I had got into the way of sitting in the school-room during tea-time, and enjoyed its free and merry atmosphere; but to-night it was dull enough. Harry sat up, straight, and sullen, and defiant; Johnnie was in the lowest of spirits, and looked ready to cry at any minute. He was very

fond of his father, and, in his own way, took his displeasure as much to heart as Hester did.

The first time we saw Roger was at the late dinner ; but I think he had only warded off the storm for a time, for when he and Uncle Hetheringham joined us at tea, the atmosphere of the drawing-room grew gloomier and gloomier than ever.

At last that wretched evening came to an end. It struck ten, and we said good-night. Harry rather lingered, turning over the pages of the book he had been reading ; his father looked up, and said, 'Harry, it's quite time for you to go,' and Harry, without a word, followed us out of the room, and closed the door behind us.

'I'll bear it this once because I determined I would bear anything ; but I never will again !' he burst out, passionately. 'Papa—'

Hester laid her hand entreatingly on his arm, I seized the candle he had lighted for me, (for in whatever temper they might be, it was rarely a Hetheringham forgot he was a gentleman,) and ran away. It might be cowardly, but I could not help it ; it was so unlike home, my own dear home. I passed Johnnie's door to go to my room ; it was ajar, and he called 'Hester.'

'It is I, not Hester,' I said, stopping. 'Shall I tell her ?'

'Where is she ?'

'Not come up yet.'

'Come in, Cousin. Who is she with ?'

'Harry.'

'Oh, that's right,' said the boy, sitting up in bed. 'Cousin Charlotte, come here. She'll make it right, won't she ? It's very wretched !'

I said 'yes' with all my heart, though I did not know quite to what his 'it' referred. As I drew closer, I saw his dear merry face was all red and swollen with crying.

'I can't think how we could be so wicked last night,'

he said. 'You don't know how dreadfully angry papa was; and the worst was, Harry would answer, and that made it ten times worse for him. And he has been saying such things, I don't know what he means. Oh! if mamma had never died!' and he turned his face into his pillow, and cried outright.

I could only say, 'I am sure Hester only wishes to be like a mother to you all.'

'Yes, I do love her very much,' and he looked up; 'but it is very different, and I behaved so badly to her last night, and then she cares just as much for us as for herself and Charlotte,' and he caught my hand. 'Don't you think Nurse is right, she looks so ill?'

'It is very wicked of Nurse to say such things,' I said quickly.

'But you think so too, and when *she* is gone, I don't know what we shall do,' and he buried his face again; but the poor little fellow's despondency gave a sudden happiness to me.

Hester was heartily loved somewhere. If she had but known it, it would have made her heart lighter for her work; and she was too shy even of her brothers to show her love for them as she would have liked to have done.

'I wish you would let her know how you love her,' I said eagerly, 'and make the most of her you can. You cannot make enough of her.'

'No; she is just like mamma, isn't she? The coming home again was not half so bad as I expected; sometimes one almost forgets she's gone, all about the house seems so much the same. I don't mean the things, but the same spirit—air—you know what I mean.'

'Yes,' I said, 'it is so—"a meek and quiet spirit," and I am sure a conscientious one,' and I sighed.

'Yes, she just waits to see what is right, and then steers straight for it; and yet she doesn't succeed in

satisfying people. It seems as if it could be no good to try so hard to be good. I can't understand it.'

'Nor can I quite,' I said thoughtfully, and I stood playing with my candle, pondering over the boy's words—words which might so well have been my own. 'Johnnie,' I said, suddenly hiding my face by kissing him, 'I do see ; it is the praise of God, not of man, for which one should care ; and whether Hester pleases men or not, she does *Him*, and that is all which will signify if—if—whenever she does die.'

'I am glad you have put that in my head,' said Johnnie gravely ; 'and,' he went on brightening, 'do you know, I don't think she will die ; she looked worse than this a year ago, and Dr. Hadden said—I don't know what, but that people who used their minds or worried themselves, or something, often looked delicate when they were not really ; their minds wore out their bodies—at least seemed to do so ; and you know she got well then, though Nurse declared she never would.'

'We never heard of that illness,' I began eagerly, when the sound of voices, I thought Harry's, coming up-stairs roused me. 'Good-night, dear Johnnie,' I said hastily, kissing him with all my heart, and went out into the landing, and found the voices I heard came from the hall. The loudest was Harry's, and even where I stood I could hear his angry 'I don't care what you say, it will be long enough before I shall be ready to beg his pardon again. I don't care if I was impertinent, I—'

I ran to the head of the stairs to warn them, but I was too late. The drawing-room door was some way off in the front hall, but no wonder that tone penetrated even there. Uncle Hetheringham came out. 'Did I not tell you to go to bed, Sir ?' he began angrily. 'Now go this minute.'

Harry stood still one second, but neither pride nor sullenness could stay his temper now. He stamped his foot upon the floor, and I saw an answer bursting from

his lips. I dashed down the stairs, and—just as I reached the bottom, off fell my snuffers in one direction, my extinguisher in another.

I am sure Uncle Hetheringham must have stamped inwardly, though he restrained every outward sign of impatience at my awkwardness. I could have sat down and cried at my mishap ; but I deserved it ; how often had my mother told me of my habit of fidgetting anything I had in my hand whilst thinking ; and I remembered how I had tormented the wick of my candle whilst talking to Johnnie. But after all, perhaps, my mishap effected what I most wanted better than anything else I could have done.

Harry sprang forward and picked up the snuffers, which were sticking upright in the oak boards ; but as for the extinguisher, he searched right and left in vain, and at last had to extract it on hands and knees with the help of a cricket-bat, from under an old carved cabinet which stood in the furthest and darkest corner of the hall. I had stood by all this time, growing wretched and wretched, hotter and hotter.

It was in vain that Uncle Hetheringham remarked on the beauty of the moon which now we saw streaming through the stair-case window. (Hester was lighting Harry with the hall candle, mine was out somehow ; I think in my confusion I must have blown it out myself.) It was very good of him, but I could hardly manage to answer him by even yes and no. But when Harry had done his task, and came and restored the snuffers and extinguisher to their proper places, there was a bright smile on his face which neither courtesy nor ill-temper could keep back. After that I did not care if Uncle Hetheringham thought me the most awkward girl in England or not ; at any rate, Harry's face had lost that fierce, hard look, and he lighted his candle now, wished us good-night, and went up-stairs without another word.

(To be continued.)

A. C. D.

RALPH WOLFFORD ;
OR, ROMANCE IN LOW LIFE.

(BY THE AUTHOR OF 'LONG, LONG AGO,' AND 'MY THREE AUNTS.')

THE following fragments are all I have been able to collect of the life of a man of singular character, and in whose career I was once deeply interested. Much of that life was passed out of my sight, and of such portions I have little or nothing to say, no one having thought it worth their while to observe the doings of so insignificant a being, and he having left no record of himself in letters to a numerous circle of friends, as a man in a more elevated position would have done. It is seldom that the naked facts of any life would prove very interesting. I have, therefore, without scruple, enveloped those with which I have had to deal in a garment more or less fictitious, relating conversations which I never heard, and describing scenes which I certainly never saw, some of which, however, must have actually passed, and do actually exist, so that even for my fiction I claim a certain amount of truth.

I cannot for my own part discern any reason why the lives of the poor should not be as interesting and instructive as those of the rich. It may perhaps be a bold and presumptuous idea, to fancy that I can so set forth the life and character of one of a class to which I do not belong, as to win for it the sympathy and admiration of the world. But the story is such as can scarcely fail, even in feeble hands, to be interesting, and I am induced to write it, in the hope that what took so deep a hold of my own imagination and feelings, may preach the same lessons to other hearts, and fill them with a pitiful consideration for the afflicted.

Late one summer evening, a party of boys were playing on the turnpike road just outside the precincts of the town

of Andwell. They had chosen to establish themselves where a row of elm trees, though stripped of their branches, until they more resembled in figure a Turk's-head broom, than their own broad and spreading selves, cast a thin broken shadow over the ground, which a high thick quick-set hedge on one side deepened into perfect shade.

On the left of the broad dusty road, stood an irregular row of small tidy brick tenements, each with its tiny garden in front, and separate path and gate. On the other, ran the before-mentioned hedge, over which was visible the higher portions of the town, redeemed from absolute ugliness, by here and there a well-pitched gable, and here and there a handsome stack of chimneys. At its lower end, for Andwell was built on a declivity, stood amid a group or two of massive chestnuts, the grey flint church, with its low broad tower, and its aisles almost as high as its nave ; and just over the dark line of shrubberies which seemed to join on to the church-yard, might be discerned some portions of the old-fashioned rectory. Beyond was a long range of bleak treeless country, rich with the verdant crops which were yet filling its fields. There was nothing beautiful in the landscape, only the mellow light of the setting sun lent it a kind of glory, and there was something cheerful in the murmur of the distant street, and in the manifold signs of the handiwork of man.

But had it been beautiful as one of Turner's pictures, it would have failed to arrest the attention of the group of little boys who were so busily playing on the raised foot-path. Their pastime consisted in bowling their marbles into a small hole that they had hollowed in the road, and which was capable of containing two or three of them. Simple as it was, however, it entirely engrossed their faculties. Several games had been played with unabated interest, when the party agreed to divide themselves into sides, and the division had just been effected, and the new game begun, when a carriage coming down the hill out of

the town, made the boys suspend their sport to watch the pretty pair of ponies which were stepping out so gaily. A gentleman was driving them, and it was evident from the way they were pulling at the reins, and from the petulant impatience of their tread, that they wanted to go faster down the hill than he chose they should. Boy like, the moment they passed, the whole crew darted off the foot-path, with a shout of 'whip behind,' and ran after them as fast as they could. The ponies, however, broke into a canter, and soon left the breathless boys behind; but in turning sharply round a corner, the whip which had been carelessly stuck in, dropt out unperceived by the gentleman. One of the little boys picked it up, and was about to run on after the carriage to return it, when he was stopped by his companions. 'Come back, Ralph, can't you,' one of them called out, 'let the whip be. It is no concern of yours, come along and play. You are on my side, and I won't let you off.'

A moment before, Ralph's heart and soul had been in his game, but now he was possessed with an eager desire to catch the ponies, the returning the whip being a very secondary consideration in his eyes. He paused just to hear what his companions had to say, shouted out in reply an emphatic 'I won't,' and darted off in his hopeless pursuit. For an instant the others gave chase to him, then stopped with one accord, and agreeing that they could play just as well without him, went back to their hole and their marbles, and laughed as they thought how little chance there was of Ralph's ever coming up with the carriage.

It did not, indeed, at first sight seem a feasible undertaking, for with his very best endeavours he could barely keep it in sight. Though he ran with all his might, and until his heavy cumbrous shoes seemed double their usual weight, the carriage grew smaller and smaller, and the distance between him and it, greater and greater. But

the boy could not bear to be beaten, and guessing, from knowing to whom they belonged, that the ponies were on their way home, he jumped over a stile and took to a foot-path, which, after cutting off about a mile, came into the road a mile and a half further on. Even then he did not loiter, but trotted vigorously on, every now and then striving to ascertain whereabouts the carriage might be on the turnpike, of which he could sometimes catch a glimpse over the fields and hedges.

Neither carriage or ponies, however, were visible ; so he ran on animated with the hope of success, and picturing to himself his own small person seated on a certain stile, victoriously awaiting, whip-in-hand, the arrival of the ponies, triumphing over them with a kind of cool composure that must, he thought, be particularly galling to their feelings.

The desired spot was reached at last, and he seated himself on the upper bar of the stile, and impatiently awaited the decision of time, which could alone determine whether he was defeated or victorious. He took off his cap to cool himself, but every minute started up and looked eagerly in the desired direction. He could not, when alone and unrestrained, keep quiet enough to get cool. As the moments sped away without producing the carriage, his face darkened, and a sullenly sorrowful look came into his eyes, that bespoke too keen a sense of disappointment for so young a heart.

He was far from a handsome boy at his best, but beneath that shadow his face would have been repulsive to any casual observer. He had a skin so sallow, that even his long run had failed to tint it with red, a low broad brow, and a dark tangled bush of hair, which almost hid the little forehead that Nature had given him. His eyes would indeed have been beautiful, for they were very large and of a full deep grey, with singularly long eyelashes, had it not been for a certain sombre force which seemed lurking

in them, and which looked like what it was not—a sullen temper. His mouth, with its full but compressed lips, had too much the same expression to be agreeable, it was resolute almost to doggedness, and already the light good humour of childhood seemed to have departed from it. He drew it yet more tightly together, as the minutes passed without producing the ponies, and pressed his lips firmly against his clenched teeth in the vehemence of his determination. He felt it was useless to linger, and for the last time he stood up on the stile, and looked if they were coming. Yes, still in the distance, a mere speck on the turnpike road, he spied them out, and it was curious to see the change in his countenance and bearing. The colour rushed in a rich crimson tint to his pale cheek, a brilliant smile lighted up the thundery eyes, and the relaxed lips parted to a triumphant laugh, disclosing the exquisite white teeth within, which are so common a beauty amongst the poor.

Once more he sat down on the stile, now, indeed, become to him a very throne of state, and awaited the approach of the animals, as unconscious of defeat as they had been of struggle. He drew himself up as they came in sight, and lifted the whip over his shoulder, as if it had been a sceptre, and looked with a still triumphant, though subdued glance, at the gentleman who was driving, as if he expected him to sympathize with his victory. Nor was it such a vain expectation as might have been supposed; Mr. Langham knew Ralph well, for he was the son of his shepherd, and often talked to the boy, and amused himself with his odd quaint remarks. Ralph's peculiarities made him something of a favourite, although Mr. Langham sometimes prophesied that he would come to be hung, not that he himself did anything to bring about such a catastrophe, for though he gave him many a sixpence as an encouragement to virtue, he gave him also more than one flogging as a preventive from vice.

On the present occasion, when he caught Ralph's arch furtive glance, he guessed the triumphant satisfaction that was swelling his small heart, and pulling up the ponies, he exclaimed in an accent of pretended astonishment, and with a smile full of kindness and sympathy, 'Why, Ralph, how in the world did you come here? I thought I had left you miles behind me.'

Ralph showed all his white teeth in reply, and held up the whip to explain his conduct. 'I thought I should be here first,' he said, with a familiar nod, which was not meant to be disrespectful, but only to give a sort of emphasis to his answer.

'So you have run all this way to give me my whip?' Mr. Langham replied. 'Well, I am very much obliged to you,' and his hand was dived down into his pocket in search of some small piece of money.

'And I have beaten your ponies,' Ralph answered, with another confidential nod, for that was the principal point in his mind.

'Scarcely that, Ralph,' Mr. Langham said, 'for I suspect if I had not stopt by the way, I should have been home long before you reached this stile; but, any how, you have had a hard run to restore my property, so open your hand, and see if you can catch a shilling.'

The boy caught the little coin as it came flying through the air, but the dark look had stolen again into his eyes, and he muttered something of its not being a fair race, and turned sullenly away homewards.

But Mr. Langham called after him to stop. 'Where are your manners, Ralph?' he said; 'why do you not say "thank you" for the shilling? speak up. What are you growling in that way for?'

'I shall not say it,' was the surly reply.

'No!' Mr. Langham exclaimed; 'and why not, my man? Did not I say "thank you," when you gave me back my whip?'

‘Yes,’ said the child, ‘but I am not going to say it. I would have said it, if you had driven fair.’

The gentleman broke into a little laugh, and amused with the freedom and oddity of the boy’s answers, argued the point with him at some length. It was not much, however, of what he said that Ralph could understand, and perhaps if he had understood ever so well, it would have made no difference. He stuck with great pertinacity to his own view of the matter, viz. that Mr. Langham had not driven fair, and did not, therefore, deserve to have ‘thank you’ said to him; and the more it was insisted on, the stronger grew the spirit of opposition within him. It came at last to a regular struggle between the two, Ralph persisting in his refusal, and Mr. Langham reiterating his command, until the latter, not unreasonably angry at the rebellion of his small vassal, laid his recovered whip sharply over the boy’s shoulder, and said he could not stay any longer then, but he should come down the next day to his cottage, and insist on the obnoxious sentence being said.

Ralph winced as the lash touched him, but he did not cry; on the contrary, as the carriage drove away, his face brightened up again, and he sauntered on with his hands in his pocket, whistling over and over again the half of an old country dance, which was the only scrap of a melody that he knew. At least he had had his own way about something, and had not said ‘thank you,’ and the consciousness of having got the better of the squire pleased him. He did not resolve that he never would say it, but he felt within himself the capability of refraining if he choose, and the strength of his will and of his powers of resistance, were a pleasure to him—a pleasure analogous in kind to that which the robust experience in exerting the strength of their bodies. It made him feel himself a man, and glance with satisfaction at the long important-looking shadow which the setting sun stretched at his

feet. Perhaps it was the reason why he shied so many stones at unattainable objects, and why he could not put up with the cuffing which his elder brother bestowed on him when he got home, but pitched into him with all his might, and with so passionate a desire to knock him down, as almost enabled him to do so.

The next day was a half-holiday, and as Ralph ran home, he wondered whether Mr. Langham would have come down to the cottage in his absence. He hoped not; for, strange to say, he really longed to encounter him again. He found he had not been there, and he stationed himself at the open door to watch for his arrival. His mother wanted to send him to Andwell to buy two or three little things for her, and she gave him the basket and the money, and told him to look sharp and be off directly. The boy took the basket and moved away, but as soon as she was out of sight, he slunk back to the house, and hid himself behind some straw that was lying in a little cart-shed, for in his own heart he had made an appointment with Mr. Langham, and was quite determined to keep it.

He was still hiding when he heard his step in the lane, and peeping out, saw him coming along with a stout stick in his hand. Ralph glanced at the latter with an ominous foreboding of evil, but if any change came over his face, it was rather one of satisfaction, and he smiled a grim smile when he heard him talking to his mother, and explaining her son's misdemeanour to her astonished ears.

'Mercy,' she said, 'to think of his doing such a thing; where he learns such badness, I am sure I cannot tell, so often as I have said to him, "always be civil to the gentlefolks, Ralph, for gentlefolks can do just as they please with us poor people." I wish you had given it him well on the spot, that I do; but I have sent him into Andwell now, and it is ten to one if he is back before evening.'

And Mrs. Wolfford was perfectly in earnest in the wish she expressed. Ralph was quite beyond her management, and she was thankful to anyone who would, as she expressed it, 'tackle him' without beating him unmercifully. 'Not,' as she said, 'that he was altogether a bad boy, but when his temper was up, there was no putting it down again.' 'And she did not know, and she really could not guess, whatever would become of him if he went on so.' And yet in her heart she was glad he was out of the way of the beating that seemed in store for him, for the very waywardness of the boy endeared him to her. She had so often to stand between him and his father, and avert the thrashing which the latter was only too frequently bent on bestowing; and the shepherd being a man of a violent temper, a thrashing from him was an event which mother and child alike dreaded. Mrs. Wolfford knew Mr. Langham too well to dread that he would be unduly severe, and, therefore, she would have been grateful, as she said, could he have broken by fair means Ralph's stubborn will, and so have saved him from those terrible collisions with his father, which were every year becoming more cruel.

She had, however, barely time, with the inconsistency of a mother's heart, to feel thankful that he was out of harm's way, when he came slowly creeping up to them.

'Why, you bad boy!' she exclaimed, 'I declare you have not been to Andwell all this time; how dared you disobey me in that way?' and she caught him roughly by the arm and endeavoured to administer a cuff, which he avoided by suddenly ducking his head.

'I could not go, Mother,' he said, 'because you see he was coming;' and he jerked his shoulder towards Mr. Langham, to indicate that he meant to refer to him.

'So you waited at home for me, did you?' Mr. Langham said; 'that shows, I hope, that you mean to say the "thank you."''

‘No, it don’t,’ Ralph answered, with a broad grin, and an emphatic nod of his head.

And nothing else could be got out of him, though all the time there was a twinkle in his eyes, which almost counteracted the stubbornness of his expression, and might have led one to fancy that his refusal arose from nothing worse than the love of mischief. Mr. Langham bore with him long, and at last seeing that arguing the point only made him more obstinate, prepared to execute his threat of beating him.

‘I must thrash the devil out of you, Ralph,’ he said; ‘for if I or somebody else cannot break your pride, as sure as you are alive, he will keep you fast in his clutches for ever.’

And down came the stick on the boy’s shoulder, who tried to writhe himself away from the hands which clutched him. He found, however, he was held in too tight a gripe for that, and so he burst into a loud roar, though between every sob he strove to articulate ‘I won’t.’ And after all, though he cried like the child he was, the blows failed to conquer him. The devil within him was stronger than any personal pain that Mr. Langham was likely to inflict, and the beating came to an end, and left Ralph the master of the field. His will had triumphed over the squire’s, and the knowledge of that fact consoled him for his bruises. He stood when left alone complacently rubbing his back, and uttering now and then a dismal howl, more for his own amusement than from any real suffering, more to impress Mr. Langham with his exceeding cruelty, than from any particular desire to cry.

The moment he thought he was quite out of hearing, he stopt his tears, and taking up his mother’s basket, proceeded to Andwell, whistling cheerfully as he trudged along, and whisking off the heads of the nettles as if he were in quite as merry a mood as usual, as perhaps he really was. And, after all, was the stubbornness of will

he had shown an unmitigated evil? In this particular case it had fastened on a doubtful point, and been carried out by much disobedience. But if only tempered by grace, if it could but be set on doing God's will, to what a height of excellence might it aid him to climb! If only it were set on getting on in this world, how great and famous it might make him! For no nobler power can be entrusted to man, than that of working out his own will, in the teeth of any obstacles, however severe. It is the gift which has produced the master spirits of all ages, and is as potent for good as for evil. I do not mean that every man who possesses an indomitable spirit, must turn out a saint or a hero, for there may be planted within him passions so strong, as to be for ever hurrying him out of his right course, or he may have weaknesses so numerous and so active, as to make him the feeblest and most inconsistent of beings, capricious, yet obstinate, his strength of will wasted on trifles, and his infirmity of purpose miserably conspicuous in all the most important affairs of his life. But I do mean that it is one of the elements of greatness, and a material out of which, however difficult of accomplishment, the most exalted *godliness* can be formed.

One other incident of Ralph's childhood, and I will pass away from that uneventful period of his existence. It will seem but a small matter and common-place enough, and yet it really exercised an influence over his whole life. Being the youngest of a large family, Ralph would have come short off in his schooling, if Mr. Langham had not paid it for him. As it was, he was nine years old before he began learning to read. Everyone knows the old saying, that you may bring a horse to the water, but you cannot make him drink. It was in vain that the waters of literature were placed before Ralph, for he obstinately refused to taste them. He declined learning the alphabet, and though his mother firmly believed that he knew his

letters, he never was heard to say them. At last, after he had been at school many months, and had made no perceptible progress, she carried her complaint of him to Mr. Langham. 'Ralph was a bad boy, and would not learn; when the teacher said "A," he said "B," and if once he had said "B," B it was, and no one could beat it out of him again.'

Half amused, and half angry, Mr. Langham ordered the boy to say his letters to him, and ascertained at once the truth of his mother's statement. Ralph started with the assertion that A was B, received in silence all the instructions and remonstrances addressed to him, and when the moment came when he found himself compelled to speak again, slowly repeated the obnoxious syllable.

'It is no manner of use to beat him,' his mother said, 'he has had the stick often enough, and he is not a single morsel the better for it. But there, I don't know what else is to be done with him, so I suppose I must tell father, and he will pretty nigh break every bone in his body if he takes him in hand.'

'We will try something else,' Mr. Langham answered; and turning to the culprit, he said, 'Ralph, you shall not come to my harvest-home, not one scrap of beef, or crumb of plum-pudding shall you have, unless you come up to me the evening before, and say the alphabet from beginning to end, without a single mistake.'

The threat was a very awful one in Ralph's ears, for he well remembered how two or three years ago, Mr. Langham had excluded a boy for swearing, and how he had skulked in the back ground whilst all the others were enjoying the feast, and had been pointed out to everybody as the bad boy who was not fit to associate with the rest. Crouched down in the chimney-corner with his black head supported by his grubby hands, Ralph debated with himself whether he would yield and say his letters, or resist and abide the consequences. I say debated, because he

was dimly conscious that there was some kind of struggle going on within him, but he carried on no definite arguments on the subject. He did not like the loss of the meat and other good things, and he dreaded being marked out as the stupid boy that could not learn; and, besides, Mr. Langham was generally very kind, and he would have liked to have said his letters if only to oblige him. He had half a mind to yield, and he had half a mind not. There was to him a kind of fascination in the punishment with which he was threatened. He had a sort of curiosity to know what it would feel like, and to see whether Mr. Langham would keep his word, or whether he would, when it came to the point, remit the penalty, though the lessons had not been learnt. Unfortunately, Ralph so often got his own way with his mother by persisting in his misconduct, that he could not help fancying he might do the same now. It was, however, the first motive which was the most powerful, for there was something within him which made him long to experience in his own person, whatever he saw others feeling, a kind of hardihood which prompted him to bear whatever anyone else had borne.

The remembrance that Tom Rose had endured the being excluded from the harvest-home, steeled Ralph's heart against the better suggestion of his conscience. 'I reckon I can bear as much as he,' he said to himself, 'though he is twice as big.'

So the next day, and many succeeding days, he continued to assert that B was the first letter in the alphabet, feeling, with a species of awe and wonder at himself, that the united forces of schoolmaster, and teacher, and rector, and curate, were all insufficient to make him allow that A was A. He knew it just as well as anybody in the room; the hours that he had past sitting on the bench with the other little boys who were equally ignorant, had not altogether been wasted. He had spent them in conning over again and again the contents of the very dirty

old spelling-book that he was compelled to hold in his hand, until he could really read the whole of its brief contents. Still the day of the harvest-home drew near, and there was no appearance of any improvement. The last evening came, and, book in hand, he betook himself to the great house, slowly and reluctantly, and with a gravity in his looks, which made his mother hope that he meant to be good. He had to wait some time in the kitchen before Mr. Langham was ready to attend to him, and there he found the cook busy in getting forward with her next day's work, by chopping up the materials for the plum-puddings. And what an interesting process it was! and all the more so to Ralph, from the dark suspicion which lurked in his own mind, that he should never taste them. It made his eyes glisten only to see the heaps of raisins and other good things, and he followed every movement of Mrs. Cook's hand with the closest attention. And it was with a deep sigh that he arose to obey the summons to go into the study to Mr. Langham.

'Well, Ralph,' that gentleman said, 'now for the letters. I hope you have come up with a firm determination to have your share of the supper to-morrow night.'

Ralph made no answer, but opened the book and laid it down on the table before him, and stood gazing at it in total silence.

'What! have you lost your tongue?' Mr. Langham exclaimed; 'surely you can speak and say something.'

And thus urged after another pause, as if to recollect himself, the boy pointed with his finger at the letter A, and said B.

'One more chance,' Mr. Langham said, 'I will give you, and it will be the last. If you say B again, I shall ask you no more, but send you away, and you will have no harvest-home to-morrow. Now tell me what is the first letter in the alphabet.'

There was a long silence, for Ralph felt the importance

of his own decision. He looked up in Mr. Langham's face, and down on his book, and with almost a sob, repeated the fatal syllable, and in another minute found himself with a heavy heart returning home. 'No,' he called out to his mother who was watching anxiously for him, 'I a'n't said it, the plum-puddings Mrs. Cook was making looked so good, I really could not.'

And he went away and hid himself behind the little fagot-pile, that he might cry unobserved. He was very miserable in the choice he had made, I cannot say repentant, for in truth he scarcely as yet recognized the difference between right and wrong. He had not yet set his will to conquer his will, at present he had only set it to conquer his appetite, and his fear of shame. There lay the temptation, and as the tears rolled over his face, he could hardly restrain his desire to jump up and run back to Mr. Langham, and persuade him to give him one more trial. He did, however, abstain, and so lost what might have been a last chance.

(To be continued.)

THE EARTH AS IT IS.

CHAPTER X.

HIGHLANDS AND LOWLANDS.

THE more level portions of the Earth's surface, are generally classed as plateaux, or table-lands, and plains, or lowlands, but little elevated above the level of the sea.

Many of the plateaux being intimately connected with the mountain ranges, which rise from them, have been described with the mountain systems, to which they belong. The only considerable table-land in Europe, is that of Castile, in Central Spain, which has a general elevation of 2,000 feet. This is far exceeded by the vast plateaux of Persia, Arabia, and Abyssinia, and others in Asia and Africa. The great desert of Gobi, in Central Asia, has

an area of 600,000 square miles, and a mean elevation of from 3 to 4,000 feet.

Thibet, though it can hardly be called a table-land, being a country of high mountains and deep valleys, is perhaps the most elevated country of its extent in the world, many of its lowest valleys being as high as the summit of the Faulhorn in Switzerland, and many of its habitable spots as high as the top of Mont Blanc.

The plateaux and high valleys of the Andes have been already noticed. Central America is a mass of terraced table-lands, which add greatly both to the beauty and fertility of the country.

The table-lands of Mexico, and the Great Basin of California, though not more than 6,000 feet high, are remarkable for their vast extent of unbroken land.

The lowlands constitute by far the larger portion of the Earth's surface, including, under the general term of plains, many districts not entirely level, as well as vast expanses of flat country. In every zone these large plains occur, and each has a different physiognomy, dependent on its geographical position, soil, climate, &c. They are distinguished according to their peculiar characteristics, as *steppes*, *deserts*, *llanos*, *prairies*, *savannahs*, &c. Amongst them are the richest and most fertile, and the most hopelessly barren districts of the Earth; the plains of Northern and Eastern Europe, yellow with corn; the Sahara of Africa, yellow also, but with the dry sand that destroys every form of animal and vegetable life; the treeless expanses of one part, and the impenetrable forests of another part of South America. Nearly the whole of Northern Europe forms one great plain, extending from the shores of the Baltic to the Ural Mountains, broken only by the Valdai Hills in Russia. It has, however, very different features; some parts, in Germany and Russia, are covered with forests; some have a rich vegetable soil, capable of great cultivation; while large heath-

covered tracts and moors cover a great part of Northern Germany, Denmark, and Prussia.

Towards the eastern extremity of Europe, the great plain assumes the peculiar character of desert, called a 'steppe,' a word supposed to be of Tartar origin, signifying a level waste, destitute of trees. Steppes vary according to the nature of their soil: some are covered with a thick short grass, some produce herbage, which reaches six or seven feet in height, and a profusion of beautiful varieties of wild flowers; and the salt steppes have a vegetation peculiar to themselves.

For a short period in April and May, the steppes of Southern Russia present a beautiful appearance, the brilliant green of the rising crops of corn and the fresh grass, contrasting with flowers of the most lively colours. A hot scorching sun, however, soon withers the grass, which becomes dry and brown, and clouds of dust increase the dreary and parched aspect of the steppes. During the winter the ground is covered with snow, lying sometimes several feet deep. Unimpeded by mountains or forests, the winds from the north-east, passing over many hundred miles of frozen ground, blow with resistless violence, and often uninterruptedly for several weeks. When the frost is severe, and the snow dry and powdery, the wind drifts it about, the air glistens more and more with crystals of snow, till at last there is one dense dim mass, which, caught by a whirlwind, rushes round and round, or is drifted about in eddies, bewildering the half-frozen and blinded traveller, and causing such a panic among the herds of horses, cattle, and sheep, overtaken by the snow-storm, that they rush headlong before the gale, till they drop down overcome by fatigue, and perish in the snow, or meet their death by falling down the precipitous sides of one of the ravines, which occur frequently in the steppes between the Dniester and the Don.

The great Kirghis Steppes, extending nearly 2,800

miles between the Ural River and the high terraces of Central Asia, are clothed with verdure, and afford pasture to thousands of camels and cattle belonging to the wandering hordes which inhabit them. The finest parts of these plains are adorned with low bushes of blackthorn, hawthorn, brambles, and wild-roses, various leguminous plants, fritellarias, tulips, and cypripedias. The beautiful feather-grass (*Stipa Pennata*) grows abundantly on some of the Russian steppes. 'Directly after flowering,' says Professor Schleiden, 'it expands its long delicately-feathered awns, not unlike marabout feathers, from the spike which rises high above the tuft of narrow dry leaves.' The woody root-stem is a peculiar feature of this grass; and standing high out of the ground, must be a serious annoyance in mowing it. Other tracts of land on these steppes are overgrown by rough branching plants, with woody stems, which go by the general name of *Burian* among the Tartars. Quite unfit for pasture, they are yet extremely useful in their way, as they furnish the only fuel in these regions. Some of the small weeds spring up to an almost incredible height; even the little milfoil is often several feet high, and is much prized for fuel. Wormwood, too, is found side by side with a gigantic mullein, called the 'steppe light.' But the thistles are the most distinguished tribe; they attain to a marvellous size, and often stand like little trees round the huts of the country people, or form an extensive bush, even overtopping men on horseback. One of these, which the Russians call 'Perekatipole,' the 'Leap-in-the-Field,' and to which the Germans have given the more poetic name of the 'Wind-Witch,' is the most characteristic plant of the burian. It has numerous dry slender shoots, spreading out on all sides, and entangled with one another, and forms domes upon the turf three feet high, sometimes of from ten to fifteen feet in circumference, arched over with naked thin branches.

In autumn the stem of the plant rots off, and the globe of branches dries up into a ball, light as a feather. Numbers of these balls are sometimes driven over the plain at once by the wind—now hopping with short quick springs along the ground—now whirling in great circles round each other—now caught by an eddy, rising suddenly a hundred feet into the air. Sometimes one wind-witch hooks itself on to another, twenty more join company, and away rolls the gigantic airy mass before the wind.

The country people sometimes set fire to the burian, in order to get rid of the old straw and hay, which harbour the vermin upon their farms. If the dry grass of the steppe catches fire, the flames spread with great rapidity into a wide sea of smoke and fire, often moving about over a region for eight or ten days, crossing and diverging in every direction, with every varying breeze.

The salt steppes of Astrakan have a surface like hoar-frost : the salt glitters like newly-fallen snow in the summer sun ; even the atmosphere and the dew are saline, and saline plants, with patches of verdure few and far between, are the only signs of vegetable life. Some of the salt steppes are covered with sand. There are immense sandy and salt deserts in Mongolia and Western Thibet. M. Huc thus describes the country round the Dabsoun-Noor, or 'Salt Lake,' in the steppes of the Ortoos :—

'For a day's journey before you reach Dabsoun-Norr, the soil changes by degrees its form and aspect : losing its yellow tint, it becomes insensibly white, as though thinly-covered with snow. The earth swelling in every direction, forms innumerable hillocks, cone-shaped, and of regularity so perfect, that you might suppose them to have been constructed by the hand of man. Sometimes they are grouped in heaps, one on the other, like pears piled on a plate ; they are of all sizes, some but just created, and others falling to decay. Around these ex-

crecences grow creeping thorns, long-pointed, without flowers or leaves, which intertwining spirally, surmount them with a sort of net-work cap. These thorns are never found elsewhere than about these hillocks: upon those of more recent growth, they are firm, vigorous, and full of shoots. Upon the elder elevations, they are dried up, calcined by the nitre, brittle, and in shreds.'

Dabsoun-Noor is not so much a lake, as a reservoir of mineral salt, covered with loose moving soil, with springs of salt, and sometimes even of soft sweet fresh water, bubbling up occasionally. This great salt mine seems to pervade with its influence the whole Ortous district, throughout barren and arid, and in many parts covered with fine moving sand, blown by the impetuous winds in every direction.

Desolate as these plains are, their desolation is surpassed in the sandy desert of the Great Gobi. The Shamo, or *Sea of Sand*, also mixed with salt, extends through its whole length for a breadth of from a hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty miles, and is destitute equally of vegetation and of water. The great Persian Desert is also covered in many parts of its surface with saline incrustations.

In the extreme North of Europe and Asia, the arid sandy steppes are replaced by the marshy steppes, called by the Laplanders *Tundras*, a name implying the absence of trees, with a preponderance of black moor, bog, and frozen swamp.

(To be continued.)

THE WINDS.

CHAPTER I.

THE CAUSES AND CIRCUITS OF THE WINDS.

‘The wind goeth toward the south, and turneth about unto the north; it whirleth about continually, and the wind returneth again according to his circuits.’

Lewis. Oh these weary winds, with their cold dry dust! How glad I shall be when May comes; even deceitful April will be better than this.

William. Yes, indeed; this month of March is the hatefullest in the whole year. It is always the same too. It really seems as if the winds, instead of being the most uncertain things in the whole world, were as regular and as steady as the seasons.

Uncle Francis. So they are, young gentleman. Your uncertain winds, as you call them, are at least as regular as the seasons. They have ways of their own, which they follow with perfect steadiness, and never go anywhere without good reason for it.

Lewis. But how about these March winds, Uncle? What good reasons can they give for themselves? All I can say for them is, that they come most regularly and perseveringly, for I have had to stay in-doors the best part of every March these three years.

Poor Lewis ended his speech with a sad fit of coughing. He was a small, consumptive boy, one of those almost snowdrop-like children who in our climate seldom survive their spring.

William. What do you mean, Uncle, by saying that the winds are so regular? I always thought that people could not understand anything about them, but that they came and went, no one knew where from, or where to.

Uncle F. Very likely, my little Nephew. But ‘always’

with you does not mean any very long time, and persons have been engaged in watching the ways of the wind far longer than the twelve or fourteen years that you can count.

Lewis. Watching the wind, Uncle? Can anyone see the wind? Can you? Can we?

Uncle F. Not exactly with our eyes, Lewis; but we can, and do, find out its paths and its habits; and persons who have made the winds their study, can describe its ways almost as closely as those of the Passage Birds you are so fond of in your Natural History books.

‘I should like to have a Natural History of the Winds,’ said Lewis softly to his brother William. Like most boys of a consumptive tendency, he was thoughtful and observing, and keenly perceptive of beauty and of order.

Uncle F. Not such a bad idea, Lewis. A ‘Natural History of the Winds’ would make a very pretty book, only that it would not have any such charming pictures as there are in those great folios about the birds. I have often thought I would write such a book myself.

‘Oh! Uncle, do write a book,’ cried both the boys at once; ‘and if you will,’ added William, ‘I will stay at home until I have read it, even if it be the finest day I ever saw.’

Lewis. Then stay at home *now*, William, and let us ask Uncle Francis to tell us a little of what he would say in his book.

William looked a little blank at this. He was a lively public-school boy, and being at home for a day or two of holiday, was anticipating on this particular morning the not very refined amusement of a rat-hunt. However, as his holiday was solely for the purpose of an introduction to his Uncle Francis, he gave up his expected sport, and said with really a very good grace, ‘With all my heart, Lewis; and so let us all sit round the fire, if Uncle will

stay for a time and talk to us. Oh, Uncle! how I should like to be in your ship in a hurricane!

Uncle Francis was a sailor, one of those men who are the glory of the British Naval Service; the bravest of warriors, the most considerate of commanders, and the foremost in scientific inquiry. He was past middle age, he had sailed in every sea, and was a keen observer of natural phenomena. He wrote too, and he spoke, with that clear delicacy of expression and warm sympathy with the minds of those whom he addressed, which clothes science with something of the charm of poetry; and, himself an enthusiast, he was in numberless cases the cause of enthusiasm in others. He was now, after an absence of some years, a visitor in the house of a widowed sister, whose eldest son, William, had been sent for from school on the occasion. The uncle was not ill-pleased at the nephews' request. Had he written the book he spoke of, it would have been a model of its kind. Of his conversation we can only give a faint and weak description.

So, then, taking his seat with the two boys, and turning to William, he said, 'Well, I will try and tell you something of the ways of the wind; but I think it will be only fair for you to tell me first what the wind is.'

William. Wind? O yes, certainly; wind is something that blows.

Uncle F. H'm. Yes. But this is only something that the wind *does*, not what the wind *is*. Besides which, a pair of bellows is something that blows, and yet it is not the wind. Try again, William. What *is* the wind?

Lewis (whispering.) Air, William, say air.

Uncle F. Hush, Lewis; let William try for himself, and make his own answer, as he chose to answer first.

William. So I would, if I could make a better; but as I cannot, I will take Lewis's, and say *air*: *that* is what the wind is.

Uncle F. The room we are sitting in is full of air. Are we sitting in the wind then, William?

William. No; I did not mean that either. But surely the wind is air? only the air in the room is quite still.

Lewis. Ah! I see! it is when air is moving that it is wind.

Uncle F. Exactly so. Wind is the name for air in motion. But think again, William; the air in this room is not quite still, although you said it was. Do you not feel the stream of air about the floor which is running towards the fire? What do you call that? It is air in motion. Do you call it a wind?

William. No, I do not call it a wind. I call it a draught.

Lewis. Yet I do not see why it should not be called a wind.

Uncle F. Neither is there any reason excepting this, that custom has decided that we shall call any flow or stream of air in a room, or passage, or other narrow space, a *draught*; while the very same kind of thing out of doors, and on a large scale, is called a *wind*. Draughts are really winds, and winds are only gigantic draughts.

Lewis. But about the 'ways of the wind,' which you said you would explain; do tell us something about them, Uncle.

Uncle F. Not quite so fast, Lewis. We have, indeed, settled that 'wind' is the name for 'air in motion,' and that 'air in motion' is really 'wind;' but we have next to see why it is that the air should move at all.

William. Oh, I never thought about that, only it always is moving; I suppose it cannot help it.

Uncle F. No more it can; but that is only the same thing as saying that there is something which makes it move. What is that something, William? Why should *not* the air remain still and quiet? Nothing is more cer-

tain than that it would remain so, if there were not something to set it in motion.

William. As to that, Uncle, I cannot answer you.

Lewis. Nor I.

Uncle F. Then I must begin my explanation. We are sitting in a room with a fire in it. Now, which way do the draughts go, Lewis?

Lewis. Towards the fire.

Uncle F. And do the draughts feel warm or cold?

Lewis. Cold.

Uncle F. And is there no warm draught anywhere?

Lewis. Oh, Uncle, how can you ask such a question? Mamma is always scolding me if I sit in a draught, lest I should catch cold. All draughts are cold, very.

Uncle F. Think before you speak, Lewis. All the draughts moving across the room towards the fire may indeed feel cold, but do you think that there is no other draught besides these? Where does all the air in these draughts go to, think you?

William. O I see, Uncle; you mean the hot draught which goes up the chimney.

Lewis. Yes, but that is smoke.

Uncle F. So it is partly, but only partly. There is a great stream of warm air rushing up the chimney, and this stream carries the smoke along with it. You see the smoke, and you do not see the air, so you think most of the smoke; but the heated air is the chief thing. Now, Lewis, begin again, and see if you can find out what brings all these cool draughts towards the fire.

Lewis. I should think, Uncle, that they must be moving to fill up the place which would be left by the hot air as it goes up the chimney.

William. Why, then, does the hot air go up the chimney? Why cannot it stay where it is? I wish it would, and then we should not have these tiresome draughts which make Lewis cough so.

Lewis. Tell us, Uncle.

Uncle F. I will try. It is a rule with almost* everything in the world, that the warmer it is, the more room it takes up. The same thing happens in the case of the air; the warmer it is, the more room it wants.

William. I have heard something like this before. But what has this to do with the air going up the chimney?

Uncle F. Just everything, William. In what part of this room is the air warmest?

William. Near the fire.

Uncle F. And the warmer it becomes, the more room it takes up.

William. I suppose so.

Uncle F. And therefore becomes—

Lewis. Lighter, you were going to say, were you not?

Uncle F. I was, Lewis. A box full of wool, or anything of that kind, is lighter if the wool is left loose, but heavier if the wool is close squeezed together.

Lewis. And the air when it is warmed takes up more room, and is therefore lighter. When it was cold, it was like the squeezed wool; it took up less room, but was heavier.

Uncle F. Now, William, can you understand what all this has to do with the air going up the chimney? Remember that we began by saying that it was a draught of warm air, with cold draughts pouring in across the floor to take its place.

William. I think I can. You mean that the hot air being lighter than the rest rises up the chimney, and so would leave an empty space behind it, did not the colder air below pour in to fill it up.

* Most of my readers will know that water when it approaches the freezing point expands as it cools, instead of contracting. The consequences of this departure from the general rule are most interesting and important.

Lewis. And so the warm air going up the chimney is really the cause of the cold draughts across the room? Am I right, Uncle?

Uncle F. You are, Lewis. But what makes the hot air go up the chimney?

Lewis. Because it is lighter than the rest of the air.

Uncle F. And what made it lighter?

Lewis. The fire, Uncle. The fire has heated the air, and so made it lighter.

Uncle F. So, then, the heat of the fire warms the air near to it. The air being warmed, grows lighter, and must rise; when it rises, the colder air pours in to fill its place. This is a *draught*. *Wind* is exactly the same thing, and is produced in exactly the same way.

Lewis. Thank you, Uncle. I see all this quite clearly, about the air going up the chimney, and the draughts across the floor; but I do not see how all the fires in the world are to make one of these March winds. And then, too, some of our greatest winds are in the autumn, when there have been few fires for many months.

Uncle F. True, Lewis; but I never said that our house fires did make the winds. I only said that the winds in the open air were produced in exactly the same *way* in which draughts are produced in a room by the fire.

Lewis. Yet if they are produced in the same way, there must be a fire somewhere. Is it not so?

Uncle F. There must be *heat*, Lewis. Instead of fire, say *heat*, and you will be perfectly right. The fire *heats* the air, and makes it rise up the chimney, and so long as the air is *heated*, it matters not whether it be by means of fire, or by any other means; all that is needed to set the air rising is, that by some means or other it be made warmer, and therefore lighter; so that if one part of the earth is hot and another is cold, the air will be lighter in one place than it is in the other.

Lewis. Then does the air in the warm countries rise like the draught up a chimney, and the air from the cold countries pour in to fill its place like the draughts across a room going towards a fire? It seems strange, Uncle!

Uncle F. It may seem strange to you, Lewis, especially if it be new. But it is, nevertheless, quite true; and the same movements of the air which are thus taking place in the houses of countless families, are indeed taking place too, ceaselessly, and on the grandest scale, in the great home of the wide family of man.

Lewis. What a pretty idea! I should never have thought of that. But is there any one place in the world, Uncle, like the fire-place in a room, which is warmer than all the rest?

William. You have asked the right person, Lewis, for Uncle Francis has been all over the world, and I am sure he has seen the earth's fire-place, and chimney too, if there is one.

Uncle F. Thank you, Master William; you want, I dare say, to have a laugh at me, but your words are truer than you think. The heated air in the burning regions of the globe rises as steadily as if there were a chimney to guide it; it goes where it ought to go, and turns where it ought to turn, and obeys the rules of the house better, I fear, than some fiery little boys obey the rules of their homes.

Lewis. Come, Uncle, if you and William begin to make jokes at one another, I shall never get to the thing I am longing to hear about. It is these very rules which the wind follows which you said you would explain, and here we have been talking for an hour without getting further than this, that the wind is a great draught. Now there is one thing which I want to ask. The draughts in a room all go towards the fire, but the winds blow in all manner of different directions even at the same place. Here we have a N. E. wind for some days, then a S. W.,

and sometimes, though rarely, a N. W. or a S. E. ; all this is very different from that which takes place in a room.

Uncle F. True, Lewis ; and so far as your observation goes, you are right. But there are vast regions of the earth where none but the same wind, or draught, is ever found ; in others we have an alternation of winds ; in some places there is a sort of apparent uncertainty ; but even where the variety is greatest, even *there* the variety itself follows a certain rule, and forms part of the same great plan.

William. Ah, the 'plan !' Now, I suppose, we are getting to what Uncle Francis means by the 'Natural History of the Winds.'

Uncle F. Yes, William, and this plan I will now begin to describe ; but first draw out that terrestrial globe, and place it next to your brother Lewis ; and, Lewis, do you show me on the globe where the earth is hottest.

Lewis drew his hand round the globe along the line of the equator.

Uncle F. That will do. Now for a vast distance on each side of the equator it is always hotter than it is here even on our hottest summer's day. There, in the regions of the equator, we find a broad tract or space passing round the whole earth like a great belt, or zone, as geographers call it, where cold is never known, and heat is perpetual. You know this upon your maps by the name of the 'Torrid' (*i. e.* burning) Zone. On each side of this burning region, *i. e.* passing round the earth on the north and on the south of this Torrid Zone, we have similar spaces or belts, which, though not actually cold, are yet very far cooler. You will most likely know their names ?

Lewis. You mean the Temperate Zones.

Uncle F. I do ; and then going still further away from the equator, we come to the colder, and at last to the absolutely frozen regions of eternal ice. Now, William,

can you not see a certain broad resemblance between the condition of the world and that of the room we talked of which has a fire in it?

William. I think I can. The Torrid Zone answers to that part of the room which is near the fire, while the cooler parts of the room answer to the temperate, and still colder regions.

Lewis. And are there, then, the same draughts pouring over the earth towards the equator, that we know of in the room towards the fire?

Uncle F. There are. The air about the equator being heated to a degree far beyond the temperature which prevails anywhere else, is therefore also lighter than it is elsewhere, and therefore it cannot help continually rising, like the air in a chimney, so that the cooler and heavier air from north and south cannot help continually pouring in to supply its place.

Lewis. Then there are two great draughts, or winds, in the world, both of them blowing towards the equator to fill up the space left by the heated air, just as there is a draught towards our fire here.

Uncle F. Yes; and then the air, of which these winds consist, when it reaches the Torrid Zone, itself becomes hot and burning in its turn. It too becomes lighter with heat. It too rises from the earth because of its lightness, and so leaves its place to be filled by the cooler air of the cooler winds which are continually following.

William. Ah! I see, a regular game of 'follow my leader.' But what becomes of all this air which is continually going up? Does it go on, up, up, up, for ever and ever?

Lewis. And I have another question to ask. If all the wind in the world is made up of the draughts going to the equator, how is it that we have so much S. W. wind? Surely the S. W. wind is not on its way to the equator?

Uncle F. I will try to answer both your questions

together ; but, in the first place, Lewis, I must tell you that I did not say that the winds going to the equator were the only winds in the world. All I said was, that because of the rising of air in the Torrid Zone, there must be a great flow of air from the north and the south, and that in this way winds from N. and S. are formed. Now, in point of fact, I may as well tell you these winds blow from the N.E. in our hemisphere, and from the S. E. in the southern half of the world. These winds are caused in the way I have described, but there are other regular and ceaseless winds besides these.

William. Don't forget my question, Uncle—where does all the air go to when it goes up at the equator?

Uncle F. I was just coming to that. But supposing, William, it should continue to go up for ever and ever, what is there to stop it?

Lewis. It does not, does it? I thought there was no air much beyond fifty miles from the earth.

Uncle F. Again I say, what should stop it? Newly heated air is continually rising from below and forcing it onward. Stop it cannot. It must go somewhere.

Lewis. But not up for ever, I feel sure of that.

Uncle F. Why not? and if not, where does it go?

Both the boys looked rather bewildered at this. They forgot that the weight of the air alone must prevent a continual ascent, and of the actual facts of the case they were entirely ignorant.

Uncle F. The air which has risen from the region of the Equator rises just so far as its weight will allow it. It began to rise in the first instance, because, being warmer, it was also lighter than the rest of the air in its neighbourhood. It rises until it reaches its level, and then, as the streams of air rising behind it will not let it rest, but keep pushing it forward somewhere, it pours itself out northwards and southwards, and passes over the back of the great currents of air of which we have been speaking.

William. Just like playing at leap-frog.

Uncle F. Yes, if you like to express it so. And just as the boy who jumps over the other's back comes down to the ground again, so these currents of air, losing their heat at the great height they have reached, grow cooler and cooler, and sinking as they cool, at last they come down to the earth again, all the while being forced on-wards by the stream behind them, so that at last they again find their way to the icy regions, where they are again chilled to the uttermost, and so, turning round, they once more go to make part of the great stream of cooler air travelling towards the equator.

William. And get heated again, and go up again, and then jump down over the back of the cool winds again, and so on, round and round for ever—is that what you mean, Uncle?

Uncle F. Yes, very much so; round and round the world from north to south, and from south to north again; so do they travel in ceaseless circulation. Nothing is so continually in motion, unless indeed it be the sea, which has its own peculiar circuits in like manner, besides its tides and its waves; or the earth, ever revolving both round its own axis and round its Sun—but, I see, if I go on I shall include everything as being all equally shifting, even the fixed stars which the astronomers are now bent on moving.

Lewis. Well, it is all very interesting, but before we go on to the fixed stars, let us finish with the winds. You said something about the winds coming down again on to the surface of the earth, and moving back towards the poles. Would not this produce a southerly wind in our half of the world, instead of the N. E. wind which you spoke of just now?

Uncle F. Right, Lewis, and so it does; and this is the true explanation of the south-west winds which prevail in our latitudes. These winds consist of the air on its *return*

from the regions of the equator. They are on their way back, pushed forward by the overflow of the risen air of the tropics, and when they reach the Arctic Circle itself they are cooled down to the uttermost, and so naturally once more supply the currents of air which go again towards the equator, as we have already described.

Lewis. Thank you, Uncle. I think I now understand something of what wind is, and what causes wind. I think, too, I see the reason for the great north and south streams of wind. But you have not told me why they are north-east and south-west winds, instead of due north and due south winds.

Uncle F. No, Lewis, it would take me too long ; but as there are many more things for me to tell you before you know half the curious things about these two great winds, I will tell you this, as well as some other things, another time. It will be quite sufficient for one morning, if I have made you understand the one great fact of this ceaseless flow and return, and if I have given you a clear notion of the one great cause of these streams and circuits.

Lewis. Thank you, Uncle. I do not know that I understand it so well as I ought, but I will think it all over again while you and William are out, and then I shall be ready to hear how it is that these winds blow from the N.E. on their way to the equator, and from the S.W. as they come back.

Uncle F. Yes, and I will tell you some of the curious things that these winds do on their road, and some of the ways in which persons have found out the ways and the habits of these invisible wanderers. Now good-bye.

(To be continued.)

MINOR CARES.

S. HERE you are at last. I can hardly believe it. Four years! And only that little scrap in London, that was worth nothing!

E. I do not think I should have got here now, but that Jane bargained for my going where I should be idle, and all our own people wanted me to be useful.

S. I only know we never get hold of you. It is just as bad as if you were a Sister of Charity.

E. Perhaps I meant it to be as bad; it certainly is a great comfort to be tied down to duties, and saved from all the worry and doubt of plan-making. Mine would be a life of constant wandering if I were not tethered, and if my rope would not bear a pretty strong strain.

S. Well, I want to hear so much about all your doings, though they will make me very envious. I do not feel to know half.

E. Let all that be. I have so much to hear, and I rather want to get soup-kitchens and laundries out of my head, and lie down among the blue-bells. How lovely everything is!

S. I do not think our affairs are very refreshing; they are dusty enough in all conscience, and I seem very stupid and care-worn.

E. Well, dust is a change after smoke, and I want to hear everything, you have written so shortly of late.

S. Because I am old and dull, and have not seen you so long, and there were many things that I could not well write about, though I think I may talk, because you could advise—very *wirklich* things. You see my difficulty is being so powerless—seeing a plain way, but beating above the bush to get into it, and mixed up in brangles not of my own making. How did you think mamma looking?

E. Very well and placid; a little older, but so much at rest—more so than I ever hoped to see her.

S. But for that illness she would have been in the thick of the worries now, and have heard all sorts of things by coming down to breakfast.

E. Do not you want to go to her now? Can you afford the blue-bells?

S. Yes, mine is a very uncertain life, and Ellen reads to her in the morning; not that I shirked, but she got into the way last year when we were in London, and it is very good for her. You see poor Ellen took up what she considered a serious turn, and fancied she would have to go out against her will, while mamma fidgetted about who was to take her out. So it fitted beautifully; she was simply told, 'I suppose you do not care to go to London,' and found herself reading sermons instead of being a confessor; and I am not quite clear that she liked it. She had no loss, as I tell her; she would never have been the least taking.

E. She is the least bright of you, but there is something very winning about her.

S. Poor dear, I used to laugh at her; and she can be tiresome. But I do not quiz dull people now; I am tired of the clever ones.

E. How did she gain her scruples? From the Trevors?

S. Perhaps; or from Miss Calcraft, who is very narrow—much more so than poor dear Miss Medley. And I believe they all thought, Trevors included, that I went to balls every night, and danced all night, and that I do still.

E. Your London lately has been entirely for your father.

S. I thought so, and of course I did not think of going out at all, only of friend-seeing and sight-seeing. pictures, and some music. But I think the independence was too pleasant, and that clever people, when there was no flirt-

ing to think about, were too attractive to me—more here, perhaps, than in the scraps of London.

E. Some did think you too independent—too old, almost, too careless of opinion.

S. Did they? I wonder who; but it is no matter now, I am not going that way again. There is one Christmas ball that we always go to for duty's sake, and this time Ellen was asked point blank whether she would go, and for consistency's sake said No; but it was flat not to be pressed, and Mr. Lowe, in his matter-of-fact way, asked her to look after the almshouse women, and some more who wanted daily visiting; so she found herself spurred instead of checked. So the world question stands over for Carry, who certainly will not let slip any chance of fun, or of setting off her pretty face. It is to be hoped Agnes will take pity on her.

E. How does Miss Calcraft do for her?

S. Pretty well; but you know she is off; and Price, and Nurse, and the fat coachman, and the gardener, and the five underlings, kick at reform.

E. Off? Do you mean gone?

S. Going at Midsummer, when we pack off for the workmen, all parts of the grand reform bill that has been hatched in the study—as thus, if you like a long story. Are you comfortable there?

E. Oh, yes, quite. But you take me so by surprise. Is this connected with Henry's marriage, which he says you have brought about?

S. In a measure; that gave the last shove. You know there were always money grievances, which we laughed at—at least I did, and thought it tiresome that one could not ask for one's own hobbies, or for furniture, or nice things. And it was inconsistent with the way we live that one could not get hold of ten pounds if really needed.

E. Still it was good for you to feel the lack of means, and to save your ten pounds.

S. And to be abused for dressing shabbily. Still all the saving would not do it, and about Stonyford I did feel it; but there was no help. Church applications were the worst of anything, and at last I got afraid of ever coming for a draft, and used to hear a great deal about farm repairs, and the boys' commissions, and Oxford bills, and at last it dawned on me that if my father could not meet all this out of his income, he had the ten pounds to spare as little as I had.

E. I can well understand that, with two sons in the army, and the repairs that have been neglected come so heavily. If you once begin on this house, too, the expense must be very considerable.

S. Yes, how blindly I used to talk about a little painting. Since I have seen the estimate, I have learnt something. But it had to be done; it was no use for papa to talk of things lasting his time, as if he were seventy. Then came Henry's affair, and my first great effort was to moot that. 'A fine lady with nothing;' and I had to suggest that she was not fine, and that having nothing, she would know the worth of something; and that it was a tried affection, not to be lightly cast off. But you see he had been careless, like any other elder son in the guards, and had not always made his money do.

E. To be sure it did not seem a hopeful look-out. Were you considerate?

S. I think it is just the turning-point in his life, and that Emily will be invaluable. She has been in a very difficult position, for her friends, who are worldly, thought it a great catch, and cannot understand the plea of poverty. No more can he, seeing the home luxuries, and reasoning on them as I used to do. And what he asked was but fair—the same allowance, and a little farm on the Fernlea property, and to set himself up with the sale of his commission. She was only longing for the quiet life, and taking root somewhere; sick of wandering and

admiration, and playing a part, but willing to suit herself to any plan, settled firm in her affection, and hopeful for the end, but refusing to be drawn into any meeting or writing as long as papa made difficulties. She came out exactly as I expected, for I think very highly of her; and thinking this, I did press it, and this led to telling me more. I slept upon it, and got very unhappy, and the next day I screwed my courage a peg higher, and said, 'Would you mind telling me what your income is, and what we ought to spend, because I think if you would let me, I could suggest a great many retrenchments.' So at last we got to the bottom, and a pretty muddy one it was, and I had bankers' books given me, and the Christmas bills for years back to study, and make out what papa could not tell, the rate of our living, much less the heads of it.

E. I thought he was methodical about accounts, and kept all his farm books so tidily.

S. Farm was the best part, because he cares for that, and Hodson sent in all the details; but I never could make out how it dovetailed into general accounts. You understand that papa had his bankers' books all correct, and knew his balance, and I dare say cast up his bills. But such bills all pouring in together at Christmas, and sent down to the servants to verify, who, of course, said they were all right—sheets and sheets of the blacksmith's, with all the house mendings, and things supplied to the gardener and carpenter, mixed up with 'showing the whit horse,' and so on—bricklayer, glazier, saddler, wheelwright, all in the same fashion—some of my old friends—pounds of meat that I well remembered—but such a mass, that there was no seeing daylight through them. I believe Hodson is very honest, and manages the farm well; but he is not equal to overlooking the other property, and feeling as I did the difficulty about money, he just patched things up, and the good tenants would not

stay unless money were laid out. Then came the third move : ' Could not you have some good surveyor to look it all over ? and is not there any unentailed property that you could sell ? ' That sounded more like business, and he took to it, though selling anything was a sore point. However, I will not bother you with it all, and perhaps I ought not to tell so much ; but there did come the same surveyor that Edward employs, and then the solicitor ; and an outlying bit of Fernlea is to be sold to make things straight, and pay for the house doing.

E. And poor mamma unconscious of all this plotting under her feet !

S. She did not know all the difficulties, only that the rents would be lowered by the farm repairs, and she was very glad of anything that enabled Henry to marry, and in a minor degree to have the house put to rights. You see how shabby things have got, and this vexed her tidy soul.

E. Then do all the heads go ?

S. Yes, and some underlings, and some hot-houses. The old nurse, who had nothing to do but spoil Carry, the school-room maid, coachman, and the grand gardener. Moreover, some of the bed-rooms will not be new done at present, and we are not to have large parties.

E. How do you manage for those who go ?

S. They have feathered their nests pretty well, and want no pity, or else they have got places. And that nice Rogers, whom you always liked, is to be gardener, and mind me. Oh ! and who do you think is to be cook ?

E. Not Martha ?

S. Martha grown into Mrs. Jackson, coming back with a high character. We are to housekeep together, and invent our consumption, not be guided by old orders. And I am to have the whole of the house accounts, not the half, and garden accounts, and look well into everything.

E. You will have enough on your hands.

S. It will be no easy task, that I know well, especially screwing pegs up that had got loose; still, working will be such a comfort, after having felt powerless, and seen things going wrong without daring to interfere, or being able to lay one's finger on anything decided if one had. I am afraid there has been a great deal of unfairness and waste, though not what people of low principle call cheating exactly. It is fearful to think how much evil may go on under good people who are unsuspecting. It is a great responsibility to possess much, and I am sure 'when goods are increased, they are increased that eat them.'

E. The truth is, I suppose, that one must pay for the good things of this world by care and watchfulness in the keeping of them—that we are but stewards, and cannot neglect our trust without danger, only we must beware of blaming those who had not been taught to view this trust as many now look on it. Those who see all in the stronger light, have need to act up to their words. Well, I wish you success, and a strong body and mind to get through it all, but I think you are overtaking poor Mitchell. Is she to dress and work for you all?

S. I think we shall manage; one can always put work out, and I want no waiting on. Ellen and Carry are to dress each other. I have impressed on Ellen that ladies'-maids are worldly vanities, which her principles require her to do without, and Carry is charmed with the notion of trimming her own bonnet.

E. Still you must all be looked after. Would not it be well to have a girl to work under Mitchell?

S. To be sure it would just do for Anne Pickler; perhaps we had better, mamma said the same thing. You see Mitchell is one who had rather work like a horse than be interfered with, and she could not bear Sarah, who was Nurse's ally. But oh! Eleanor, how to keep things

from running in my head day and night! I never could keep my mind in order, and now all these heaps of realities really are worse than vanities, they are so plausible, and they have to be settled. Now this matter of Anne Pickler, that will be my disturbance to-day. Do not you find that as one gets older, it is much easier to do than to think to any purpose?

E. The Lows and the village all as usual, I suppose?

S. Yes; and the girl is really rather bright, and works very hard at school.

E. And Stonyford?

S. Mr. McLeod is gone to Newfoundland.

E. One ought not to be sorry, I suppose, but the work there did sound very perfect. Do you mean that he is gone permanently?

S. Gone for life. There is a very good man there, a college friend, and pretty well off. He thought that a gain, for he had nothing to give, and no one to beg of.

E. Happily, a clergyman's real work is not hindered by his poverty.

S. Perhaps helped. Now I ought to go in. I think we shall find mamma in the garden.

(To be continued.)

NAME-FANCYING.

NAMES FROM THE LATIN.

Jocosus, joyful, was the origin of the old English name, used by both sexes, *Joyce*; the knightly *Jocelyn*, and the French *Josselin*. The word *jovial* does not seem very distantly related, but it does, in fact, spring from the astrological idea, that persons born under the influence of the planet *Jupiter* were of a generous, convivial disposition. *Jovis* in the old Latin tongue signified a god, but became afterwards restricted to *Jupiter*, and was used as synonymous with his indeclinable name, and thus we

come by the 'great Jove' to be met with so much too often in poetry of the seventeenth century. Jupiter itself is a contraction of Diespiter, or Diovispater, meaning the father of heaven, or of the day.

The Julian gens was older than Rome, so much older, that any derivation for their patronymic is untraceable; but when their vanity made their pedigree begin at Troy, a meaning was found for it in the surname of Iulus, by which Ascanius, the son of the pious Æneas, was said to have been called, in honour of the budding down upon his chin. The Gens was patrician, but not celebrated till the great Caius Julius Cæsar made it the most renowned of all. In right of his adoption, Octavius became a Julius, and every other emperor took this gentile name likewise. All their daughters were Julia, and half their freedmen Julius. July, the seventh month of the year, was called after Julius Cæsar, and to geography were contributed Julia bona, which Northern France has turned into Lillebonne, and Forum Julii, which the Provençals have shortened into Fréjus. Spain made Castra Julia first into Trogi-lum, and then into Truxillo; Italy, Julium into Zuglio; and, indeed, there seems to have been an universal desire to clip this euphonious and mouth-filling word in common use, when it became the name of a place. From Julius came the adoptive appellation Julianus, and, in spite of the apostate emperor, it gained popularity from being borne by several saints, the chief of whom has a strange wild legend in the *Gesta Romanorum*, being said to have murdered his father and mother without knowing them, and to have done penance ever after, by giving hospitality to distressed wayfarers, whence he became the patron of travellers. Giulio, Giuliano; Giulia, Giuliana, and Giulietta, held their popularity in Italy, and at first were only known in England in the homely form of Giles, Gillian, and Gillet, the Jill of the nursery rhyme; while France had a Gilles, and Spain a Gil, all regarding as

their patron, St. Gilles, a hermit of Provence, who lived for many years of the sixth century on wild fruits and doe's milk, until he was chosen as Abbot of the Convent at Arles. It seems hardly possible to suppose that he was not a remote Julius, though the recognised Latinism of Giles is *Ægidius*, from the Greek *aigos*, a he-goat. Jellon was the Scottish form of Julian; Sheelah, the Irish Julia, probably handed down from Roman times, like the Don Julian of the Spaniards. Henry I. had a daughter called Julienne, but the names were never common till *Giulietta Capelletti* of Verona, the heroine of an o'ertrue love story, was commemorated by Da Porta in a novel which Shakspeare took as the basis of the drama that made Juliet the property of romance and poetry. Juliette and Jolitte were the French equivalents, and Jules, Julie, Julien, Julienne, have never been uncommon. An English family, whose surname was *Cæsar*, have rather affected Imperial titles, and there is a story of a statesman, whose spirits were seriously disturbed by finding in his pocket the memorandum, 'Remember Julius Cæsar,' which he took as a warning that the 'ides of March' awaited him, forgetting that it was merely a note to attend to a request preferred to him for the benefit of a knight yclept Sir Julius Cæsar.

Justus, just, is one of the adjective names of later times. It rose to the Imperial dignity with the great Justinianus, the nephew of one Justinus, and the uncle of another; but it had already come to saintly honour with St. Justus, or St. Juste of Lyons, Justinus, generally known as Justin Martyr, and the Virgin St. Justina of Padua. The great victory of Lepanto took place on the festival of this latter saint, and her name thus received an access of popularity, especially in the Venetian territory. England never adopted the name in any form, but *Giustino* and *Giustina* in Italy; Justin, and still more Justine, in France; and Justin and Justina in Germany, have all

been somewhat common, especially among the peasantry. It is a pity that such an upright and simple appellation has not met with more favour among us.

(To be continued.)

THE THREE KNIGHTS.

'Twas when the good Saint Ferdinand was King throughout Castile,

In wide array his armies lay, encamp'd before Seville ;
For that fair city's halls and bowers were captives to the Moor,
And the good king above her towers, would make the red cross soar.

Upon the plain the white tents lay, in sight of all the foes,
And here one day, among three knights, a grave debate arose ;
The contest sprung at festive board, 'mid song and joyous cheer,
'Twas, 'Who might boast he dar'd the most? whose heart knew
least of fear?'

The first has sung no minstrel tongue, I never heard his name ;
The second, Garci Perez, and he from Vargas came ;
The third, Lorenzo Suarez, a cavalier of fame,
In camp and hall well-known were all, three knights devoid of blame.

So when grey dawn, the following morn, from the sky had chas'd
the night,

Arose these three full silently, and donn'd their armour bright ;
Firm in their saddles seated, ere the young sun burst forth,
Ere his first beams had greeted the slowly waking earth.

Spake they no word, but onward spurr'd, and to Seville took the
road,

The morning breeze their light plumes stirr'd, as through the mist
they rode ;

Now beams of day on their armour play, their helms are all a-
flame,

So calm they seem'd, the watchmen deem'd ambassadors they came.

The Moorish watchmen on the wall care not to bid them stay,
Three Christian Knights against them all, what feat of arms could
they ?

They pass the barbican, aye, straight and steady they advance,
And smites each knight the closed gate, with the butt-end of his
lance.

Then ev'ry knight wheel'd round his steed, returning as he came,
But when the Moors beheld the deed, they glow'd with rage and
shame ;

The heavy gates fly open wide, and forth full hastily
More than a thousand horsemen ride, in hot pursuit of three.

They overtake the Spanish Knights, who, as the sound they hear,
Each turns again his courser's rein, and waits till the foe draw
near ;

On ride the Moorish chivalry, and he, that unnam'd knight,
Amid them rush'd, and with a cry engag'd in desp'rate fight.

But Garci and Lorenzo, all calmly take their stand,
So firm, and still, and steadfast, till yet nearer drew the band ;
Then Garci can no longer hold, his loud defiance flung
He forth, and, like a lion, bold into the midst he sprung.

Still Don Lorenzo Suarez, is steadfast in his place,
No word he spoke, he dealt no stroke, yet towards the foe his face ;
Now they advance, now Moorish lance thrusts at the Christian
Knight,

Then rose his shout, his sword flash'd out, he fought with all his
might.

Now through the Christian camp a cry is heard, ' To the rescue, ho !
Our three best knights are like to die, o'erpower'd by the foe !'
There was hurried clash of iron and steel, there was armour donn'd
in haste,

Press'd by the rider's armed heel, the fiery courser raced.

Up to their comrades hard beset, the Christian horsemen ride,
' Hurrah, hurrah, they yield not yet, though press'd on ev'ry side ;
They will not yield, though wounded sore, quick, quick into the
fray !'

Eager they fight till fled the Moor, the Christians won the day.

The Christian host fought well that day, full many a foe was slain,
Back to the gates in dis-array, the Moor fled back again ;
The Christians joy'd, but ill-content was good King Ferdinand,
He bade the three knights to his tent, to answer his demand.

' Mine ordinance ye treat with scorn, thus perilling the host,
These bloody wounds, as garlands worn, these wounds, your haughty
boast ;

Ye look'd that I should see and speak in praise—mark what I say,
If this freak have no just cause, your lives for it shall pay.'

Fresh from the battle gather'd round the nobles clad in mail,
Holding their breath, nor word, nor sound, till the knights have
told their tale ;

Then murmurs loud and louder rose, 'These heroes wilt thou slay,
Who thus have wrought before our foes, and done them scathe this
day ?'

'Sir King, it shall not be ! we claim their pardon and release !'
But Ferdinand hath wav'd his hand, 'Now, comrades, hold your
peace !

Their lives I grant as ye desire, ye shall not be denied,
But another sentence they require, another doom abide.

Which of the three has prov'd most free from taint of servile fear,
In this sharp test of chivalry, judge ye, and they shall hear,
And as ye judge, so let it be !' 'Twas silence in the crowd,
Then one spake this, and one spake that, and words came fast and
loud.

'Do thou, Sir King, decide this thing,' at last became the cry.
Spake Ferdinand at their demand, he spake right courteously :
'Could ye, Sir Knights, indeed have set a thousand Moors to
flight,

He who was first on them to burst, had been the bravest knight.

'But since ye were so small a band, yours was a harder part,
Still in the face of death to stand, keeping a steadfast heart ;
To bear, to dare, the words are one, their meaning is the same,
And patience is but courage beneath a sterner name.

'Forsooth, I trow it is but fear, not courage, bids us fly
To meet a danger drawing near ; thus he who hastily
Was first to leap in battle's stream, he least can claim the palm,
Garci more brave than he I deem, since longer he was calm.

'But he who could so rule his blood, his rebel heart so tamed,
Who dealt no stroke, nor challenge spoke, till blow at him was
aimed ;

He, he hath won ! be honour done in camp, and court, and hall,
To Don Lorenzo Suarez, the bravest of us all !'

For this story see the second chapter of 'El Conde Lucanor,'
that curious old book written at the beginning of the 14th century,
by Don Juan Manuel, 'with the most beautiful words he could
find.' The exploit of the Three Knights may perhaps be accepted
as a real historic fact, for Don Juan Manuel, being a grandson of

St. Ferdinand's, must be considered a tolerable authority in matters pertaining to the re-conquest of Seville. A somewhat similar feat is recorded of Hernan Perez del Pulgar—known as He of the Achievements—who, during the siege of Granada, penetrated by night to the heart of the city, accompanied by half-a-dozen chosen followers, and fixed on the door of the principal mosque a parchment, on which was printed the Angelic Salutation.

C. P.

COMFORT.

EACH preaches Comfort ; each his creed despises.

What comfort when the night wears desolate and dreary ?
The worn soul sickens as the pale thought rises,
Take me away, for I am sick and weary.

All can say ' Comfort ' after some cold fashion,
But comes no soothing. Hearts still toss about,
Give me some dew to quench the drought of passion,
The storm of doubt.

Nought but bright faith can cleave where shadows thicken,
Hold this sweet word in your first calmer mood ;
When memories rise, and whelming fancies sicken,
'Twill serve to blunt the edge of solitude.

Say in the dead night, ' There are half a hundred
Laden with woe o'ermeasuring mine in weight.
' Hearts, half a million from all comfort sundered,
Pierced prostrate by the bloody barb of fate.

Whisper, ' It may be the great Father's anger,
Is kindled at my cold untrustful living.'
Wake : with the faith-blade cleave this deadening languor,
Clasp the blue heaven with prayer and sweet thanksgiving.

Think of Gethsemane. Balm you shall borrow
From those few words that o'er its portals shine ;
Read : ' Look, and see if there be any sorrow
Like unto *Mine* !'

G. H. T.

HINTS ON READING.

WHAT TO READ—WHAT TO READ CAUTIOUSLY—WHAT TO LEAVE UNREAD.

AN unusually large bevy of tales waits for notice, and first in date should stand two stories taking us back to the wars of York and Lancaster, and curiously enough upon the opposite sides. '*The Red Rose, or St. Alban's Abbey*,' (Aylott,) begins in the more peaceful Lancastrian times, and deals chiefly with the persecution of the Lollards, but not sufficiently perceiving the actual heresy that mingled with their doctrines. It is a well-intentioned book, with some curious local antiquarianism, but it falls far short of the interest of its Yorkist rival, '*For and Against, or Queen Margaret's Badges*,' by Frances M. Wilbraham, (J. W. Parker.) Here the thread is perhaps rather slight, but it is a series of gems that it holds together, almost every chapter being a most finished sketch of the habits, manners, modes of thought, and of the theology of the day. The character of the heroine, Cecily, is most sweetly touched, and very seldom becomes too modern, and her letters seem like chapters out of the Paston Correspondence. The unhappy Baroness Eglantie, raised for one moment by her attachment to a high-minded and religious knight, only to sink back after his death into a worse state than the first, seeking an unholy revenge from magic arts, stands in fine contrast to the two gentle sisters. '*Midsummer-day at Chester*,' and the '*Palm Sunday at Lichfield*,' strike us as the most felicitous descriptions; but we must not omit to mention the sweet quaint songs so constantly interspersed, so like those of the time, that it would take a better judge than ourselves to detect which are original. Both tales deal with Sopewell Priory, and the brave Abbess, Dame Juliana, but the scene of *Queen Margaret's Badges* is Cheshire, and the Cheshire prophet, Rob Nixon, plays his part with great effect. The troubles and distresses of the Church in those days of the great schism are shown with much skill, true reverence, and tenderness of feeling. The book, for those who are not ardent for a powerful plot, and sustained narrative, is an excellent study. By the same Author, we may mention our old friends the '*Royal Rose-Buds*,' which Messrs. Mozley have now brought out in a separate form, well adapted for school prizes.

'*The Year Nine*,' (Smith and Elder,) by the author of '*Mary Powell*,' is more of a dramatizing of history than is usual with that

clever author. It takes us to the Tyrol in the days of Hofer and Spechbacher, and by force of the gallant deeds it treats of, cannot fail to be interesting, though it has less story than its predecessor, '*The Good old Times*,' which would be delightful, if we could feel sure that the Huguenots deserved all our sympathy.

'*Ursula, a Tale of Country Life*,' by the author of '*Amy Herbert*,' (Longman,) would be so useful were it read by Ursula's class, that we hope it will fall into their hands. The sketches of Leah and Jessie are excellent in their kinds, though perhaps Mrs. Kemp generalizes a little more than even a sensible woman in her station would be likely to do. There is something very beautiful in poor Mrs. Weir's touching submission to her niece, her way of finding sweetness in the flinty rock, and her growth into a perfected Christian under those petty hollow-hearted tyrannies; while Miss Millicent is not only most cleverly drawn, but is an admirable lesson, in her fashion of running after everyone's duties save her own; the inexpediency of which custom is, we believe, the direct moral of the story.

We wish '*Uncle Ralph*' (J. W. Parker) were equal to the promise of *Dorothy*, but it gives the effect of the intentions of the writer not having been fully made out. The merry school-room is good, but it is not easy to care for the hero, heroine, or uncle.

'*Northwood Priory*' (Masters) is a great advance on its predecessor, '*Everley*,' and is a pretty story, allowing for blunders in that dangerous matter, law.

'*Dawn and Twilight*' (J. H. Parker, Oxford) is a high-minded story, but there is a portion of it which a little knowledge of the world would have prevented the lamented writer from inserting, and which prevents us from recommending it.

Our old friends, Emily Marsden and Helen Digby, of '*Likes and Dislikes*,' have come forth in the hands of Messrs. J. and W. Parker, with an English conclusion, where Emily may be seen very agreeable in her reformed state. There are too many of the points connected with 'our unhappy divisions' touched upon in the continuation for it to have suited with the plan of our periodical, but we assure our readers that they will find the portraits undiminished in piquancy. Another of our tales, '*My Three Aunts*,' have likewise made their independent appearance.

Though seldom mentioning novels, it is not easy to pass by that voluminous, but most entertaining '*Soll und haben*' in Mrs. Malcolm's translation, yecept '*Debit and Credit*.' It is just the book for a sea voyage or long journey, and it is so like living with the

firm, that one is very sorry to part with them, or with the strange Polish scenes. Certainly the Sundays are *very* continental, and the firm is a good deal idolized, but it is a book well worth reading, and with a very sound heart, as far as honour and morality are concerned. '*Violet Bank*' is a thorough-going novel, but of so good a tone, that it is worth while to mention it.

Of '*English Hearts and English Hands*' what can be said, save that it is a wonderful book, in the simple narrative of exploits? yes, true exploits that make one's heart burn and glow. One scarcely dares lament some points in the doctrine, when such were the fruits; but all that need be said on this, and upon the kindred subjects of what woman can, and ought to do, has been so much better said in the last '*Christian Remembrancer*,' that we had rather refer our readers to it than prose on, ourselves.

'*Harford's Life of Michael Angelo*' is very pretty historical reading.

We are very glad that Miss Walton's first-class girls are to continue before the public. '*Emily; or, the Nursemaid*' (Mozleys) has made her appearance as the harbinger of a series of monthly numbers, which we are sure will be much appreciated by the many first-class girls who learned to know her in the '*Stories and Lessons on the Catechism*.'

Lastly, let us respectfully note the '*Few Devotional Hints*,' in small tracts, for '*Lent and Passiontide*,' '*Easter*,' and '*the Rogation Days and Whitsuntide*,' put forth by Mr. Masters; they are selections short and well chosen, and will be found very valuable for private devotion.

THE
MONTHLY PACKET

OF
EVENING READINGS

for Younger Members of the English Church.

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CHRONICLES OF AN OAK.

CHAPTER II.

THE PENITENT.

Oak. So, the bow and arrows are come ; pray what is that great round coloured thing you have brought with them ?

Boy. Don't you know a target when you see it, Mr. Oak ? You are not so well informed as I thought you ?

Oak. A target ; oh ! pray what is a target for ?

Boy. Stupid ! to shoot at. Look ! I set it up *here*, and I stand *there*, and shoot as near as I can to the middle—to the bull's-eye.

Oak. And of course you always hit !

Boy. I can't say that. I never go *quite* to the middle, but papa says I am a capital shot, and improving every day.—But what is the matter, Mr. Oak ? What can be the meaning of all that rustling and low chuckling sound that I hear ? Why, I do really think you must be laughing at me !

Oak. Excuse me, my dear boy, it is very rude, I know, but do you really call *that* shooting ? Well, to be sure we must learn ; but oh, boy ! boy ! the things that I have seen ! Why, little fellows that could but just speak plain, would practise at such a mark as *that* in Robin Hood's time. No wonder they could bring down a bird on the

wing, when they came to be as big as you. And, let me see, I should like to know whether, if a fine buck were turned off now-a-days in the forest, you could find me a man, armed with bow and arrow only, who could shoot him?

Boy. I don't know; I'll ask Papa; but come, I don't want to shoot now, go on with your story.

Oak. You are not affronted, I hope?

Boy. No; that *would* be foolish; pray go on.

Oak. Last night, after you went away, and I had the whole place to myself, I thought a great deal in the still, pleasant moonlight. I thought of you and your bright looks, and your cheery voice; but then there came a long, long procession of by-gone things, and they did not come in the clear order I could wish. I am sadly afraid my poor old memory has got a twist, something like the twists of my gnarled boughs. They grew a little way straight and strong, feeling out their course, and having no trouble whatever in finding it. But all on a sudden, something strange, or it might be a long spell of cold winds, checked and turned them up or down, this way or that, so that I did not know when to get straight again. And so it is with my memory; I can tell you a story a little way, clearly enough, but then comes a break or a bend. Sometimes it was, I believe, that the people, with whom I had become friends, went away, or changed in such a manner, that I could not at first know them again. Sometimes I was left alone for long periods of time, and as I generally had great pleasure in society, it is no wonder if I grew dull and stupid without it. And then, I must say, that the world has seemed to me very often in a great puzzle. I don't think people understand *themselves*, or one another; and, if so, it is not likely an oak can understand *them*. There are things I have thought over from January to December, without being able to be sure I have made out the right meaning. I did not even know

what people were doing, nor whether they meant what they said or no. Then, afterwards, some pleasant light has broken in upon me. I have seen some man or woman, or boy or girl, doing a good deed in a plain simple fashion, one I could understand. It seemed like a long streak of moonlight over the plain, or over the sea. One's eye rested upon it and followed it, and nothing came to break the singleness of it. Well, this is a long preface.

Boy. Never mind ; you *chant* now and then, I think, and I like your serious voice.

Oak. Ah ! it is all so musical here ; I don't know how we trees can help chanting. Mine is now but a feeble voice, half my upper notes are gone ; and then all my noble fellows of the forest ! Ah ! if you had but heard the wind sighing and swelling far above, among their tops, while all was quiet underneath, *that*, indeed you would have said was a grand chant.

Boy. I am sure it must have been so. Do you know you make me sad, Mr. Oak, you are so like Tom, all alone here.

Oak. It is true, dear boy, but I do not wish you to be sad ; I am not sad myself. Certainly things have been done in my sight, and words said, that have made me sorrowful ; but after a time other and better things have taken their place. Well, now let me tell you the first things I can remember. How I first came where I am, it is by no means easy to say. There was not another Oak very near me. There were several beeches, but I suppose some urchin who had been picking up acorns under the oaks further on, dropped me on the ground, and then the leaves and grass and the moist mould would hide me till I had grown for a year or two. Be it as it may, in due time there came the little crown of jagged green leaves which proclaimed me one of the oak family, an '*ac*,' I was called in my first days, for being Saxon born, I was of

course of Saxon name. Afterwards the Normans called me '*Un chêne*,' and our family name was so written in all the rent-rolls and deeds for a long time; but the country people never liked it, they kept on calling me '*ac*,' which by degrees they altered only to '*oak*,' much more like the right thing, and an oak I have been these six hundred years.

Boy. But did not scholars sometimes call you by another name?

Oak. Yes; oh yes. I am glad you reminded me. The schoolmen and monks who came and talked Latin under my boughs, called me '*Quercus*,' but that never went very far.

I had a narrow escape when very young indeed. One of the messengers of the Abbey being sent on an errand in great haste, thought he would take a short cut over the coppice where I grew, and his heavy foot was as near as possible alighting on my head. As good luck would have it, he saw me just in time, and stopped a moment very kindly, to clear away some of the weeds which choked me. He was a rough fellow in a goat-skin jacket or tunic, but he seemed surprised to see such a nice young sprig of a tree growing in that private place: I heard him say I should make a pretty figure one day. Of course I felt proud, and did my best to do justice to his admiration by growing on, stout and strong.

A long gap, however, there is in my memory after that. But the next person who made an observation upon me I certainly never shall forget. It happened in this way. It was a cold day between winter and spring. Of course my head and young arms were bare, but I was getting ready for the summer sun. The sap was mounting in my veins, and swelling every bud, and I felt that I was a bigger tree this year than the last. I have told you of the beeches near me. One of them, long ago gone, was a grand tree then, and there were bits of stone near it,

that made pleasant seats under his branches. Being so cold, it was far enough from being pleasant that day, however, and I was surprised to see a sad-looking miserable man come, almost at night-fall, and stretch himself on the ground beneath this tree. I looked to see him soon rise, and depart to find better shelter ; instead of this, he remained the whole night there, and oh ! if you had heard his groaning and sighing ! All through the watches of the night those sounds were in my ears. It was plain that his heart was pierced by the memory of some crime. I did not doubt when I heard him that he was doing appointed penance for sin, and so it was ; he had been to the neighbouring Abbey, and there had confessed his guilt, and the holy abbot of that day, who was a stern, severe man, had imposed upon the penitent the Church's punishments in a very terrible form. He was to travel barefoot through a wide tract of country ; he was not to seek the shelter of a roof by night nor by day ; he was never to change his garments while the time of penance lasted ; never to bathe in warm water ; never to lie down on a couch ; not to eat meat, nor drink any pleasant drink, neither mead nor wine ; nor was he permitted, worst of all, to pray in a Church, but only to visit some one of the hermitages scattered through the land, where lonely anchorites lived on herbs and water, and where he might make confession, and perhaps in time obtain gradual remission of punishment. Meanwhile he was to kneel and repeat his prayers for hours together in the woods by night and day.

Boy. Terrible punishment ; and did men submit to all this, without having anyone to go about with them seeing what they did, and whether they fulfilled the charge put upon them ?

Oak. I am sure of it. There was no human being that night looking on this poor wretched man ; but he would not have thought of omitting a single act of penance.

Boy. Well, I suppose people had a belief that the Church only agreed with that which God and their own hearts told them was the sinner's due ; but are you sure, Mr. Oak, that the man was not grieving for his punishment, rather than for his sin.

Oak. I did feel afraid of that, boy ; and I could not bear to see a strong man crying and bewailing himself like a baby over his punishment. It did not seem a manly grief ; but you must hear the whole. In the morning, when he had had a little slumber under the tree, a kind old monk came from the abbey ; I believe he was sent by the abbot, but his tender kind tones of voice, and his sweet gentle cheerfulness must have been all his own. He brought with him such food as was allowed, and it was most soothing to hear the compassionate words he spoke. 'What is better,' he said, 'dear suffering brother, than to be sorry for sin, and trust in the Lord who has redeemed us. Behold how the tender care of the Lord is over all his works. Look, my son, at that flourishing young tree ; perhaps the eye of untaught man would think it forsaken and withered, because the days of its beauty are not now ; but visit it a month hence, and behold how its bare boughs will have burst into green leaves. What a glory there will be in the woods, where all now is dark and wintry ! And shall man be unvisited by the brightness of God's mercy ? Shall he sorrow and sin without hope, even while the sap of life is within him ? Be sorrowful then, my son, as befits thee, but not as without hope. Bear meekly the punishment thou hast deserved, and let thy heart be low before the Lord and His Church. In due time thou shalt be comforted.' Thus it was that the kind father spoke to his penitent ; and it was not in vain. The sad man rose up after a time refreshed, and they went on their way together.

Boy. And you never saw him more ?

Oak. Pardon me. I did see him again, but in very

different guise; yet I knew him at once. It was about the middle of the Conqueror's reign that he came, a veteran knight, well clad in armour, and mounted on a stately horse. He was riding through the forest with several armed knights like himself, going, I suppose, to join the king on some one of his expeditions to Normandy. He must have been touched by a sudden recollection, for he checked his horse in mid career, and signed to his companions to go on without him. They did so; but he, the penitent of former days, had still his secret grief. He dismounted, and took off his vizor, and knelt down under the old beech tree, and once more said his prayers, devoutly crossing himself. Then mounting again, but with a grave and thoughtful manner, he followed his companions.

Boy. I like *that*. It shows he really was sorry at heart for his sin. Do you know what the sin was?

Oak. By what I heard of the conversation that first sad morning, I believe he had killed a woman in sudden passion. His name was Wulfred Madding. His lands were taken away from him during his time of penance, but William the Conqueror had now restored them, I believe. I know he must have been a noble of some consequence, for he had a number of armed vassals with him the second time. Yet, you see, he remembered his sin.

Boy. And you really heard bells ring at William's coronation?

Oak. Yes; the Abbey bells, near; and, very far off, some fine city bells came, borne by the wind towards me. I was about thirty-seven years old at that time. You must have heard that King William was very harsh to the Saxons.

Boy. Oh, yes! I know all about that; but to tell you the truth, I never was so sorry for the Saxons as I ought to be perhaps, for I don't like them. They seem to have been such a coarse, guzzling set of people; they lived

almost like pigs; and then they set such store by dead men's bones.

Oak. All true, I believe; but only a little bit of the truth; you are thinking of the latter days of these Saxons; but they were a noble race in old times, I am told. Think of Alfred and Athelstane. And then don't you like their way of making preparation for knighthood?

Boy. What was that?

Oak. When a young Saxon man wished to be a knight, he was made to feel that it was a solemn and holy thing. First of all, he had to make confession of his sins to a Bishop, or Abbot, or Priest; then he was left alone with his armour in the Church all night long; and in the morning, after he had heard mass, his sword being laid upon the altar, the priest blessed him, and bound it round his neck with the belt; and so he went forth, one of God's true knights, to do the work that was given him. The Normans did not approve of this way of making a knight, but rather turned it into ridicule.

Boy. More shame for them.

Oak. I think so, too; but the Normans afterwards very much changed their practice, and when two reigns had passed over, they were very particular in the religious ceremony of knighthood.

Boy. Now I think of it, how did you learn to understand their language?

Oak. I was accustomed to it by degrees when very young. King Edward the Confessor was fond of the Normans, they were a great deal in England; and though the common people could not speak their tongue, some of the Churchmen and all the nobles could. It was very difficult, however, for a long time; but what are such lengthened years given for, if time may not be taken in learning what one wants to know? If I were to tell you what changes of speech I have listened to, it would surprise you.

Boy. The oddity is in such changes coming to one little spot ; it is not odd at all to find other languages in other countries.

Oak. But *that* is always going on ; you do not use quite the same words which your grandpapa used.

Boy. Pray how can you know ?

Oak. Better than you can, a great deal. I can hear the differences of speech, just as I can see the different hats, and gowns, and coats that come here. One changes almost as much as another. However, I don't mean to say that the changes which have taken place in English for the last two hundred years, are so great and important as the change from Saxon and Norman to English. At the time I have been speaking of, many of those who came to talk near me spoke Latin. I think on the whole, I was as good a scholar in Latin as in Saxon or Norman. Pray would you like to hear me talk Latin ?

Boy. O dear no, thank you ; that would be giving you too much trouble, a great deal.

Oak. Not at all ; but perhaps as I have not heard the sound for a long time, you would be kind enough to say a few words to me in that tongue.

Boy. Excuse me, for it is holiday time ; I want to get on and hear about Robin Hood.

Oak. Oh, but we are such a long way off. Let me see, we are in William the Conqueror's reign ; then came Red William ; then Harry Beauclerc—aye, indeed, he *was* a scholar. I have heard him talk in three or four languages, all beautifully.

Boy. Well, I can't understand your great fancy for scholars. I don't like Harry Beauclerc, he was a crafty, cruel fellow ; think how he kept his poor brother Robert shut up in prison for twenty-eight years, destroying his eye-sight besides. Mr. Oak, you may be a clever old fellow, but I won't let you teach me to like bad men, though they may be good scholars.

Oak. Softly. I did not praise the man, only the scholar. But I own, as I am a quiet thing myself, I have been, on the whole, far better pleased with scholars and poets, and peaceful men, than with warriors. It was a beautiful sight to see how the monks who owned the land I lived on, cultivated it, and how happily they passed their days when they were at peace. The Conqueror brought us a good many plants from Normandy. Though we had vines long before, yet the Norman Monks improved the vineyards greatly, and a vast deal of wine was made. People who had been in London talked of there being as many as *eight* cottages with gardens at Fulham, and in that little village where the Church of St. Peter was, which now you call Westminster Abbey, there were forty-one cottages, paying as much as forty shillings for their gardens.

Boy. The gardeners would not find much space now. I suppose your Abbey kept hogs in these woods.

Oak. Yes; and they were the very plague of my life. I could not endure the creatures. Their horrid grunts, and the manner in which they turned up the beech-mast and the acorns, were extremely disagreeable. Day after day the swineherd brought them out here, and as I had a taste for good society it annoyed me vastly, for where the swine came, pleasant company would not come. Besides, as I was not as yet quite proof against accidents, I always felt myself shake when the ugly creatures begun grubbing at the ground near me. I had a nice little crop of acorns upon me, and when they grew brown and fell to the ground, I own I grudged them very much to the hogs. I would far rather have kept them about me, but what could I do? Besides, Gurth, the swineherd, could not be satisfied without giving me a shake, and sending down acorns and leaves before their time. I really believe mine were some of the largest acorns anywhere to be seen, and it was very provoking to have them given away thus.

My delight was in the deer. What beautiful creatures I have seen bounding round me! and what glorious hunts I have witnessed, much as I pitied the animal they were chasing! It was a sad time when the trees were cut down all about me, and when the deer were parted with. There was one noble old fellow who was very fond of my shade. He had managed to escape all the dogs and hunters, and I grew quite fond of him, and very anxious that he should die quietly in his own forest. When, one by one, his companions were gone, I used to see him walking up and down all alone, and starting at the smallest sound of man's foot, or at the rustle of the leaves. It grieved me to watch him. Sometimes I saw him peep into the pond of water near me, and gaze at his own fine form, as if he thought it was one of his old friends returned to him again. I had my wish at last, for he died at my feet at a good old age, just as the sun went down one summer's eve. I thought at first he was only asleep, but in a short time when the villagers came by and he never stirred, I saw how it was. Then the people shouted and dragged away his poor dead body, and every snarling cur could bark and bite at him as he went. By-and-bye, however, the farmer at the Abbey came and claimed his horns and skin. It was not worth bringing ill-will upon oneself, but if I could have spoken my mind just then, I should have put in a few words just to say that I hoped Mr. — would not make a show of them, as trophies of anybody's skill in hunting, seeing they were only taken from one who had fallen beneath the great conqueror, Death.

Boy. Then it was not so *very* long ago.

Oak. Yes; it was a good while ago, before your great grandfather was born, I believe, but still long after the abbot and monks were gone from the Abbey. As you were asking about the hogs, I could not help speaking of the deer, and this led me on to a later time. I told you I

was not very orderly in my narrative, old people must talk in their own way, and *that* reminds me, I really must say a word or two more to you about the Latin.

Boy. Another time, if you please. Good evening, Mr. Oak.

(To be continued.)

T.

THE YOUNG STEP-MOTHER.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MAURICE FERRARS was a born architect, with a real love of brick and mortar, so that it was very meritorious in him not to have overbuilt Fairmead parsonage, and rendered it a burthen to an incumbent of smaller private means. It was with the sense of giving him a very agreeable holiday, that his sister wrote to him in February that Gilbert's little attic was at his service if he would come and give his counsel as to the building project.

Mr. Kendal disliked the trouble and disturbance as much as Maurice loved it; but he quite approved and submitted, provided they asked him no questions; he gave them free leave to ruin him, he said, and set out to take Sophy for a drive, leaving the brother and sister to their calculations. Of ruin, there was not much danger; Mr. Kendal had a handsome income, and had always lived within it; and Albinia's fortune had not appeared to her a reason for increasing the expenses of the establishment, so there was a sufficient sum in hand to enable Mr. Ferrars to plan with some freedom, and attend to all his sister's suggestions.

A new drawing-room, looking southwards, with bedrooms over it, was the matter of necessity; and Albinia farther wished for a bay-window, and would like to indulge Lucy by a conservatory, filling up the angle to the east, and with glass doors opening into the drawing-room and hall. Maurice drew, and she admired, and thought

all so delightful, that she began to be taken with scruples as to luxury.

‘No,’ said Maurice, ‘these are not mere luxuries. You have full means, and no present call on them, and it is a duty to keep your household fairly comfortable and at ease. Crowded as you are with rather incongruous elements, you are bound to give them space enough not to clash.’

‘They don’t clash, except poor Sophy. Gilbert and Lucy are elements of union, with more of the plaster of Paris than the stone in their nature.’

‘Pray, has Kendal made up his mind what to do with Gilbert?’

‘I have heard nothing lately; I hope he is grown too old for India.’

‘Gilbert is rather too well off for his good,’ said Mr. Ferrars; ‘the benefit of a profession is not self-evident enough to him.’

‘Ah! I know what I wish! If he could but be Mr. Dusautoy’s curate, in five or six years’ time, what glorious things we might do with the parish!’

‘Eh! is that his wish?’

‘I have sometimes hoped that his mind is taking that turn. He is ready to help in anything for the poor people, and was so useful at the singing-classes in the holidays. Once he told me he never wished to look beyond Bayford for happiness or occupation; but I did not like to draw him out, because of his father’s plans for him. Why, what have you drawn? The almshouses?’

‘I could do no other when I was improving Gilbert’s house for him.’

‘That would be the real improvement! How pretty! I will keep them for him.’

The second post came in, and Gilbert’s writing was at once recognised, but the address was to his father, and Albinia was so much surprised, that her brother asked

whether Gilbert were one of the boys who only write to their father with a reason.

‘He can write more freely to me,’ said Albinia; ‘and it comes to the same thing. I am not in the least afraid of anything wrong, but perhaps he may be making some proposal for the future. I want to know how he is. Fancy his being so foolish as to go out bathing. I am afraid of his colds.’

Many times during the consultation over the plans did Mr. Ferrars detect Albinia’s eye stealing wistfully towards that ‘E. Kendal, Esq. ;’ and when the proper owner came in, he was evidently as much struck by the novelty, for he paused, as if almost in dread of opening the letter. Her eyes were on his countenance as he read, and did not gather much consolation. ‘I am afraid this is serious,’ at last he said.

‘His cold?’ exclaimed Albinia.

‘Yes,’ said Mr. Kendal, reading aloud sentence by sentence, with gravity and consideration.

‘I do not wish to alarm Mrs. Kendal, and therefore address myself at once to you, for I do not think it right to keep you in ignorance that I have had some of the old symptoms. I do not wish to make anyone uneasy about me, and I may have made light of the cold I caught a month since; but I cannot conceal from myself that I have much painful cough, an inclination to shortness of breath, and pain in the back and shoulders, especially after long reading or writing. I thought it right to speak to Mr. Downton, but people in high health can understand nothing short of a raging fever; however, at last he called in the parish surgeon, a stupid, ignorant fellow, who understands my case no more than his horse, and treats me with hyosciamus, as if it were a mere throat-cough. I thought it my duty to speak openly, since, though I am quite aware that circumstances make little difference in constitutional cases, I know you and dear Mrs. Kendal will wish that all possible means should be used, and I think it—

Mr. Kendal broke down, and he handed the letter to his wife, who proceeded,

'I think it best you should be prepared for the worst, as I wish and endeavour to be; and truly I see so much trial and disappointment in the course of life before me, that it would hardly be the worst to me except—

That sentence finished Albinia's voice, and stealing her hand into her husband's to exchange tender sympathy, she read on in silence through her tears,

'for the additional sorrow to you, and my grief at bringing pain to my more than mother, but she has long known of the presentiment that has always hung over me, and will be the better prepared for its realization. If it would be any satisfaction to you, I could easily take a ticket, and go up to London to see any physician you would prefer. I could go with Price, who is going for his sister's birthday, and I could sleep at his father's house; but, in that case, I should want three pounds journey money, and I should be very glad if you would be so kind as to let me have a sovereign in advance of my allowance, as Price knows of a capital second-hand bow and arrows. With my best love to all.

'Your affectionate son,

'GILBERT KENDAL.'

Hardly reading to the end through her tears, Albinia held the letter to her brother, and again pressed her husband's hand, as if to help him in his silent struggle with the coming grief. She looked to Maurice for something cheering, but, behold! a smile was gaining uncontrollably on the muscles of his cheeks, though his lips strove hard to keep closely shut. She would not look at him, and turning to her husband, exclaimed, 'We will take him to London ourselves!'

'I am afraid that would be inconvenient,' observed Maurice.

'That would not signify,' continued Albinia; 'I must hear myself what is thought of him, and how I am to nurse him. Oh! taking it in time, dear Edmund, we need not be so much afraid! Maurice will not mind making his visit another time.'

'I only meant that I was afraid it would be inconvenient to the birthday party,' drily said her brother.

‘Maurice!’ cried she, ‘you don’t know the boy!’

‘I have no doubt that he has a bad cold.’

‘And I know there is a great deal more the matter!’ cried Albinia. ‘We have let him go away to be neglected and badly treated! My poor, dear boy! Edmund, I will fetch him home to-morrow.’

‘You had better send me,’ said Maurice, mischievously, for he saw he was diminishing Mr. Kendal’s alarm, and he had a brotherly love of teasing Albinia, and seeing how pretty she looked with her eyes flashing through wrathful tears, and her foot patting impetuously on the carpet.

‘You!’ she cried, ‘you don’t believe in him! You fancy all boys are made of iron and steel—you would only laugh at him—you made us send him there—I wish—’

‘Gently, gently, my dear Albinia,’ said her husband, dismayed at her vehemence, just when it most amused her brother. ‘You cannot expect Maurice to feel exactly as we do for our boy, and I confess that I have much hope that Gilbert’s alarm may be more than adequate.’

‘He thinks it all a scheme!’ said Albinia, in a tone of great injury.

‘No, indeed, Albinia,’ answered her brother, seriously; ‘I fully believe that he imagines all that he tells you; but you cannot suppose that either the tutor or doctor could fail to see if he were so *very* ill.’

‘Certainly not,’ assented Mr. Kendal.

‘And I know that such low spirits as these are more apt to accompany a slight ailment, than such an illness as you apprehend.’

‘Yes, I believe you are right,’ said Mr. Kendal. ‘Where is the letter?’

Albinia did not like it to come under discussion, but could not withhold it, and as she stood reading it with him, she felt that neither of her brothers could have

written the like even in a more fatal condition ; but she was only the more impelled to do battle for her Gilbert, and when she came to the unlucky conclusion, she exclaimed, 'I am sure that was an after thought. I dare say Price asked him while he was writing.'

'What's this?' asked Mr. Kendal, who had only read as far as the 'presentiment.'

She hesitated, afraid both of him and of Maurice, but there was no alternative. 'Poor Gilbert!' she said. 'It was a cry or call from his brother just at last. It has left a very deep impression.'

'Indeed!' said his father, much moved. 'Yes. Edmund gave a cry such as was not to be forgotten,' and the sigh told how it had haunted his own pillow, 'but I had not thought that Gilbert was in a condition to notice it. How did you hear of it? Did he mention it to you?'

'Yes, not long after I came ; he thinks it was a call, and I have never known exactly how to deal with it.'

'It is a case for very tender handling,' said Maurice.

'I should have desired him never to think of it again,' said Mr. Kendal decidedly. 'Mere nonsense to dwell on it. Their names were always in Edmund's mouth, and it was nothing but accident. You should have told him so, Albinia.'

Mr. Kendal walked out of the room.

'Ah! it will prey upon him now,' said Albinia.

'Yes ; I thought he only spoke of driving it away because it was what he would like to be able to do. But things do not prey on people of his age as they do on younger ones.'

'I wonder if I did right,' said Albinia. 'I never liked to ask you, though I wished it. I could not bear to treat it as quite a fancy. How was I to know, if it may not have been intended to do him good? And you see his father says it was very remarkable.'

‘I think your view was right,’ said Maurice. ‘Do you imagine that it dwells much upon his mind?’

‘Not when he is well—not when it would do him good,’ said Albinia; ‘it rather haunts him the instant he is unwell.’

‘He makes it a superstition then,’ said her brother. ‘Poor boy! you thought me hard on him, Albinia; but really I could not help being angry with him for so lamentably frightening his father and you.’

‘Let us see how he is before you find fault with him,’ said Albinia.

‘You’re as bad as if you were his mother, or worse!’ exclaimed Maurice with something between playfulness and rebuke.

‘Oh! Maurice, I can’t help it! He had no one to care for him till I came, and he is such a very dear fellow—he wants me so much!’

(To be continued.)

OUR COUSINS AT WISHOP RECTORY.

THERE was a restraint about the house for the next day or two, and I think it would have hung about it longer if a turn had not been given to the thoughts of all by an invitation from Pierrepont Priory for some to witness, others to take part in, a cricket-match, to be held in the General’s grounds. He came himself, dear old gentleman, with a face beaming with good-will and heartiness, to enlist Roger and Harry as players on the side of the eastern division of the county, for the challenge ran ‘Eastern v. Western.’

Harry and Johnnie were in ecstasies, even Roger was animated and natural, and Uncle Hetheringham took unfeigned interest in the event. Practising began that very afternoon, and continued with unabated vigour for the next week or more, Johnnie always joining, (the Gene-

ral had dropped something about the younger brothers of the County Cricketers making another match amongst themselves,) and Uncle Hetheringham very often ; and I liked to see him playing with his boys. For once it seemed to bring them on a level ; and if he were a little dictatorial, he played better than any of them, Etonians as they were, and entered into the spirit of the good old game with a zest second only to Johnnie's.

The weather was bright and warm, and Cousin Hester and I used to sit under the field hedge working and watching them. At length the zeal for practising a little abated, at least, all but Johnnie's, and a final blow was given to Roger's, and very much to Harry's, energy, by the practising field being laid down for hay—no, Londoner as I am, I do know it could not have been that at this time of the year, but I cannot remember what it was. For some purpose or other the field was no longer available for cricket, and the cricketers were driven to one further off—one at the top of the hill at the back of the rectory.

Roger soon found it was too hot for cricket ; Harry 'really thought he played quite well enough ;' but Johnnie, when deserted by both brothers, still dragged the younger ones, or any village boys of whom he could catch hold, up the hill to practise ; and one sultry afternoon, when Hester and I had been sauntering lazily in the shrubbery, we emerged from it to see him cricketing on the lawn which skirted the off house side of the drive.

'That boy will be cricketing in the drawing-room next,' said Hester, laughing ; and she ran on to him. 'Johnnie dear, you must not play here ; it will spoil the lawn. I am sure papa would not have it done.'

'Oh, no, it won't ; and I should be melted going to the hill. Now, Jones ;' and the bowler bowled the ball, and Johnnie hit it off into the garden, and gained four runs.

'Johnnie, listen to me,' Hester entreated, as he stood still

once more ; 'you must not do it, indeed. I am quite in earnest. If you do not leave off I must tell papa, as he told me.'

'No, no, you wouldn't be so ill-natured. Jones !'

'Johnnie, if you hit that ball again, I must complain to him. He would—' but Jones sent it, Johnnie hit it, and dashed off again, and Hester stood committed and dismayed. 'Pray put by your things now, or wait till it's cooler, and go to the hill field.'

'Why do you bother so !' cried Johnnie, stamping his foot upon the grass.

'Because I must speak to papa as it is, and what will he say if you go on now ?'

Johnnie flung down his bat in a passion, declared she was the greatest plague in the world, she was welcome to tell whom she liked, and told Jones sulkily to take the things back to the house.

But an hour later he came to us in the drawing-room. 'I say, Hester,' he began rather awkwardly, 'you don't mean you really will tell papa ?'

'I must, indeed, Johnnie. He told me to do so.'

'I know ; but let me off this once, do ! I'll do anything you choose—race up and down the hill forty times before tea, if you will—only don't complain to him.'

Poor Hester hesitated, just as Aunt Hester did when forced to refuse anyone ; but I do not think she really wavered a moment in her purpose. She could not let him off without disobeying her father, and that she would not have thought of doing to save the boys anything. 'Please don't ask me, because I must do it,' she answered at last firmly.

'I did not know you could be so spiteful !' exclaimed Johnnie ; 'just because I did not leave off the very minute you told me ! Very well, do as you like !' and he walked away.

Not many minutes afterwards, Uncle Hetheringham

came in. 'Where are the boys?' he asked. 'I wanted to tell them I have seen the young Capels practising, and they must not rest on their oars if they expect to beat them. They had better have a good practice these last nights.'

Could anything have been so unfortunate, so inopportune, as what Hester had to say? But she did what I am sure I could not have done—said it at once. I thought of poor Johnnie's own words: 'she just waits to see what's right, and then steers right for it.'

It so happened Harry and Johnnie came in sight on the drive as she spoke, and Uncle Hetheringham called Johnnie up without a word. 'I thought you would remember what I told you,' he said sharply, 'that you were to obey Hester as you would me. You shall not go to the Pierrepont match at all. Perhaps that will help you to remember better another time.'

He would not have spoken sarcastically to any of the others, but Johnnie was his favourite, and if there was one point on which Uncle Hetheringham was a coward, it lay in his fear of the charge of favouritism. I know I often thought Johnnie paid dearly for his real pre-eminence. Now he stood dumb with consternation at such a sentence, and Harry's face fell nearly as much as his brother's. 'Oh, Papa, it will spoil all,' he began.

'Not one word, Harry,' interposed Uncle Hetheringham, and walked away.

Oh, the wrath, the spitefulness, the gloominess of the school-room tea that evening! How Johnnie sulked, how Harry inveighed against Hester, and even Roger, from his arm-chair in the window, made ugly inuendoes; but then he was keen-sighted enough to see how inconvenient Hester's authority might hereafter be to himself.

It was a great comfort when tea was over, and Uncle Hetheringham came in and insisted on Roger and Harry practising these two last evenings. He was so anxious

his boys should distinguish themselves, I began quite to love him, till, as he was going, he turned back to say, 'I won't have you joining them, Johnnie. If you want some one in his place, Roger, you can have one of the servants.'

I thought poor Johnnie might have been spared this. The little sailor himself pushed away his tea-cup, leant his head on his hands, and burst into tears. Roger called him 'a little fool to care;' Harry flung down his bat, and declared he would not go without him.

But I don't think the loss of the game was now so much his trouble as his father's displeasure; at any rate, when the two cricketers were at last got off, he came up to Hester and begged her pardon for all he had said and done, and then went, I am nearly sure, to make his peace with Uncle Hetheringham; and as no one was by, he would not find it a hard task. Still it was very dull work to see him sitting reading in the school-room when Uncle Hetheringham, Hester, and I, set off after dinner to go to the cricket-field to see the players. I hope Hester did not see him; I am sure as it was, her heart was bleeding enough for him.

But once out of doors, it was such a lovely summer evening, one could not help forgetting any troubles as we stood on the piece of miniature table-land which served for cricket-ground, and looked down on the church, rectory, and little village, all bathed in the warm glow of sun-set light.

The next day was Tuesday; the match was to be on Wednesday. Poor Johnnie's spirits sank lower and lower. The sight of that dear little merry face all dull and sad, was more than one could bear. As we were leaving the dining-room after luncheon, Hester drew me back. 'Charlotte, I want to ask you something. Do you think I might ask papa to let Johnnie off? I cannot bear that he should not go, and it will nearly spoil Harry's pleasure, and I do think papa's own. Would it be wrong?'

'Oh, no,' I said eagerly ; but it was not quite honest, for I doubted whether Uncle Hetheringham would like to be interfered with, and wondered how Hester dared do it ; and yet I hoped something from his real love for the culprit. I went on most honestly, 'I am sure we shall all hate going and leaving him behind.'

Not very long after, Uncle Hetheringham came into the dining-room, and sat down to read. At last he rose to go, and Cousin Hester sprang up. My heart began to fail ; I felt as if I had been very selfish, very cowardly, in my advice. 'Papa,' she said, 'might I ask you a very great kindness ?'

How would Uncle Hetheringham take it ? But she looked so pretty just then, no one could take anything she said amiss ; her cheek was so bright with shyness, her eyes with eagerness. Uncle Hetheringham took her hands in his, and this was a good sign. 'Well ?' he asked ; but I think somehow he guessed what was coming.

'Papa, could you not forgive Johnnie ?'

'No, no,' he answered hastily. 'I don't think I should have done it for Harry, so I can't for him.'

'But, Papa, Harry wants it as much as I do, he does indeed. Do, please. I feel as if it were my fault ; you know he only disobeyed me.'

I had never heard Hester speak so many unnecessary words to her father before. 'You feel quite wrongly, then,' he answered shortly. 'You did quite right to tell me, and he did disobey *me*. I had told him to mind you. It is better to give a good lesson the first time, it saves a hundred after ones.'

'But, Papa, thinking he is not going has been punishing him all this time, and we cannot bear to see him so downcast.'

Uncle Hetheringham half smiled, then remembered how he loved the little middy above all other of his sons,

and his mouth grew stern again, and I was afraid there would come a rough refusal; but then he looked on his daughter, and she looked so like Aunt Hester in her unselfish earnestness, his face relaxed again. 'Shall I own the truth, Hester?' he said at length. 'Nor can I. Well, as you beg so very hard, I will make a compromise. Tell him if he likes he may construe twenty lines of Virgil instead.'

'Oh, thank you,' Hester began eagerly; but Uncle Hetheringham had gone already, so ashamed was he of his weakness.

'Don't go without me, Hessie,' I cried, springing up. 'I never thought Uncle Hetheringham would listen to you one minute.'

'Oh, Charlotte, how could you let me ask, then? But I really don't know when I have felt so happy. Not since—not for a very long time.'

I know I had never seen her looking so happy or pretty, whether before Aunt Hester's death or since.

We went to the school-room. The four elder boys were there; and Johnnie's start of delight, and Harry's shout of joy, were worth seeing and hearing. 'Hurrah, Johnnie,' cried the school-boy. 'Here, Charlie, get us a Virgil, and we'll do it in no time. Whatever brought it about?'

'Only another piece of favouritism,' muttered Roger.

'I am sure no one can accuse papa of favouritism,' said Harry shortly.

'Not *you*, certainly,' answered Roger, sneeringly; 'at least, from all accounts, you did not profit by it the other day.'

Harry's face flushed, and he sprang up. I thought he was going to knock Roger down; and if he were, I am sorry he changed his purpose, for I think he might have done it. But he stopped short, and went in search of a lexicon, muttering something about having behaved so badly, that he deserved all he got.

'And if *you* had not sneaked away, and left him to bear it all,' Johnnie began indignantly; but Hester stepped forward to the rescue.

'Johnnie, please do your Latin, and don't quarrel with Roger.'

'No, I won't. Hester, you didn't ask for me, did you?'

'Yes; but papa was very kind about it. I did not mind much.'

'I only know *I* dared not ask,' broke in Harry. 'You are not half so bad as you seem, Hester. Now, Johnnie, for this Virgil; we can find an easy piece that won't take ten minutes.'

'But you must not help me,' said Johnnie, letting Hester's hand go; and his hearty squeeze was all the thanks she wanted or received.'

'Nonsense; you won't have done by bed-time,' answered the Etonian. 'You know nothing now but winds and tides, and a smattering of Otaheitian. Here, I'll dictate; you write. Look sharp.'

'No, no, Harry,' said the sailor, as firmly as his father could have done, and he took up the book. 'I got as far as that at school,' and he turned on.

'You little fool,' said Roger, 'do you think he knows how far you did at Norchester or not? If I were you, I would not accept the exchange at all. There will be plenty of rain to-morrow, but no cricket.'

Happily, Johnnie made no answer, but set to work; and hard at work he continued for the next hour, the next two hours. At last he sighed very deeply.

'Well,' said Harry, 'is it done?'

'Yes, only—it makes no sense.'

'Here, let me see. I declare it's no cheating. We never do our impositions at school if we can help it, do we, Roger? I tell you, Johnnie, living half your life afloat, you know no more of impositions than you did of cricket. Here, give us a book.'

'No,' said Johnnie dolefully, but clutching his paper tight. 'I'm only afraid papa won't take it.'

'He'll take anything of yours, and you know it,' interrupted Roger. 'I only wonder you made any pretence at trying, it wasn't worth while.'

But here the maid entered with the tea-things, and Johnnie was forced to clear off his books, and Harry dragged him into the garden, I believe in the secret hope of beguiling some of his difficulties out of him; but I don't think he succeeded, for when tea was ready, and they came in, Johnnie went up to the Virgil, and took out his paper to be sure, but it was only to lay it by the side of his plate, and knit his brows, and make bewildered faces over it all tea-time.

Before they had quite finished, Uncle Hetheringham came in. 'Well, Johnnie, are you ready?'

Johnnie got up, and gave up his paper with many fears, and stood watching his father's face anxiously. Uncle Hetheringham first 'pshawed,' then smiled, then frowned, then smiled again, frowned again, and finally burst into a laugh. 'So, Johnnie, this is a specimen of "Vittoria" Latinity, is it?'

'It's my best, Papa; it is indeed,' pleaded the middy anxiously.

'On your honour?'

'Yes; indeed I did it as well as I could.'

'He was two hours over it, Papa, and did every word himself,' put in Harry.

'For the credit of Oxford, or Eton, or little Norchester I trust so. What would they give you for such construing as that there, Charlie?' and he flung it across the table, and turned to go.

'Must I do another?' asked Johnnie in despair.

'Oh no, no. That is quite enough of such barbarisms,' and Uncle Hetheringham was gone.

I wish he had not laughed so at Johnnie's honest

efforts. I am sure Harry would not have been jealous of a kind word to reward the little sailor's toils and troubles ; but, worse than all, little Charlie was chuckling over it in unfeigned amusement.

'Give it here, Charlie,' cried Roger ; 'don't keep the fun to yourself,' and he snatched it from him. 'Now I'll read it aloud. *Pro bono publico* ; how do you construe that, Johnnie ? Now—' but Harry had sprung up, caught it out of his hand, and torn it to pieces before Roger could reach him, and then—in mercy, I believe, to Hester—instead of staying to fight it out, ran off, and called to Johnnie to follow.

But to return to the cricketing. We set off a large party for Pierrepont Priory ; Hester, Harry, Johnnie, and I, in the carriage, Uncle Hetheringham and Roger riding. Roger's prediction had been partly fulfilled by a little rain in the early morning, but now the sky was bright and cloudless above, and a soft fresh wind had been drying up the earth all day. We had the merriest of drives, such spirits as Harry's and Johnnie's I never did see, and they were doubly high that afternoon at the unexpected delight of traversing the road to Pierrepont together.

There was a gay scene on the priory lawn when we alighted. The atmosphere of the place was true old-fashioned hospitality and cordiality. The young cricketers had brought fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, till their flannel uniforms were lost in the crowd of bright dresses and darker-tinted coats. There was a large tent on one side of the lawn, and near it the Norchester band playing lustily. Every face seemed to reflect the good-will and heartiness which beamed on that of the old General, who met us at the gate, helped us out of the carriage, and wrung even my hand, stranger as I was ; and I don't know anything that more takes one by storm than a good honest shake of the hand. He was off to

attend to fresh arrivals as soon as he had expressed his pleasure at the largeness of our party, murmuring at the absence of Charles and George. The former was missing from his own free will ; he was working out some chemical experiment, from which a cricket-match was quite impotent to turn his thoughts for one minute.

Uncle Hetheringham gave his arm to me, Roger his to Hester, and we set off to make our way to the mistress of the house, whilst the boys scuttled off with a host of young Pierreponts to see 'the ground.' I don't know that I ever began a day of pleasure with a lighter heart, or, what is much more worth, ever before ended with one as light as I had carried out. It was a day without a drawback, one of the very few of life's roses without one little worrying thorn. The Hetheringhams were so well known, that we were never dull, never out of the reach of friends ; and Uncle Hetheringham was most good-natured in escorting us about wherever we liked, to hear the band, see the picture-gallery, or watch the cricketers, though he always seemed most inclined to linger at the junior match, and watched the boys' spirit and mirth as if he thoroughly enjoyed it, quite entering into Johnnie's tempestuous excitement when he joined us for one minute to explain the game, and then dashed off the next to take his turn in the eastern junior eleven.

But it was not only Uncle Hetheringham, it was Hester too, who helped to make everything bright and pleasant, she looked so nicely that day, better in health than I had seen her since I had been there. Sweet, and pleasant, and unaffected, she always was, but to-day she was positively lovely. She hung on her father's arm, so happy in his pleasure and kindness, with such a bright-tinted cheek, such a soft, ready smile ; and he was so proud of her, I am sure he was ; I caught him watching her words and ways, and when he had left us for a little time, I saw him gazing, well pleased to see how un-

affectedly she could take her part even in that gay, courtly throng. I never saw Cousin Hester in company without being glad she had spent so many of her holidays with her other cousins; she would not have learnt to be anything but what was good and lady-like with my dear mother, but Lambeth society (though I am speaking of Lambeth society nearly forty years ago,) would not have fitted her for such a scene as this. Uncle Hetheringham was always pleased with her, always kind to her, when they were in company. She satisfied even his fastidiousness; it was the only time she did satisfy him. As I saw him following her so proudly now, I wondered how it was that where she was perhaps for once not thinking of pleasing him, certainly thinking very little of it, compared with her usual anxiety, she satisfied him; in her daily home life, where she toiled so hard, so unwearyingly, to satisfy him, she never even pleased him. It seemed unjust, cruel; but such perplexities were not suited to that lovely lawn and merry scene, and I drove them all away, content to see her so happy then.

The worst is, all pleasant things are so soon over; even the nearly-contested matches were at last—Roger and Harry, on the senior eastern side, victorious, coming off individually as well with flying colours; poor Johnnie, in spite of all his previous pains and practisings, and his gallant but fruitless efforts to retrieve a lost game, was on the beaten side of the juniors. However, there was plenty of good fare and fun in the dining-room to expand the long faces, and to make the happy ones broader still.

That supper was almost tumultuous; every one grew excited, and the wildest healths were proposed to lengthen the merriment and stay the hour for parting. I remember the enthusiasm and heartfelt loyalty with which we all, men and women, old and young, alike drank long life and happiness to the poor Princess Charlotte, then scarcely more than a bride. But at length even the dear old

General was forced to allow it was time to break up, and let the carriages be ordered. His last words, as he handed us into ours, were, 'Very glad to have seen you all, Hetheringham. We must try this again before the summer's out, eh, young gentlemen? And mind you *all* come, I will stand no refusals. Bring Charlie and all; pray don't let him grow up a scholar. If you have a fault, Hetheringham, it's being a little too much of one yourself to please me. What do gentlemen want with scholarship? Our fathers did better without it than our sons will ever do with it. Good-bye; but I hate good-byes.'

Oh, the eager talking and laughing of that drive home! Harry and Johnnie distracting us with their rival details, their joys and their woes, till they fortunately took to telling them to each other, and left us at liberty either to be amused by their merry voices and conflicting accounts, or to lean back in peace and enjoy to our hearts content the soft twilight and lovely stillness of that lovely summer night.

I left Wishop rectory in about a fortnight, during which things had gone on tolerably quietly. There was one great uproar with Harry and Johnnie about some piece of mischief brought on by their having nothing better to do, which ended in Uncle Hetheringham's insisting on their studying in the school-room regularly from ten to twelve. The mischief had been such wanton cruelty, I had turned on Hester, indignant at her not stopping it at once.

'How can I say more than I have done?' she asked, her voice trembling.

'Call Uncle Hetheringham, if they won't leave off for you.'

'You forget that last night he told me not to be always complaining of the boys,' she answered.

There was a bitterness in her voice which I had never

heard before. I looked at her in surprise, and she coloured crimson with remorse for the only word of complaint I ever heard escape her. I am sure, poor girl, she felt very guilty about it, and that day, and for many days, I noticed she treated her father, if it were possible, with more attention and respect than ever. Still I cannot be sorry she let it escape her; otherwise, I should never have been able to honour her, as I have done ever since, for feeling so keenly the injustice of her position, and yet, but on that one occasion, behaving and acting as though she saw it not.

Oh, how I longed for my mother, my own dear mother, to have been there, to see how wrongly all things were going, and to stem the torrent! I felt she could have done it, would have done it, and it is one of my greatest griefs to look back now and feel if she had but been there it would have been done. Even *she* was afraid of Uncle Hetheringham—I don't know anyone that was not—but she was keen-sighted, conscientious, and courageous. She would have forced him to see the truth, told him boldly how he left his daughter helpless where anyone would have needed help, and one so timid most of all. She would have made him see how noble Hester was to struggle so unweariedly all day long against the yielding temper, tender spirit, and self-distrusting disposition, which made her by nature so totally unfitted for the post he called on her to fill. She might often struggle and fail, but she *did* struggle on, where anyone one whit less earnest in religion would have sunk under the burden without a struggle, or, finding it vain, have given it up in despair. But Cousin Hester, I felt, would struggle on to the end. I looked on to her future life, and my heart sank within me to think of the single-handed fight it would be; but I was wrong, it would be and *was* only *single*-handed, humanly speaking. And now as I thought of Nurse's sad forebodings, they stayed my tears; if Hes-

ter's life were to be what I had pictured it, I could not grieve it should be spared her.

As it was, I felt I was no good to anyone, and wrote home, begging my mother to recall me. Two mornings later brought me a letter from my mother. I forgot for the minute it could not be an answer to mine, (that could not come for two or three days more,) and dallied with the opening of it, feeling how sorry I should be after all to leave Wishop when the time came. Besides, when she had anticipated so much pleasure for me from the visit, I was afraid my letter must have disappointed her. Yet I could not pretend to *her* to be happier than I was; still I began to think I had really been happy, only I had expected too much. I did not want to go just yet, at any rate. But when I did open and read that letter, I was content to go, glad to go, for they missed me, they wanted me. My mother wrote so like herself: 'she was very sorry to propose my coming home again, but she could not put it off any longer. Papa was always asking when Charlotte *was* coming back, and she herself missed me all day long.' It was something to have such a home to go to, worth a much more trying parting than that with dear Cousin Hester to return to such love.

I went home that day week. The intervening days had been as pleasant as the pleasantest I had spent there, more peaceful, and not less merry. Uncle Hetheringham's determination in making the boys work regularly, however severe and unpopular at the outset, turned out the greatest comfort in the world both to themselves and to us. It seemed to set them straight for the rest of the day; they had earned, and so enjoyed, the idle time which had been threatening to hang as uncomfortably on their hands as on ours.

Poor Johnnie had at first hated the Latin and Greek thoroughly for themselves, but he was naturally contented-minded, and soon resigned himself to them very

quietly. Harry had hated the work as coercion, but when the spirit which rebelled against his father's authority was once conquered, he did not dislike the Latin and Greek—I really think rather liked them. And Uncle Hetheringham kept them up to their work, and if Johnnie tortured him with false quantities and hopeless bewilderment of ideas at the very sight of a Latin grammar, he found in Harry a kindred spirit, and meeting on the level of Euripides was better than that of a cricket-field.

So when the last morning came, I was very sorry to leave Wishop, though very glad to go home. More sorry because there were tears standing in Cousin Hester's eyes as she kissed me, and that I felt her words of regret at my going came from her very heart. I did not know then for how very long we were saying good-bye, and I am glad I did not. As it was, my heart was as full as I could bear when I thought of the home in which I was leaving her, and of the home to which I was going, and how much less I deserved its love and happiness than she did.

Our correspondence relapsed into its old uncommunicativeness ; only I did not wonder. About three years after I was at Wishop ; after a longer silence than usual, there came a shorter letter than ever. But it was to tell strange news. Cousin Hester was engaged, nay, was going to be married, to the second son of General Pierrepont. He had been attached to the embassy at —, had come home, seen Cousin Hester, discovered all the goodness which his five brothers had never cared to discover, had wooed and won her, and now—this was the only sad thing—was going to marry her on the strength of his recent appointment to the consulship at —, South America. The wedding was rather a hurried one ; he was determined not to sail for the New World without

her, and he could not delay the hour of sailing one day or hour.

Cousin Hester wrote to ask me to be bridesmaid. I have that letter still. How I cried for delight over its shy joy, its half ashamed heart-happiness. And my mother cried over it too. Dear Cousin Hester, we had so often thought of another end to all her troubles, one so different from this.

My mother and I were both asked to the wedding. Uncle Hetheringham wrote himself to ask us, 'he was perfectly satisfied with the marriage in every respect.' I should have liked him better if he had not been so content to lose her, so ready to let her go so far away ; however, I could quarrel with no one now. I daresay I thought and talked and dreamed more of that wedding than the promised bride herself, and the great grief of her going away so far from us all, I thrust down out of sight. I could not help feeling there was one great drawback to all this happiness, but at least I would never think of it.

And the wedding-day came, and my mother and I were at Lambeth. My two youngest sisters had the measles, and no one but Roger and George had had them at Wishop. I can scarcely now forgive Maria and Sophy for having them then, for they were never ill enough to need me, scarcely my mother.

Cousin Hester spent two days in London ; she wrote to say she was not at all afraid, I must come and see her ; but as I was dressing to do so there came another note by private hand. Mr. Pierrepoint had come in, and said, on second thoughts, he could not hear of it ; she was very sorry, but she must retract her invitation. I cried with vexation, and felt as if I could never forgive her husband for such selfish tyranny. But he was right ; he had won too precious a wife to run any risk of losing her. It was my dear mother who put this light on my cruel disappointment.

And so Cousin Hester was married, was within six miles of us for two whole days, and yet sailed for South America, and I had never seen her since we had parted at Wishop three years ago.

Two or three summers later I was asked to Wishop again. I did not much care to go, but my mother wished it, and I felt as if after all I should be sorry not to have gone. My uncle received me less courteously, more kindly, than I expected; perhaps I had grown more like my mother; they thought so at home. The family at the rectory had grown much smaller since I was last there. Hester was married, and in another hemisphere; Roger and his father had quarrelled long ago, and I never even heard his name mentioned; Harry, too, was now only a visitor at home; he was preparing for the bar in London. We had often seen him at Lambeth, and loved him dearly. For nothing did I honour him more than for the tone of respect with which he invariably spoke of his father; and latterly there had been affection as well as respect, and all Harry did was upright and true. Katharine was now mistress of the rectory. She was much pleasanter as such than she had been as a younger sister. She was a very good, thoughtful hostess, and—but it seems hard to quarrel with one so bright, and prompt, and energetic—yet I could not quite like her even as hostess, she was too—managing, I cannot think of a better word. Still if I had only seen her as hostess and mistress, I think I should have liked her—must, at least, have admired her. She sailed clear of all the shoals which had wrecked Cousin Hester's earnest efforts to do right and please her father. Kate kept the whole house in order; not one of the servants would have ventured the pert answers now with which they had once met her elder sister's gentle wishes or complaints. And she was not *afraid* of her father, and saw what he liked, and did it; and if he did blame her unjustly, she spoke out at once,

and cleared herself boldly, and forced him to acknowledge himself wrong.

I saw now I had been mistaken in chafing at Hester's submitting in silence to unmerited complaints ; this was far worse. As to the boys, Kate managed them as thoroughly as she did the rest of the household. Charlie was quieter than ever ; he did not seem to expect or want any sympathy in his manifold pursuits, but he was very obstinate, as quiet people often are. But it was no good trying to be obstinate against Kate. If he rebelled, (his rebellions were always passive ones,) she had no compunction in bringing him, with warning or without, before Uncle Hetheringham ; and she did the same by George, who was as true a Hetheringham as herself in quickness and determination.

So anyone who had seen Wishop rectory in Hester's days, might have said, and said truly, 'how badly she managed, always vexing her father, not controlling her brothers nor governing the servants ;' and might have said equally truly now, 'what a capital mistress Kate made, managing everyone, keeping everyone in order.' Yes, it might be so. But the gift of one had been a tender, humble spirit ; the gift of the other, a strong, resolute will. The first had traded with her one talent, and striven hard to make it ten talents, to add to it the firmness, uprightness, and the many active qualities for which her position so loudly called, but of which by nature she had none. The other was content with her one talent ; of itself it sufficed to perform all the more obvious duties which were required of her ; she did not seek for the others there really were, and surely no less important, the claims of her motherless brothers on her care and love. She never strove after the tenderness, gentleness, and humility that her character so sorely needed. And surely if it is true in this world,

'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all,'

how much truer shall we find it in the next,

'Tis better to have *tried* and *failed*,
Than never to have *tried* at all.'

But no one saw this at Wishop. Uncle Hetheringham often talked of Hester to me, because I think he knew nothing would please me so much. But it was often as 'poor Hester.' He evidently looked back on her past mistressship as a failure, and was quite content with Kate's success. He was not fretted as I was by the hardness of her rule; he did not fear as I did into what men boys who had never known a mother's deep spontaneous love, or such fond unselfish love as a sister could give—as Hester had given—would become. Poor Charlie and George! I do not wonder that one is cold and selfish and reserved; the other already giving more trouble than ever Roger has done.

But I need not look on so far; I would rather stop at the year which brought Cousin Hester home to us with her dear husband and her four children. I seemed to know them all. Instead of our correspondence having died away, as I had feared, when once the Atlantic was between us, it had never flagged, even less on her side than on mine. Her letters grew brighter and longer as time passed on and her children grew more, and their acquirements many. I knew when Roger (she had named her first boy after her father,) entered on his Latin grammar; when Robert had at last conquered eleven times eleven; and Harry could distinguish A from B; and Hester, the one daughter, the little last-given child, first called 'Papa.'

It was the death of Colonel Pierrepont, the General's eldest son, which brought his second son home, and home for good. He and his little children were now the heirs

to the manor, and the kind-hearted, loving old man, could not bear to have the broad seas between them. Cousin Hester—I cannot call her Mrs. Pierrepont, it was not by that name I learnt to love her—was one whole day in town on her way to the old priory, and she found time to come down and see us, for my mother was very unwell, and we could not go to see her. She brought her three boys with her, ‘it took them out of Robert’s way, and the servants were very busy.’ She never seemed to think they could be in *hers*.

My mother was very unwell that day. As soon as she had given the first kisses to her little great-nephews, I took them into the garden, to leave Hester and my mother quiet. There *were* gardens at Lambeth then; I believe there are now, and that our own garden is still left, only nothing grows in them. I grudged the minutes away from Hester; but she had already asked me to come and stay with her as soon as they had a home of their own, and next best to having herself, was having her children. They were very fine little fellows, and as good as possible for the first ten minutes, and at the end of that time Cousin Hester came to us, but it was only to say good-bye, and go. We walked to the carriage together, the boys in a medley behind us, when suddenly there arose a bickering amongst them. I don’t know what was the cause, I don’t know that boys think it needful to have any. Hester turned round at once. Harry was on the verge of a cry, ‘Robert had—had,’ but his mother stopped his sobs with a kiss, such a hearty mother’s kiss, and told Robert he should remember how little Harry was, and be gentie to him; and the quarrel was stayed, and we went on, and heard no more of it.

I did go to stay with them, and I came home happier than I had ever been in my life. Mr. Pierrepont was good and clever, and as kind-hearted as his father, and, best of all, so fond of his wife as to satisfy even me; Hes-

ter herself would have been content with much less affection than he lavished on her. She was such a happy wife, such a happy mother ! Not that her boys were perfect, by any means. Robert was a most thorough little Hetheringham, and all had, on a nearer acquaintance, as much temper as any other boys. But the strangest thing was to see Hester managing, for if Mr. Pierrepont had a fault, it was in a good-nature that bordered on indolence, a kindness of heart which could not bear to oppose even his children. It was strange to see how he turned to their mother whenever there was any difficulty or any fault had been committed.

If Hester had relied on him for the education of her boys, Robert would have grown up a second Roger, and Roger a second Charlie. But no, she was their unwearied companion and example, and yet never failed to enforce obedience if necessary. But then she loved them as never mother, except my own mother, loved before. I never saw her patience, or sweetness, or cheerfulness wearied out, but it was stranger to see her as firm and consistent as she was fond and gentle. And yet I loved best to see the tender care with which she was bringing up her little daughter, the little counterpart of my first memory of her dear mother—as shy, as gentle, as unselfish. I think Cousin Hester felt her the most anxious of all her charges ; it was with such a tender, though unflinching hand, she was rearing her ; teaching her now the firmness, and freedom, and self-reliance, she herself had been taught by such bitter lessons. She was—and, better still, *is*, now her children have grown up around her—a very, very happy mother, and she deserves it all.

And so the morning I took my departure, as I looked back to the feelings and fears with which I had left her at Wishop twelve years ago, surely I had good cause to be very glad of heart. I repined no longer at the lonely,

hopeless-seeming (only seeming,) struggles of her girlhood. But for such roughening and bracing, would not Cousin Hester have failed, and sunk beneath the burden of life as surely as Aunt Hester had done before her?

(Concluded.)

A. C. D.

ONE OF AUNT JUDY'S TALES.

BY MRS. A. GATTY.

COOK STORIES.

AUNT Judy had gone to the nursery wardrobe to look over some clothes, and the little ones were having a play to themselves. As she opened the door, they were just coming to the end of an explosive burst of laughter, in which all the five appeared to have joined, and which they had some difficulty in stopping. No. 4, who was a biggish girl, had giggled till the tears were running over her cheeks; and No. 8, in sympathy, was leaning back in his tiny chair in a sort of ecstasy of amusement.

The five little ones had certainly hit upon some very entertaining game.

They were all (boys and girls alike) dressed up as elderly ladies, with bits of rubbishy finery on their heads and round their shoulders, to imitate caps and scarfs; the boys' hair being neatly parted and brushed down the middle; and they were seated in form round what was called 'the Doll's Table,' a concern just large enough to allow of a small crockery tea-service, with cups and saucers and little plates, being set out upon it.

'What have you got there?' was all Aunt Judy asked, as she went up to the table to look at them.

'Cowslip tea,' was No. 4's answer, laying her hand on the fat pink tea-pot; and thereupon the laughing explosion went off nearly as loudly as before, though for no accountable reason that Aunt Judy could divine.

'It's *so* good, Aunt Judy, do taste it!' exclaimed No.

8, jumping up in a great fuss, and holding up his little cup, full of a pale-buff fluid, to Aunt Judy.

'You'll have everything over,' cried No. 4, calling him to order; and in truth the table was not the steadiest in the world.

So No. 8 sat down again, calling out in an almost stuttering hurry, 'You may keep it all, Aunt Judy, I don't want any more.'

But neither did Aunt Judy, after she had given it one taste, so she put the cup down, thanking No. 8 very much, but pulling such a funny face, that it set the laugh going once more; in the middle of which, No. 4 dropped an additional lump of sugar into the rejected buff-coloured mixture, a proceeding which evidently gave No. 8 a new relish for the beverage.

Aunt Judy had got beyond the age when cowslip-tea was looked upon as one of the treats of life; and she had not, on the other hand, lived long enough to love the taste of it for the memory's sake of the enjoyment it once afforded.

Not but what we are obliged to admit that cowslip-tea is one of those things which, even in the most enthusiastic days of youth, just falls short of the absolute perfection one expects from it.

Even under those most favourable circumstances of having had the delightful gathering of the flowers in the sweet sunny fields—the picking of them in the happy holiday afternoon—the permission to use the best doll's tea-service for the feast—the loan of a nice white table-cloth—and the present of half-a-dozen pewter knives and forks to fancy-cut the biscuits with—nay, even in spite of the addition of well-filled doll's sugar-pots and cream-jugs—cowslip-tea always seems to want either a leetle more or a leetle less sugar—or a leetle more or a leetle less cream—or to be a leetle more or a leetle less strong—to turn it into that complete nectar which, of course, it really is

On the present occasion, however, the children had clearly got hold of some other source of enjoyment over the annual cowslip-tea feast besides the beverage itself; and Aunt Judy, glad to see them so safely happy, went off to her business at the wardrobe, while the little ones resumed their game.

‘Very extraordinary indeed, Ma’am!’ began one of the fancy old ladies, in a completely fancy voice, a little affected, or so. ‘*Most* extraordinary, Ma’am, I may say!’

(Here there was a renewed giggle from No. 4, which she carefully smothered in her handkerchief.)

‘But still I think I can tell you of something more extraordinary still!’

The speaker having at this point refreshed his ideas by a sip of the pale-coloured tea, and the other ladies having laughed heartily in anticipation of the fun that was coming, one of them observed,

‘You don’t *say* so, Ma’am—’ then clicked astonishment with her tongue against the roof of her mouth several times, and added impressively, ‘*Pray* let us hear!’

‘I shall be most happy, Ma’am,’ resumed the first speaker, with a graceful inclination forwards. ‘Well!—you see—it was a party. I had invited some of my most distinguished friends—really, Ma’am, *fashionable* friends, I may say, to dinner; and, ahem! you see—some little anxiety always attends such affairs—even—in the best regulated families!’

Here the speaker winked considerably at No. 4, and laughed very loudly himself at his own joke.

‘Dear me, you must excuse me, Ma’am,’ he proceeded. ‘So, you see, I felt a little fatigued by my morning’s exertions, (to tell you the truth, there had been no end of bother about everything!) and I retired quietly up-stairs to take a short nap before the dressing-bell rang. But I had not been laid down quite half an hour, when there was a loud knock at the door. Really, Ma’am, I felt

quite alarmed, but was just able to ask, "Who's there?" Before I had time to get an answer, however, the door was burst open by the housemaid. Her face was absolute scarlet, and she sobbed out,

"Oh, Ma'am, what shall we do?"

"Good gracious, Hannah," cried I, "what can be the matter? Has the soot come down the chimney? Speak!"

"It's nothing of that sort, Ma'am," answered Hannah, "it's the cook!"

"The cook!" I shouted. "I wish you would not be so foolish, Hannah, but speak out at once. What about Cook?"

"Please, M'm, the cook's lost!" says Hannah. "We can't find her!"

"Your wits are lost, Hannah, *I* think," cried I, and sent her to tidy the rooms while I slipt down-stairs to look for the cook.

'Fancy a lost cook, Ma'am! Was there ever such a ridiculous idea? And on the day of a dinner-party too! Did you ever hear of such a trial to a lady's feelings before?'

'Never, I am sure,' responded the lady opposite. 'Did *you*, Ma'am?' turning to her neighbour.

But the other three ladies all shook their heads, bit their lips, and declared that they 'Never had, they were sure!'

'I thought not!' ejaculated the narrator. 'Well, Ma'am, I went into the kitchens, the larder, the pantries, the cellars, and all sorts of places, and still no cook! Do you know, she really was nowhere! Actually, Ma'am, the cook was lost!'

Shouts of laughter burst forth here; but the lady (who was No. 5,) put up his hand, and called out in his own natural tones,

'Stop! I haven't got to the end yet!'

‘Order!’ proclaimed No. 4 immediately, in a very commanding voice, and thumping the table with the head of an old wooden doll to enforce obedience.

And then the sham lady proceeded in the same mincing voice as before :

‘Well!—dear me, I’m quite put out. But however, you see—what was to be done, that was the thing. It wanted only half-an-hour to dinner-time, and there was the meat roasting away by itself, and the potatoe pan boiling over. You never heard such a fizzling as it made in your life—in short, everything was in a mess, and there was no cook.

‘Well ! I basted the meat for a few minutes, took the potatoe-pan off the fire, and then ran up-stairs to put on my bonnet. Thought I, the best thing I can do is to send somebody for the policeman, and let *him* find the cook. But while I was tying the strings of my bonnet, I fancied I heard a mysterious noise coming out of the bottom drawer of my wardrobe. Fancy that, Ma’am, with my nerves in such a state from the cook being lost !’

No. 5 paused, and looked round for sympathy, which was most freely given by the other ladies, in the shape of sighs and exclamations.

‘The drawer was a very deep drawer, Ma’am, so I thought perhaps the cat had crept in,’ continued No. 5. ‘Well, I went to it to see, and there it was partly open, with a cotton gown in it that didn’t belong to me. Imagine my feelings at *that*, Ma’am ! So I pulled at the handles to get the drawer quite open, but it wouldn’t come, it was as heavy as lead. It was really very alarming—one doesn’t like such odd things happening— but at last I got it open, though I tumbled backwards as I did so ; and what do you think, Ma’am—ladies—what *do* you think was in it?’

‘The cook !’ shrieked No. 4, convulsed with laughter ; and the whole party clapped their hands and roared applause.

'The cook, Ma'am, actually the cook!' pursued No. 5, 'one of the fattest, most *poonchy* little women you ever saw. And what do you think was the history of it? I kept my up-stairs Pickwick in the corner of that bottom drawer. She had seen it there that very morning, when she was helping to dust the room, and took the opportunity of a spare half-hour to slip up and rest herself by reading it in the drawer. Unluckily, however, she had fallen asleep, and when I got the drawer out, there she lay, and I actually heard her snore. A shocking thing this education, Ma'am, you see, and teaching people to read. All the cooks in the country are spoilt!'

Peals of laughter greeted this wonderfully witty concoction of No. 5's, and the lemon-coloured tea and biscuits were partaken of during the pause which followed.

Aunt Judy meanwhile, who had been quite unable to resist joining in the laugh herself, was seated on the floor, behind the open door of the wardrobe, thinking to herself of certain passages in Wordsworth's most beautiful ode, in which he has described the play of children,

'As if their whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

Truly they had got hold here of strange

'Fragments from their dream of human life.'

Where *could* the children have picked up the original of such absurd nonsense?

Aunt Judy had no time to make it out, for now the mincing voices began again, and she sat listening.

'Have *you* had no curious adventures with your maids, Ma'am?' inquires No. 5 of No. 4.

No. 5 makes an attempt at a bewitching grin as he speaks, fanning himself with a fan which he has had in his hand all the time he was telling his story.

'Well, ladies,' replied No. 4, only just able to compose herself to talk, 'I don't think I *have* been quite as fortu-

nate as yourselves in having so many extraordinary things to tell. My servants have been sadly common-place, and done just as they ought. But still, *once*, ladies—*once*, a curious little incident did occur to me.'

'Oh, Ma'am, I entreat you—pray let us hear it!' burst from all the ladies at once.

No. 4 had to bite her lip to preserve her gravity, and then she turned to No. 5—

'The fan, if you please, Ma'am!'

The rule was, that the one fan was placed at the disposal of the story-teller for the time, so No. 5 handed it to No. 4, with a graceful bow; and No. 4 waived it to and fro immediately, and began her account:

'People are so unscrupulous you see, ladies, about giving characters. It's really shocking. For my part, I don't know what the world will come to at last. We shall all have to be our own servants, I suppose. People say anything about anything, that's the fact! Only fancy, Ma'am, three different ladies once recommended a cook to me as the best soup-maker in the country. Now that sounded a very high recommendation, for of course if a cook can make soups, she can do anything—sweet-meats and those kind of things follow of themselves. So, Ma'am, I took her, and had a dinner-party, and ordered two soups, entirely that I might show off what a good cook I had got. Think what a compliment to her, and how much obliged she ought to have been! Well, Ma'am, I ordered the two soups, as I said, one white, and the other brown; and everything appeared to be going on in the best possible manner, when, as I was sitting in the drawing-room entertaining the company, I was told I was wanted.

'When I got out of the room, there was the man I had hired to wait, and says he,

'“If you please, Ma'am, where are the knives? I can't find any at all!”'

“No knives!” says I. “Dear me, don’t come to me about the knives. Ask the cook, of course.”

“Please, Ma’am, I have asked her, and she only laughed.”

“Then,” said I, “ask the housemaid. It’s impossible for me to come out and look for the knives.”

‘Well, ladies,’ continued No. 4, ‘would you believe it?—could anyone believe it?—when I sat down to dinner, and began to help the soup, no sooner had the silver ladle (*my* ladle is silver, ladies,) been plunged into the tureen, than a most singular rattling was heard.

“William,” cried I, half in a whisper, to the waiter who was holding the plate, “what in the world is this? Surely Cook has not left the bones in?”

“Please, Ma’am, I don’t know,” was all the man could say.

‘Well—there was no remedy now, so I dipped the ladle in again, and lifted out—oh! Ma’am, I know if it was anybody but myself who told you, you wouldn’t believe it—a ladlefull of the lost knives! There they were, my best beautiful ivory handles, all in the white soup! And while I was discovering them, the gentleman at the other end of the table had found all the kitchen knives, with black handles, in the brown soup!

‘There never was anything so mortifying before. And what do you think was Cook’s excuse, when I reproached her?’

“Please, Ma’am,” said she, “I read in the ‘Young Woman’s Vademecum of Instructive Information,’ page 150, that there was nothing in the world so strengthening and wholesome as dissolved bones, and ivory-dust; and so, Ma’am, I always make a point of throwing in a few knives into every soup I have the charge of, for the sake of the handles—ivory-handled for white soups, Ma’am, and black-handled for the browns!”

Thunders of applause interrupted Cook’s excuse at this

point, and No. 7 was so overcome that he pushed his chair back, and performed three distinct somersets on the floor, to the complete disorganization of his head-dress, which consisted of a turban, from beneath which hung a cluster of false curls.

Turban and wig being replaced, however, and No. 7 re-seated and composed, No. 4 proceeded :

‘Cook generally took them out, she informed me, ladies, before the tureens come to table; “but,” said she, “my back was turned for a minute here, Ma’am, and that stupid William carried them off without asking if they were ready. It’s all William’s fault, Ma’am; and I don’t mean to stay, for I don’t like a place where the man who waits has no tact!”

‘Now, ladies,’ continued No. 4, ‘what do you think of that by way of a speech from a cook? And I assure you that a medical man’s wife, to whom I mentioned in the course of the evening what Cook had said about dissolved bones, told me that her husband had only laughed, and said Cook was quite right. So she hired the woman that night herself, and I have been told in confidence since—you’ll not repeat it, therefore, of course, ladies?’

‘Of course not!’ came from all sides.

‘Well, then, I was told that, before the year was out, the family hadn’t a knife that would cut anything, they were so cankered with rust. So much for education and learning to read, as you justly observed, Ma’am, before!’

When the emotions produced by this tale had a little subsided, No. 7 was called upon for his experience of maids.

No. 7, with the turban on his head, and a fine red necklace on too, said he took very little notice of the maids, but that he once had had a very tiresome little boy in buttons, who was extremely fond of sugar, and always carried the sugar-shaker in his pocket, and ate up the

sugar that was in it, and when it was empty, filled it up with magnesia.

'But *once*,' he added, 'ladies, he actually put some soda in. It was at a party, and we had our first rhubarb tart for the season, and the company sprinkled it all over with the soda and began to eat, but they were too polite to say how nasty it was. But of course when I was helped I called out. And what do you think the boy in buttons said?'

Nobody could guess, so No. 7 had to tell them.

'He said he had put it in on purpose, because he thought it would correct the acid of the pie. So I said he had best be apprenticed to a doctor; so he went—I dare say, Ma'am, it was the same doctor who took your cook—but I never heard of him any more, and I've never dared to have a boy in buttons again.'

'A very wise decision, Ma'am, I'm sure!' cried Aunt Judy, who came up to the wonderful tea-table in the midst of the last round of applause. 'And now may I ask what game this is that you are playing at?'

'Oh, we're telling *Cook Stories*, Aunt Judy,' cried No. 6, seizing her by the arm; 'they're such capital fun! I wish you had heard mine, they were laughing at it when you first came in!'

'It must have been delicious, to judge by the delight it gave,' replied Aunt Judy, smiling, and kissing No. 6's oddly bedizened up-turned face. 'But what I want to know is, what put *Cook Stories*, as you call them, into your head?'

'Oh! don't you remember—' and here followed a long account from No. 6 of how, about a week before, the little ones had gone somewhere to spend the day, and how it had turned out a very rainy day, so that they could not have games out of doors with their young friends, as had been expected, but were obliged to sit a great part of the time in the drawing-room, putting Chinese puzzles to-

gether into stupid patterns, and playing at fox-and-goose, while the ladies were talking 'grown-up conversation,' as No. 6 worded it, among themselves; and of course being on their own good behaviour, and very quiet, they could not help hearing what was said. 'And, oh dear, Aunt Judy,' continued No. 6, now with both her arms holding Aunt Judy, of whom she was very fond, (except at lesson-times!) round the waist, 'it was so odd! No. 7 and I did nothing at last but listen and watch them; for little Miss ——, who sat with us, was shy, and wouldn't talk, and it was so very funny to see the ladies nodding and making faces at each other, and whispering, and exclaiming, how shocking! how abominable! you don't say so! and all that kind of thing!'

'Well, but what was shocking, and abominable, and all that kind of thing?' inquired Aunt Judy.

'Oh, I don't know—things the nurses, and cooks, and boys in buttons did. Almost all the ladies had some story to tell—all their servants had done something or other queer—but especially the cooks, Aunt Judy, there was no end to the cooks. So one day after we came back, and we didn't know what to play at, I said, "Do let us play at telling Cook Stories, like the ladies at ——" So we've dressed up, and played at Cook Stories ever since. Dear Aunt Judy, I wish you would invent a Cook Story yourself!' was the conclusion of No. 6's account.

So then the mystery was out. Aunt Judy's wonderings were cut short. Out of the real life of civilized intelligent society had come those

'Fragments from their dream of human life,'

which Aunt Judy had called absurd nonsense. And absurd nonsense, indeed, it was; but Aunt Judy was seized by the idea that some good might be got out of it.

So, in answer to No. 6's wish, she said, with a sly smile,

'I don't think I could tell Cook Stories half as well as yourself. But if, by way of a change, you would like a *Lady* Story instead, perhaps I might be able to accomplish that.'

'A *Lady* Story! Oh, but that would be so dull, wouldn't it?' inquired No. 6. 'You can't make anything funny out of them, surely! Surely they never do half such odd things as cooks, and boys in buttons!'

'The ladies themselves think not, of course,' was Aunt Judy's reply.

'Well, but what do you think, Aunt Judy?'

'Oh, I don't think it matters what I think. The question is, what do cooks and boys in buttons think?'

'But, Aunt Judy, ladies are never tiresome, and idle, and impertinent, like cooks and boys in buttons. Oh! if you had but heard the *real* Cook Stories those ladies told! I say, let me tell you one or two—I do think I can remember them, if I try.'

'Then don't try on any account, dear No. 6,' exclaimed Aunt Judy. 'I like make-believe Cook Stories much better than real ones.'

'So do I!' cried No. 7, 'they're so much the more entertaining.'

'And not a bit less useful,' subjoined Aunt Judy, with a sly smile.

'Well, I didn't see much good in the real ones,' pursued No. 7, in a sort of muse.

'Let us tell you another make-believe one, then,' cried No. 6, who saw that Aunt Judy was moving off, and wanted to detain her.

'Then it's *my* turn!' shouted No. 8, jumping up, and stretching out his arm and hand like a young orator flushed to his work. And actually, before the rest of the little ones could put him down or stop him, No. 8 contrived to tumble out the Cook Story idea, which had probably been brewing in his head all the time of Aunt Judy's talk.

It was very brief, and this was it, delivered in much haste, and with all the earnestness of a maiden speech.

'I had a button boy too, and he was a—what d'ye call it—oh, a *rascal*, that was it;—he was a rascal, and liked the currants in mince-pies, so he took them all out, and ate them up, and put in glass beads instead. So when the people began to eat, their teeth crunched against the beads! Ah! bah! how nasty it was!'

No. 8 accompanied this remark with a corresponding grimace of disgust, and then observed in conclusion,

'Perhaps he found it in a book, but I don't know where,' after which he lowered his outstretched arm, smiled, and sat down.

The company clapped applause, and No. 4 especially must have been very fond of laughing, for the glass-bead anecdote set her off again as heartily as ever, and the rest followed in her wake, and while so doing never noticed that Aunt Judy had slipped away.

They soon discovered it, however, when their mirth began to subside; but before they had time to wonder much, there appeared from behind the door of the wardrobe a figure, which in their secret souls they knew to be Aunt Judy herself, although it looked a great deal stouter, and had a thick-frilled cap on its head, a white linen apron over its gown, and a pair of spectacles on its nose. At sight of it they showed signs of clapping again, but stopped short when it spoke to them as a stranger, and willingly received it as such.

Ah! it is one of the sweet features of childhood that it yields itself up so readily to any little surprise or delusion that is prepared for its amusement. No nasty pride, no disinclination to be carried away, no affected indifference, interfere with young children's enjoyment of what is offered them. They will even help themselves into the pleasant visions by an effort of will, and perhaps, now and then, end by partly believing what they at first received voluntarily as an agreeable make-believe.

If, therefore, after the cook figure of Aunt Judy had seated itself by the doll's table, and the little ones had looked and grinned at it for some time, hazy sensations began to steal over one or two minds, that this *was* somehow really a cook, it was all in the natural course of things, and nobody resisted the feeling.

Aunt Judy's altered voice, and odd, assumed manner, contributed, no doubt, a good deal to the impression.

'Dear, dear! what pretty little darlings you all are!' she began, looking at them one after another. 'As sweet as sugar-plums, when you have your own way, and are pleased. Eh, dears? But you don't think you can take old Cooky in, do you? No, no, I know what ladies and gentlemen, and ladies' and gentlemen's *young* ladies and *young* gentlemen are, pretty well, dears, I can tell you! Don't I know all about the shiny hair and smiling faces of the little pets in the parlour, and how they leave parlour manners behind them sometimes, when they run to the kitchen to Cook, and order her here and there, and want half-a-dozen things at once, and must and will have what they want, and are for popping their fingers into every pie!

'Well, well,' she proceeded, 'the parlour's the parlour, and the kitchen's the kitchen, and I'm only a cook. But then I conduct myself *as* Cook, even when I'm in the scullery, and I only wish ladies, and ladies' *young* ladies too, would conduct themselves as ladies, even when they come into the kitchen; that's what I call being honourable and upright. Well, dears, I'll tell you how I came to know all about it. You see, I lived once in a family where there were no less than eight of those precious little pets, and a precious time I had of it with them. But, to be sure, now it's past and gone—I can make plenty of excuses for them, poor things! They were so coaxed and flattered, and made so much of, what could be expected from them but tiresome, wilful ways, without any sense?

“If your mamma would but put *you* into the scullery, young Miss, to learn to wash plates and scour the pans out, she’d make a woman of you,” used I to think to myself when a silly child, who thought itself very clever to hinder other people’s work, would come hanging about in the kitchen, doing nothing but teaze and find fault, for that’s what a girl can always do.

‘It was very aggravating, you may be sure, dears (you see I can talk to you quite reasonably, because you’re so nicely behaved.) It was very aggravating, of course ; but I used to make allowances for them. Says I to myself, “Cook, you’ve had the blessing of being brought up to hard work ever since you were a babby. You’ve had to earn your daily bread. Nobody knows how that brings people to their senses till they’ve tried ; so don’t you go and be cocky, because ladies and gentlemen, and ladies’ and gentlemen’s *young* ladies and *young* gentlemen, are not quite so sensible as you are. Who knows but what, if you’d been born to do nothing, you might have been no wiser than them ! It’s lucky for you you’re only a cook ; but don’t you go and be cocky, that’s all ! Make allowances ; it’s the secret of life !”

‘So you see, dears, I *did* make allowances ; and after the eight little pets was safe in bed till next morning, I used to feel quite composed, and pitiful-like towards them, poor little dears ! But certainly, when morning came, and the oldest young master was home for the holidays, it was a trying time for me, and I couldn’t think of the allowances any longer. Either he wouldn’t get up and come down till everyone else had had their breakfast, and so he wanted fresh water boiled, and fresh tea made, and another muffin toasted, and more bacon fried ; or else he was up so outrageous early, that he was scolding because there was no hot water before the fire was lit—bless you, he hadn’t a bit of sense in his head, poor boy, not a bit ! And how should he ? Why, he went to school as soon as

he was out of petticoats, and was set to all that Latin and Greek stuff, that never puts anything useful into folks' heads, but so much more chatter and talk ; so he came back as silly as he went, poor thing ! Dear me, on a wet day, after lesson-time, those boys were like so many crazy creatures. "Cook, I must make a pie," says one. "There's a pie in the oven already, Master James," says I. "I don't care about the pie in the oven," says he, "I want a pie of my own. Bring me the flour, and the water, and the butter, and all the things—and, above all, the rolling-pin—and clear the decks, will you, I say, for my pie. Here goes !" And here used to go, my dears, for Master James had no sense, as I told you ; and so he'd shove all my pots and dishes away, one on the top of the other ; and let me be as busy as I would, and dinner ever so near ready, the dresser must be cleared, and everything must give way to *his* pie ! His pie, indeed—I wish I had had the management of his pie just then ! I'd have taught him what it was to come shaking the rolling-pin at the head of a respectable cook, who wanted to get her business done properly, as in duty bound !

'But he wasn't the only one. There was little Whipper-snapper, his younger brother, shouting out in another corner, "I shan't make a pie, James, I shall make toffee ; it's far better fun. You'd better come and help me. Where's the treacle-pot, Cook ? Cook ! I say, Cook ! where's the treacle-pot ? And look at this stupid kettle and pan. What's in the pan, I wonder ? Oh, kidney-beans ! Who cares for kidney-beans ? How can I make toffee, when all these things are on the fire ? Stay, I'll hand them all off !"

'And, sure enough, if I hadn't rushed from Master James, who was drinking away at my custard out of the bowl, to seize on Whipper-snapper, who had got his hand on the vegetable-pan already, he would have pulled it and the kettle, and the whole concern, off the fire, and perhaps scalded himself to death.

‘Then, of course, there comes a scuffle, and Master Whipper-snapper begins to roar, and out comes Missus, who, poor thing, had no more sense in her head than her sons, though she’d never been to school to lose it over Latin and Greek ; and, says she, with all her ribbons streaming, and her petticoats swelled out like a window-curtain in a draught—says she,

“Cook ! I desire that you will not touch my children !”

“As you please, Ma’am,” says I, “if you’ll be so good as to stop the young gentlemen from touching my pans, and—” I was going to say “custard,” but Master James shouts out quite quick,

“Why, I only wanted to make a pie, Mamma !”

“And I only wanted to make some toffey !” cries Whipper-snapper ; and then mamma answers, like a duchess at court,

“There can’t possibly be any objection, my dears ; and I wish, Cook, you would be a little more good-natured to the children ;—your temper is sadly against you !”

‘And out she sails, ribbons and window-curtains and all ; and, says I to myself, as I cooled down, (for the young gentlemen luckily went away with their dear mamma,)—says I to myself, “It’s a very fine thing, no doubt, to go about in ribbons, and petticoats, and grand clothes ; but, if one must needs carry such a poor, silly head inside them, as Missus does, I’d rather stop as I am, and be a cook with some sense about me.”

‘I don’t say, my dears,’ continued the supposed cook, ‘that I spoke very politely just then ; but who could feel polite, when their dinner had been put back at least half-an-hour over such nonsense as that ? Missus used to say the “dear boys” came to the kitchen on a wet day, because they’d got *nothing else to do* ! Nothing else to do ! and had learnt Latin and Greek, and all sorts of

schooling besides ! So much for education, thought I. Why, it would spoil the best lads that ever were born into the world. For, of course, you know if these young gentlemen had been put to decent trades, they'd have found something else to do with their fingers besides mischief and waste. And, dear me, I talk about not having been polite to Missus just then, but now you tell me, dears, what Missus, with all her education, would have said if she'd been in my place, when one young gentleman was drinking her custard, and another young gentleman was pulling her pans on the floor ! Do you think she'd have been a bit more polite than I was ? Wouldn't she have called me all the stupid creatures that ever were born, and told the story over and over to all her friends and acquaintance to make them stare, and say there were surely no such simpletons in the world as ladies and gentlemen, and ladies' and gentlemen's young ladies and young gentlemen ?

'However, I did not go as far as that, because, you see, I had some sense about me, and could make allowances for all the nonsense the poor things are brought up to.'

There was no resisting the twinkle in Aunt Judy's eye when she came to this point, though it shone through an old pair of Nurse's spectacles ; and the little ones clapped their hands, and declared it was every bit as good as a Cook Story, *only a great deal better !* That twinkle had quite brought Aunt Judy back to them again, in spite of her cook's attire, and No. 6 cried out,

'Oh ! don't stop, Aunt Judy ! Do go on, Cooky dear ! do tell some more ! Did you always live in that place, please ?'

'There now !' exclaimed Aunt Judy, throwing herself back in the chair, 'isn't that a regular young lady's question, out and out ? Who but a young lady, with no more sense in her head than a pin, would have thought of asking such a thing ? Why, Miss, is there a joint in the

world that can bear basting for ever? No, no! a time comes when it must be taken down, if any good's to be left in it; and so at the end of three years my basting-time was over, and the time for taking down was come. "Cook," says I to myself, "you must give in. If you go on with those cherubs (that was their company name, you know,) much longer, there won't be a bit of you left!" And, sure enough, that very morning, dears, they'd come down upon me with a fresh grievance, and I couldn't stand it, I really couldn't! The sweeps had been by four o'clock to the kitchen chimney, and I'd been up and toiling every minute since, and hadn't had time to eat my breakfast, when in they burst—the young ladies, not the sweeps, dears, I mean:—and there they broke out at once—I hadn't fed their sea-gulls before breakfast—(a couple of dull-looking grey birds, with big mouths, that had come in a hamper over night as a present to the cherubs;) and it seems I ought to have been up before daylight almost, to look for slugs for them in the garden till they'd got used to the place!

'Oh, these ladies and gentlemen! they'd need know something of some sort to make amends, for there are many things they never know all their life long!

"Young ladies," says I, "I didn't come here to get meals ready for sea-gulls, but Christian ladies and gentlemen. If the sea-gulls want a cook, your mamma must hire them one on purpose. I've plenty to do for her and the family, without looking after such nonsense as that!"

"That's what you always say," whimpers the youngest Miss; "and you know they don't want any cooking, but only raw slugs! And you know you might easily look for them, because you've got almost nothing to do, because it's such an easy place, mamma always says. But you're always cross, mamma says that too, and everybody knows you are, because she tells everybody!"

'When little Miss had got that out, she thought she'd

finished me up; and so she had, for when I heard that Missus was so ungentle as to go talking of what I did to all her acquaintance, and had nothing better to talk about, I made up my mind that I'd give notice that very day.

"Very well, Miss," said I, "your mamma shall soon have something fresh to talk about, and I hope she'll find it a pleasant change."

"There was some of them knew what I meant at once, for after they'd scampered off, I heard shouts up and down the stairs from one to the other, "Cook's going!" "We shall have a new cook soon!" "What a lark we'll have with the toffee and the pies! We'll make her do just as we choose!"

"There, now," thought I to myself, "there'll be somebody else put down to baste before long. Well, I'm glad my time's over." And thereupon I fell to wishing I was back again in Father and Mother's rickety old cottage, that I'd once been so proud to leave to go and live with gentlefolks. But, you see, it was no use wishing, for I'd my bread to earn, and must turn out somewhere, let it be as disagreeable as it would. Father and Mother were dead, and there was no rickety cottage for me to go back to, so I wiped my eyes, and told myself to make the best of what had to be.

"Well, dears," pursued Cooky, after a short pause, during which the little ones looked far more inclined to cry than laugh, "Missus was quite taken aback when she heard I wouldn't stay any longer.

"Cook," she said, "I'm perfectly astonished at your want of sense in not recognizing the value of such a situation as mine! and as to your complaints about the children, anything more ridiculously unreasonable I never heard! Such superior, well-taught young people, you are not very likely to meet with again in a hurry!"

"Perhaps not, Ma'am," says I, "in French, and crochet, and the piano, and Latin, and things I don't un-

derstand, being only a cook. But I know what behaviour is, and that's what I'm sure the young ladies and gentlemen have never been taught; or if they have, they're so slow at taking it in that I think I shall do better with a family where the behaviour-lessons come first!"

'Missus was very angry, and so was I; but at last she said,

"Cook, I shall not contest with you any longer; you know no better, and I suppose I must make allowances for you."

"I'm much obliged to you, Ma'am, I'm sure," was my answer; "it's what I've always done by you ever since I came to the house, and I'll do it still with pleasure, and think no more of what's been said."

'I spoke from my heart, I can tell you, dears, for I felt very sorry for Missus, and thought she was but a lady after all, and perhaps I'd hardly made allowances enough. I'd lost my temper, too, as I knew after she went away. But, you see, while she was there, it was so mortifying to be spoken to as if all the sense was on her side, when I knew it was all on mine, wherever the French and crochet may have been. Well, but the day before I left, I broke down with another of them, as its fair that you should know.

'I'd felt very lonely that day, busy as I was, and in the afternoon I took myself into the scullery to give the pans a sort of good-bye cleaning, and be out of everybody's way. But there, in the midst of it, comes the eldest young gentleman flinging into the kitchen, sbouting, "Cook! Cook! Where's Cook?" as usual. I thought he was after some of his old tricks, and I *had* been fretting over those pans, thinking what a sad job it was to have no home to go to in the world, so I gave him a very short answer.

"Master James," says I, "I've done with nonsense

now, I can't attend to you. You must wait till the next cook comes."

'But Master James came straight away to the scullery door, and says he, "Cook, I'm not coming to tease. I've brought you a needle-book. There, Cook! It's full of needles. I put them all in myself. Keep it, please."

'Dear, dear, I can't forget it yet,' pursued Cook, 'how Master James stood on the little stone step of the scullery, with his arm stretched out, and the needle-book that he'd bought for me in his hand. I don't know how I thanked him, I'm sure; but I had to go back to the sink and wash the dirt off my hands before I could touch the pretty little thing, and then I told him I would keep it as long as ever I lived.

'He laughed, and says he, "Now shake hands, Cooky," and so we shook hands; and then off he ran, and I went back to my pans and fairly cried. "Why, Cook," says I to myself, "that lad's got as good a heart as your own, after all. And as to sense and behaviour, they haven't been forced upon him yet, as they have upon you. Latin's Latin, and conduct's conduct, and one doesn't teach the other; and it's too bad to expect more of people than what they've had opportunity for."

'Well, dears, that was the rule I always went by, and I've been in many situations since—with single ladies, and single gentlemen, and large families, and all; and there was something to put up with in all of them; and they always told me there was a good deal to put up with in me, and perhaps there was. However, it doesn't matter, so long as missus and servant go by one rule—to *make allowances, and not expect more from people than what they've had opportunity for*; and, above all, never to be cocky when all the advantage is on their own side. It's a good rule, dears, and will stop many a foolish word and idle tale, if you'll go by it.'

Aunt Judy had finished at last, and she took off the

old spectacles and laid them on the doll's table, and paused.

'It is a good rule,' observed No. 4, and I shall go by it, and not tell real Cook Stories when I grow up, I hope.'

'I love old Cooky,' cried No. 6, getting up and hugging her round the neck; 'but is it wrong, Aunt Judy, to tell funny make-believe Cook Stories, like ours?'

'Not at all, No. 6,' replied Aunt Judy. 'My private belief is, that if you tell funny make-believe Cook Stories while you're little, you will be ashamed of telling stupid real ones when you're grown up.'

RALPH WOLFFORD; OR, ROMANCE IN LOW LIFE.

(BY THE AUTHOR OF 'LONG, LONG AGO,' AND 'MY THREE AUNTS.')

CHAPTER II.

How gloriously the sun shone the next day! Ralph was out in the harvest fields from morning to night, trudging along after the wagon and horses, and feeling, though he could not express it, the spiritual significance of what was going on. As long as he could bask in the heat, and glean the scattered ears, he was not unhappy; nor was he when the broad red moon arose, and poured her dewy beams over the empty fields, and the last sheaf was tossed up on the wagon, and all the reapers, with their hot and sun-burnt faces, gathered round, and, their work being done, laid up their sickles till the ensuing year, and with loud shouts of praise and thanksgiving escorted the last load home to the farm. Ralph shouted as lustily as any; the beautiful crop which had been so well sown and reaped and gathered in, moved his heart with gladness, and he responded to the 'let us evermore praise the Lord' with an 'hurrah' as joyous and as grateful as any that was uttered. Vague thoughts of the end of the world

flitted through his mind; of that last reaping when the angels will thrust their sickles into the ripe earth, and reap the living corn in every city and village, and in every highway and by-way. Would there then be shouts of jubilee such as were sounding now?—would all clap their hands and rejoice, and break forth into praise and thanksgiving? And Ralph remembered how only the Sunday before the clergyman had given out as his text, ‘And all the nations of the earth shall wail because of Him.’ He knew to whom the *Him* referred, though he could scarcely see the connexion between the words and his previous thoughts—still in a manner he understood them. That terrible wailing was, he felt, to be uttered by the conscience-stricken wicked; by those who, like himself, had made themselves unworthy to sit down at the marriage feast, the Harvest Supper of the Lamb—the tares who were reserved for the burning, and who well might howl and wail.

His thundery eyes grew darker and more sombre as one fearful image after another gloomed out on his mind, all the more fearful because so mysterious, and so dimly comprehended.

‘What are you going for, Ralph?’ his mother said, as she saw him following the other boys and men up to the great barn, from which already was issuing the fragrant steam of the roast meats.

But Ralph did not turn at her voice; he kept steadily on, and went in with the rest to the harvest supper.

A white cloth was laid over the table, huge joints were at the top and bottom and in the middle, flanked by great platters of vegetables and piles of bread, and the mighty plum-pudding, which seemed all breaking to pieces from very richness. And amongst it all towered high cans of ale, crowned with the sparkling foam, which looked just ready to run over. What a feast it was! The walls of the barn were almost covered with green branches, adorn-

ed with mimic sheafs of corn, and stretched across, painted in red letters on a white scroll, were the words, 'He shall gather the wheat into His garner, and burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire.'

Ralph heard them repeated from one to the other; they seemed put up expressly for him, so strangely did they harmonize with his previous thoughts. He stood with his eyes fixed on them while the others were scrambling into their appointed places, and then he also mechanically began to move towards the table.

'What are you doing here, Ralph?' Mr. Langham said sternly. 'This is only for the good and diligent. Turn him out.'

And the bailiff came up and took him by the shoulder and pushed him through the open door. He stood without, facing them all, he could not look away; he must stay, and watch, and listen to the end. But there was such misery in his pale face, though it was mingled with such dogged resolution, as made Mr. Langham think that the punishment exceeded the offence; and could he have known all the despair which was seizing on that young heart, he would have thought so still more. The words 'cast him out,' rang in his ears. Out! into the outer darkness! 'There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.' Yes, he felt as if it were indeed the kingdom of Heaven from which he was excluded, and in spite of his fierce struggles to keep down his anguish, great sobs came bursting out from between his clenched teeth. It was not the shame and disgrace, it was not the loss of his share of the feast, it was the vivid images in his own mind, the eternal condemnation, which his imagination almost made to him a reality, that crushed his spirit. For a few minutes he bore a weight of mental suffering from which many a man had shrunk; then he rushed away into the clear cool moonlight, and threw himself on the dewy grass to sob out his grief alone. None but a child could

have so wept and trembled from a mere dream ; none but a very imaginative child could have made the dream so real as to produce such distress.

It was long before Ralph recovered himself, but at last he rose up, weary and exhausted, and crept home. 'Mother,' he said, 'Mother, it shall never happen again.' And it never did.

When the holidays were over, and he once more took his place in the school, to the astonishment of all, Ralph could read ; not, of course, fluently, but still well enough to be immediately lifted into the next class, and to be put on in the Psalms. The 'dull boy' suddenly changed into the 'clever boy,' the idle boy into the diligent. He was not, indeed, remarkably quick at learning, but whatever he learnt, he learnt by understanding it, and not by rote. He won on the good opinion of the rector, the curate, the schoolmaster, until gradually whenever they any of them asked a difficult question, they looked to him for the answer ; and it was pleasant to see first the grave, anxious expression of thought in his face, and then the bright flash that lit up his eyes when the reply was discovered. Many a boy stretched out his hand before he did, and answered more quickly, but none spoke so much to the point, and showed such a full comprehension of the matter in hand.

No wonder he became a favourite with his teachers, and received all the best prizes the school afforded. And yet I am hardly justified in calling Ralph a good boy ; for his diligence was almost as much the result of his pride and self-will as his perverse refusal to learn had been. He was set on getting on at his book, and scarcely suffered from the temptations to idleness, which prove such a snare to most boys. It was easy to him to pay attention ; it was his nature, whatever he did, to do it with all his heart. It is hardly fair to praise the naturally diligent for being diligent, any more than the naturally good-tem-

pered for being good-tempered. They are God's gifts, both of them, and good and precious gifts they are; but the possessor has no merit in them, for they have cost him neither prayer or struggle to win, and so, strictly speaking, they are not entitled to our praise, though pretty sure to obtain it. Many an idle, heedless boy deserved more commendation for his diligence than did Ralph, for with one every half hour's attention was a matter of effort and principle, and with the other it was purely a matter of inclination.

The evils to which he felt tempted, Ralph as often fell into as any other child in the school. No one was more quick to resent a blow, or more apt to return it. To provoke a boy twice his own size to fight him, was his great delight, and his arms, and legs, and body were a curious patchwork of black-and-blue bruises, for it was not only in his own quarrels that his fist was ready, it was promptly doubled up in defence of any one who would submit to be defended. Not that he was a cruel boy, far from it; he rarely tortured an animal, or bullied those weaker and smaller than himself. He was not tender or merciful; he no more shrank from giving pain than from receiving it, there was too much hardihood about him for that, but he never inflicted it for the sake of doing so; it was victory, or justice, or revenge which led him into his battles, and made his sallow face white and almost livid with anger and excitement; it was never the fiend-like thirst for torture, which really sometimes seems the actuating spirit in many a boyish contest.

His schooling lasted longer than that of most boys. Mr. Langham was resolved that he should have as much instruction as the national school afforded, and kept him there long after his father would have taken him away. He had no intention of further befriending him, but the boy had won so warm an interest, that he was willing to do so when asked. It appeared that Ralph had set his

heart on being a schoolmaster ; he felt within himself the capacity to teach, and there was something in the absolute power of the office which attracted him. How it was to be accomplished he knew not, but his pleasure in learning was so sincere, his desire to improve himself so ardent, that when told he must go to another school and work hard for several years ere he would be fit for such a situation, it was far from damping his zeal. The very prospect of difficulty added to the charm.

His conduct had given such satisfaction to the rector, and had evinced so unusual a degree of intelligence, that he was willing and anxious to help him to obtain his object. The expense, however, of maintaining him at a training-school was more than he could undertake alone ; but Mr. Langham, as soon as he learnt what Ralph wished, agreed to help liberally ; and there was fortunately a local charity which was applicable to the purpose.

Years ago, some benevolently-disposed individual had left to the parish a small sum of money, the interest of which was to be applied annually to apprenticing any one deserving youth whom the clergyman might choose to some trade or calling, and the rector promised to nominate Ralph on the very next opportunity. And thus, between himself, and Mr. Langham, and the bequest, the necessary funds were provided, and the boy was sent to the training-school at Whitford, with the strongest testimonials for diligence and ability.

I do not purpose dwelling much on this period of his life. He entered the precincts of the school so bent on doing his best, that he was sure of not failing. His young heart panted to conquer the new wide fields of knowledge that were laid open before him. His hand often trembled with eagerness, and eye and cheek alike burnt as he bent over his books. His brain was always teeming with the original conceptions of his own mind, or the freshly-ac-

quired thoughts of others. His over-hanging brow seemed ever contracted by the weight of some unsolved problem, and always won for him the notice of strangers by its unusual breadth and grandeur.

The training-school at Whitford was established in what had once been the bishop's palace; yet there was little grandeur about the building, nothing that made it unsuitable for its present use. The front looked, with its small sash windows, flat doorway, and mean wings, like the habitation of a gentleman of very moderate means, and the back, which faced an ample kitchen-garden, was still more unpretending; and yet its very simplicity gave a kind of homely dignity to it which the other side wanted. There was something that satisfied the eye in the height of the walls and the pitch of the roof; and the long lines of cottage windows made one fancy that the architect must have imagined himself building for the primitive bishop of primitive times, when riches and ostentation formed no part of the episcopacy; when men could honour godliness and learning even when clothed in poverty, and wealth was not necessary to secure honour to merit. It was a happy thought to turn the homely palace, long ago voted too mean for its original purpose, into such a school. The lads who congregated there liked it all the better because it had once been the bishop's abode, and because many remnants of a more ancient house stood scattered around it.

It was rarely that Ralph's voice was heard among his companions. The very abundance of his thoughts sealed his lips, he spoke only to argue or discuss, never from that sportive mood which makes the young utter a thousand playful nothings, just as the birds keep up a ceaseless chirping and twittering on the sunshiny days of the early spring, ere yet they burst into song, from very lightness of heart. Ralph knew nothing of such a feeling, he was all brain; the great unknown depths of his own spirit

heaved and surged indeed with tumultuous force on some particular occasions, when an examination was about to take place, or a prize to be gained, or some anthem of singular beauty awoke his devotional enthusiasm; but for the most part they lay profoundly still. He had been suddenly transplanted in a strange soil, and among a strange people. What affection he had had at starting for those he had left behind, died away from the effect of absence, and because he felt himself lifted in intellect far above father and mother, and brother and sister. In the void that this separation had created in his heart, nothing seemed stirring save the thirst for learning, and the fear of God, truly the beginning of wisdom. And Ralph's fear was something more than name. He had never forgotten the agony he had experienced when shut out from the harvest supper. His full overwrought brain made him many a night live through an anguish so keen, that the perspiration broke out over brow and limb, and the throb of his heart was like that of a racer. He feared his Maker exceedingly, at times with a horrible dread, which would have overwhelmed anyone else. And well he might, for Ralph understood his own nature enough to know that the struggle between his will and God's will must surely come, and to foresee for himself so desperate a strife as made him shudder. It was all very well now; the course of duty seemed running side by side with inclination; every lower instinct was swallowed up in his passionate pursuit of learning; nothing was more attractive than his books; he walked untouched amidst temptations which led astray many a more conscientious companion. But it could not be so always; often he caught glimpses into his own heart which showed him that the world, the flesh, and the devil, had yet to be expelled. He was afraid of his own pride and hardihood; afraid of that strength of will upon which all his hopes of happiness in this world

or in the next might be shattered. Sometimes it seemed to his morbid apprehensions as if they must be.*

As the time for Ralph's final examination grew on, he grew more and more absorbed in his studies, and in his spiritual state. He was shocked at the wild rebellion into which his soul seemed to break at the thought of failure. He argued the case with himself when alone; he tried to fancy that he could humbly and patiently submit to disappointment, but it would not do. Bear it if it came, he must; forgive it, think it a just punishment for the pride of his heart, he could not. It was the reward of his labour; the wages for which he had toiled late and early; it would be unjust to withhold what he had fairly earned. He set his teeth together and clenched his hand, and said if he could not do this, he would do nothing; he would starve, steal, live and die a hardened, desperate rebel. And then the clenched hands were unclenched, and spread over the convulsed features, and he cried out to 'God to forgive him, and let him succeed that once, and all the rest of his life he would spend in making his Maker's will his own.' Ralph ran over every text he could remember in which there was a promise, that earnest persevering prayer should prevail; for he had prayed, not coldly, as men do for spiritual gifts, but with all the heat and passion which temporal blessings can command. If he could have felt submissive, he would have felt almost sure of success; but though he knew that his acquirements came up to the required standard, the consciousness of his head-strong determination made him fear that God would suffer him to lapse into some error, or some momentary forgetfulness, to write one word for another, or

* I use the word *morbid* rather because his dread of eternal death was *unusual*, than because it was unreasonable. Pity it is that the thought that we may so miserably perish is not more constantly before us; but I believe that the world thinks as little of the pains of Hell as it does of the joys of Heaven.

to say the thing that he did not mean ; and so make him lose the fruit of all his labour, and punish by the deadliest stroke his wilful heart.

So strong was the expectation, that he could give but a faint smile to those who said that he, at all events, was sure of doing well. He could not be cheered, for he saw what they could not see, the need there was of such chastisement. His companions laughed at the doubts he expressed, they could not believe that they were sincere, and thought them spoken only to be contradicted. Ralph could hardly endure their raillery ; he kept more than ever alone, and looked more sombre and dejected than usual.

One day that he was lying under a laurel hedge, with a book in his hand, which he was too downcast to read, he heard the master and some one else talking on the other side of the evergreens.

‘Then,’ said the stranger, ‘you would recommend him to me.’

‘Strongly,’ answered the master. ‘He is an excellent young man, of remarkable ability ; I have not his equal in the school. Ralph Wolfford is one of a thousand.’

‘Too clever for my parish, perhaps,’ replied the other. ‘But it is really as to character that I am most particular.’

‘Ah ! he will not fail you there,’ rejoined the master. ‘I never saw such a lad, so temperate, grave, and steady. The fear of the Lord seems constantly before him. I recommend him not only as the cleverest pupil I have, but as the best and most religious. Of the strength of his principles I have no doubt. He is sure to pass, sure to do well.’

They moved on, and when he heard their step on the gravel, Ralph muttered to himself, in an accent half of scorn, half of remorse, ‘And that is how men judge ! Oh ! what would he have said, could he but have read the thoughts of my heart for one day ! “Sure to do well !” Ah ! no, pride and self-will such as mine are sure not to

prosper in this world, if they are to prosper in the next! "I must beat the devil out of you, Ralph," Mr. Langham once said to me; nevertheless, he could not do it, and no man could; but God both can and will, and He will begin now by sending me back to field-work and the drudgery of labour, that I may grow stupid and ignorant, as my father was before me.'

But Ralph's fears were groundless. When the examination took place, all that he had to do was well done. With a bounding heart and downcast face he listened to the praises that the judges so liberally bestowed on him. Once he lifted up his eyes, and the flash that shot from them showed his exultation and triumph. 'God is very merciful,' he said to himself, as he drew a long breath of relief; 'very merciful, to spare me, and let me succeed!' But though he spoke the words, there was, he felt, something stirring in his spirit that was not thankfulness. It was as if by the strength of his will he had constrained his Maker to award the blessing, and pride was secretly boasting of its success. He turned away his ears that he might not hear; he would not turn his eyes inward, lest what was now only a vague, indefinite shape of evil, should be revealed in all its wickedness to his startled vision.

But the tide of Ralph's prosperity did not turn with his examination. His license was hardly granted ere a sphere of action was opened to him. The stranger whom he had overheard talking to the master, came again to inquire about him. He was a Mr. Gardiner, the clergyman of the neighbouring parish of Mauden, and he was looking out for a new schoolmaster. All that he heard of Ralph pleased him, and when they met he liked his quiet subdued manner and intelligent countenance.

There were, however, difficulties to be smoothed away ere Ralph was finally engaged. Mr. Gardiner's school was a mixed one, the funds at his disposal being too

scanty to supply both an efficient master and mistress; yet a mistress of some sort was necessary. But on inquiry it turned out that there was one of Ralph's sisters who in some measure shared his capacity, who had been a pupil teacher in the school at Andwell, and who was an excellent needle-woman; so the offer of joining her brother in the management of the school at Mauden was made her and gladly accepted.

Jane Wolford was a steady, quiet girl, who, although young, had a composure of manner, and solemnity of aspect, that fitted her better than most girls of her age for her arduous position.

(To be continued.)

MINOR CARES.

Sophia. What should you be doing just now, for instance?

Eleanor. I should have been to eight-o'clock service, and breakfast at the Rectory, which is more handy than going home, and should be at school.

S. Teaching who or what?

E. Susan, or I, take the first-class; but there is a good deal of what we call office-work, which varies according to the day; penny-clubs, sale of work, registry of servants, and what we call begging-day, which is Friday.

S. All this is not in the school?

E. No; in a room that was always used for the sale of work, and taking orders; and getting the people to come there, relieves the Rectory. You see it is a very large concern, and only to be got through by methodical ways, and much system not needed in country places, regular district visitors, soup tickets, book-lending, and modern plans in school. All this, though one may not fancy it at first, works well under one good able head, and it is a great comfort to be only an implement and have no responsibility.

S. But you did set a good deal going?

E. Charles had it in his head, but he wanted some one quite free to undertake it, and we worked it out together, and like all plans, it unfolded in working, and fitted in to various needs. But the great lesson in such a life as mine, is to have no will of your own, to refrain from doing some things one would like, to go cheerfully along with some one does not fancy, and to rejoice when they succeed.

S. Were you the drag or the promoter?

E. I wanted dragging, because I was inexperienced; but the usual thing is that Jane drags us both, and she is always right.

S. And do the girls always submit?

E. They are quite willing to be implements, and think it a great honour. You know Janet has her own line—middle-class teaching, and her father lets her plan for his approval, that is his usual way.

S. Then what is your exact line?

E. Industrial school, and its accounts and registry, sick people from twelve to two most days, and a little school-teaching for refreshment, and to make me well acquainted with the girls before they come to me—a good deal of care of sick stores, and giving out to other visitors. Jane taking the applicants for charity, and Susan the school-accounts and clubs. The girls all teach the singing-class.

S. And you get some breathing-time?

E. Oh, plenty; and walk up the hills with some of the chicks when it is tempting, and sometimes read a book. You see I have no cares of my own. My two maids go on like clock-work. I wish you could see my house, it is an odd old concern with a pretty view, and a great empty room down stairs where I keep my stores and lumber, and where my big girls come to me in summer evenings for a treat, instead of my going to them—what teaching they

get must be in the afternoon, and it is important that they should not lose even their secular knowledge, when they have been at pains to get it.

S. I know you have the whole merit of them whatever you may say.

E. I was an implement, as I told you. It was always a very good school, with first-rate work, but the usual difficulty about places, the best girls often spoilt by bad mistresses, or by daudling about the streets with babies. Those who did better, Jane kept in view, and got them country places if she could; but of course the girls fresh from school at twelve or thirteen, were not fit for these. They had always cleaned the school-room, to this was added volunteering to do their mistress's cleaning, and from those who were most alert in this, and the best girls altogether, not merely the cleverest, we took six, and placed them with a matron in a hired house close to the school, where for a year they only did their own work, cooking and washing of course included, and some cooking for the sick. Through the district visitors we drew attention to it, and got good places at the year's end for four in the town, mostly single-handed places, but respectable. Then to increase the undertaking it was necessary to buy and alter the house. This was done by a collection in church, and by help from friends; and the house had been often empty because the noise of the school was an objection, and was cheaper than is usual in towns. Charles's principle is to do nothing till he has the whole money for it, and though he gives largely himself, he will not stand to an uncertain balance or take other people's duties on him, and I think he has succeeded in making others feel the duty of giving.

S. Then he gets the schools well supported.

E. Yes, though it is a very large outlay; girls' and infant schools for both districts, and a boy's school, with workshops and a garden, and several under-masters and

teachers. There is a large income from school-pence and work, and the subscriptions are enough to cover all expenses, if not they would be reduced. All pay two-pence, and some more.

S. And Susan manages all this.

E. Only our girls' school accounts. The senior curate manages the schools belonging to the new church.

S. Well, but you were in the middle of the industrial school, which is the thing I envy.

E. You would not envy the state of things that forced it on us. There are heart-breaking stories that I can hardly bear to look back upon, and can only pray that some good may be done, but the battle is a hard one, and when I see Susan's delight in her good girls, I feel how she may be saddened some day. Well, we put up a range and a stove, and a drying closet, we have all as rough as we can, that they may not be spoilt for the common run of houses with few conveniences; and we made up the number to twelve, taking some from the other school, and took in washing, and the soup-giving for the poor. This had previously been done partly at the Rectory, and partly in a hired kitchen. There is a plan, not yet matured, for some school dinners, to be paid for. This extension of work has enabled us to take in the first-class in rotation, so that even if they do not come to us, they will learn something, and if they come they will be less raw. I should tell you that our girls in turn keep the stores and accounts, and so learn the cost of the dishes; and it is the sort of cooking that will help them in small places, and in their own houses, great economy being observed, but trouble never grudged; great particularity about the sick; the beef-tea as clear as possible; very nice puddings; nothing greasy. For the families all sorts of stews, and porridge, and cheap puddings in turn, with thick soup. Their own fare very rough and simple, and of these, too, the account is very strict; and they strike

averages of their rate of living per head, and are proud if they can keep it low ; we are trusting them to do their own house-keeping, week by week, checked by the matron, if not fit, they are turned down.

S. It is not self-supporting, I suppose ?

E. No, and I do not think it ever can be ; but there are subscriptions from the tradespeople, who in the hope of better servants, take a real interest in the concern. The washing brings something in, and there is a little payment for cooking from the soup-fund. The girls know exactly what comes in and what they are living on ; no idea allowed of an indefinite fund to fall back upon ; they know that the number depends on the means, and are anxious for their sisters and friends to get in, and what they look to most is making a present to the school when they have wages. We hope to take some in if out of place, but that is a future thought ; we make it a great object to belong always to the little community, and that there should be Christian love and fellowship between those gone out into the world, and those still preparing. Any misconduct in service would break this bond.

S. Have they done well ?

E. Very fairly. There are six out now. If one could only train mistresses !

S. I suppose the real difficulty always is to get a girl to face trials on the right principle.

E. And that is the reason that cottage-training, where safe, is the best of all ; they have hardships, and service brings comfort. We can give hard work, but we have no right to devise hardships ; we give them justice and kindness, and they feel the want of it, where it is lacking.

S. Then you would say in our best cottages here they might get fairly trained.

E. Yes, if your next step is respectable—a tidy shop, or farm-house. And your cottages are such models, with you to look in constantly.

S. Ah, they used to be, but one cannot get proper repairs done. That has been one great trouble. I suppose you can always hear of places for the trained girls.

E. It is one thing to hear and one to choose; to get at the characters of families, and to decline without great discourtesy. I believe this is the thing that most worries me, for one's wrong judgments may be fatal. But unless we can fit girls to meet untoward influences, we have not done much, and sooner or later they must take their chance of places. For our own, I think we could succeed among our friends or neighbours, and it is agreed that they are best at a distance. But there are plenty of others, some not good enough, some who must go out young, some not kept at school, some new comers, and country girls who come in for places, and often fall into bad hands. The places we reject, do for some of these, and this led to setting up a registry of safe places, as far as the clergy can judge of them, which is a boon to both parties, and the wide range gives power of selection. This, and the industrial work for the first-class, have both, you see, grown out of the original scheme.

S. Our girls will go into the town for places, which I inveigh against.

E. Some of our best tradespeople make famous mistresses for country girls with no acquaintance, fresh from a good school, and the clergy are thankful to know of these, and we make many exchanges. Under places in really good families are the best for getting on, and perhaps safest on the whole; but one wants to know the housekeeper. The class we want especially to train are the plain cooks and maids-of-all-work, for poorish families of gentry. There is a constant demand for them, and the article is very bad. Many curates and professional men have only one servant, or two if there are children. The wives, perhaps, lady-like and what is called well-educated, but utterly helpless and ignorant of all household duties,

and at the mercy of a rough low servant, whom they do not know how to teach or to help.

S. I think they help in their nurseries, for the babies are always an excuse for doing no parish work.

E. Yes; any tolerable mother does learn to nurse. Poor thing, perhaps she has been devoted to schools and poor people as a girl, and fancied she was therefore fit for a clergyman's wife, and despised the small means.

S. Do you think the girls tenderly brought up do the worst?

E. Of course, if they are helpless and require luxuries; but perhaps it depends more on their sense, and some who have been used to good servants and tidy ways will not rest till they have them. But I do not want to deal in wholesale abuse, and, after all, I only judge from a few; but I want to send them good little maids, who will cook their dinners neatly, and keep their children clean, and will value the real kindness and good tone of a clergyman's family; the difficulty is their youth, but in two years more, there will be a supply of very capable ones. And I want them rather to think of attaching themselves to a family, than of rising in the world.

S. I think you rather trick the tradespeople if you promise them better servants, and then send them into the country, or to your own friends.

E. Yes, I know that; we must spare them one here and there, or get them a good country girl—perhaps give these a turn for a few weeks. Many such little additions float in my mind. But I think it is working well, and certainly the girls stay longer at school in hopes of it, and it brings the good stupid ones forward, and may set against the present high pressure as to learning. Now it is in the power of any persevering girl to become either a pupil-teacher or an inmate of our home; and this advantage is open to the very lowest, and to the children of people whom one cannot notice or help in any way.

S. Have you some of these?

E. Two that come from most disreputable parents, but do not seem at all tainted; we took them at thirteen instead of fourteen, as we have sometimes done where there was great temptation and poverty. There seemed a natural love of good about them, and they were glad to forget what they had seen and heard, and most thankful for their present comfort and for kindness, one especially refined and modest, and what you would call poetical, a girl whom we should send into a nursery.

S. I am quite sure that refinement has nothing to do with birth, you see it in all ranks.

E. In these two girls of course I give the school the credit of keeping them straight, and I give them the credit of coming regularly. And our modern school ways, order, and courtesy, and silence, are of great use in giving refinement of manner and ideas, and knowledge of various sorts, when the mind opens readily to it, raises above the low coarse habits. Many lessons that people laugh at, do this good; it may seem quite useless to learn the height of mountains, or the parts of plants, but a child of strong fancy will drink in accounts of glaciers and avalanches, or will study for herself the adaptation of leaves and flowers to their uses. To those who do not live among flowers, these things are more striking. I remember how delighted they were at my bringing in a fuchsia, and showing how the length of the pistil in a drooping flower enables it to catch the pollen, whereas in upright flowers it is shorter than the stamens.

S. Is it? I am sure I never noticed it, though I am always exhorting Hennings about training large fuchsias for the vases.

E. We got some Virginia creeper up the school to hide its ugliness, and they were charmed with the sort of feelers it sticks on by, which I also recommend to your notice. All this observation of nature I am trying to keep up with

my great girls. I am sure it takes the mind off from dress and mere follies. I take them a long walk sometimes—an immense treat to town children.

S. Well, I do admire Janet; I never can care for middle-class people, they are so uninteresting, so much more vulgar than the poor.

E. Therefore we should try to mend them, as Janet is doing, and to put better things into their heads than dress and gossip. Susan is fastidious like you. She would do anything for the poor, but is naughty about the dull visits, and the district visitors, and we often tell her she calls people vulgar who are only common-place and *bornées*, which should not hinder our Christian fellowship and courtesy. Where there is folly and pretension one cannot *like* people, but it is wonderful how good principles and high objects cure vulgarity.

S. Is Janet curing her girls?

E. Yes; especially if they come young, but a good deal depends on the homes, and whether they get gossip as well as dinner there. She often longs for a little boarding school, where they could be under her eye all day; but in a place where so much is needed, one can undertake nothing that does not tell there; and the next object is a little infirmary for cases that need good nursing, but are not strictly hospital cases. This will be an immense comfort, especially in giving the clergy final access to them, for really in their crowded lodgings there seems no chance for quiet thought or reading, and there is everything to hinder their recovery.

S. I am sure, even here, though they look tidy, some of the cottages are wretched places to be ill in.

E. If you could see some of ours—the wretched closeness, and the confusion.

S. Are you to undertake this?

E. No; I wished it, and so did Janet; but the authorities ruled that we had enough on our hands, and would

not do it well. It is a great comfort by the way, that the question always is, not whether the work will suit us, but we shall suit it. Now the person who suits this, is a linen-draper's daughter, a great treasure, and great ally of mine and Miss White. But we shall all look in. And it will be a safer place for the children to go to, than some of the bad lodgings.

S. Now are you really intimate with Miss White?

E. Upon some subjects; on our sick people, and on religious matters. She likes to borrow books and talk them over, and always asks the Rector's instructions about reading to the sick. We should not talk over our own concerns, indeed there is little opportunity, for she is a busy person, and an excellent daughter. Oh, there is no difficulty with that sort of person. But I do confess there are some very genteel, empty-headed people, whom I could not take to quite so kindly as Jane does. London is very spoiling in this respect, for you are not thrown among different ranks, and everybody is expected to be pleasant. But I am sure it is a great field for Christian charity, especially now, when everyone is rising in intelligence and education.

S. I never thought about it till lately, and I know I have been very wrong and have worshipped talent, and liked people who were unsound. I am schooling myself. By-the-bye, I know a very good spinster who wants work, being in one of those villa neighbourhoods, where the poor are not really poor, and are well seen to. Could she do some middle class?

E. She might do great good, I believe, by beginning on a small scale, with a few trustworthy girls who might afterwards be the nucleus of a larger school. The great point is to consider them like a family, to have perfect openness, and to make goodness the object rather than mere knowledge. But she ought to talk to Janet, for I have not given my mind to that subject.

S. Then you are a little come round to pupil-teachers and the rest of it.

E. I am glad I never had anything to set up, and no opinion to form. I do not see why women need make up their minds unless they have to act, and I have only been under orders all my life.

S. Only one may influence others.

E. Yes; and that is a degree of acting. It may be your duty some day. But I do not fancy one plan so much better than another, that one need disturb, by one's own suggestions, what is doing pretty well. I think this applies especially to energetic parishioners, with quiet old-fashioned pastors. We are not responsible, and we may wish things different, without being called on to interfere. The duty seems to be to work at what we do not quite like, and give up our own wishes, and perhaps in the end find that we were wrong. I think this caution is especially needed where property and station give some right apparently to interfere, and where a clergyman, from mere humility, does not quite hold his own. In a worldly sense merely, and from being poorer, the clergyman's family hold a lower station than the squire's; though in a spiritual sense, he is their superior, but if they do not give him due respect, it is hard for him to take it.

S. And they hear more of modern improvements, come fresh from London with their heads full of them, and press them on the poor Rector. But you must confess I did not; I am not guilty of a single map or object lesson.

E. No; but you ceased to care much for the school.

S. Then you know I had other things to do. And I really think Eliza Lowe a much better implement than I could be under her father.

E. Yes, I believe you have been right. But many who are wanted, draw back because all is not their own way, and now the door is often closed upon them, by clever mistresses who will not be interfered with. Very humble

schools with good visitors, might, I think, have worked well in many places. But the visitors held aloof, or could not be depended on, so a regular system was forced on us. I should think that Stonyford school, as you described it, a good instance. How does it go on?

S. I think they have a regular Master and Mistress, but I do not know exactly. But, Eleanor, do not blame the poor girls who were longing to teach and not allowed, or constantly checked and grudged.

E. Query whether quiet perseverance and submission in other matters would have won the day, and whether the mood would have lasted had it been encouraged and not checked, like Ellen's good intentions? However, there are plenty at work now, and wonderful changes in my time.

S. Then as to Janet?

E. I think she is prospering very well hitherto. She began merely upon a very tidy little day-school, with an intelligent Mistress, singularly free from vulgar finery, and able to teach common things. Charles set her up with a time-table, good penny, instead of bad shilling, spelling-books, and a good selection of class-reading, and got her into a better house, and then Janet undertook the religious teaching, and the arithmetic and music. And she tries to get acquainted with the girls, takes them out as I take mine, and puts some sense and taste into them. The school has grown, and has an under teacher from the National School for the little children, and Janet teaches some French, but doubts whether any tolerable accent can be acquired; however it is a satisfaction to the parents.

S. Is it self-supporting?

E. Entirely; only for the advantage of Janet's teaching her father keeps the power of expulsion for untruth or any really bad habit. The children being only together at lessons, there need not be much gossip or harm learnt.

(To be continued.)

THE WINDS.

CHAPTER II.

THE CAUSES AND CIRCUITS OF THE WINDS.

'The wind goeth toward the south, and turneth about unto the north; it whirleth about continually, and the wind returneth again according to his circuits.'

THERE was no little excitement and discussion that evening in Mrs. Helston's drawing-room, in consequence of the boys' morning conversation with their uncle. It is a pleasant lazy hour, that dusky, debateable time between afternoon and evening, when family drawing-rooms put off their daylight stiffness, and have not yet assumed their evening propriety; when the young folks are admitted for awhile to loiter on hearth-rugs and foot-stools, to tell the story of the day to mamma or elder sister, and specially delighted if there be some kind aunt or grown-up visitor to swell the number of sympathizing hearers. And it was a pretty picture at five o'clock on the early March evening. Master William, always the little monarch of the house, and now rejoicing in the character of a comparative stranger, had taken upon himself to marshal his younger brothers and sisters, nay even mamma herself, and Lewis, in such order as he could, while with all the importance of superior science he lectured his tiny audience on his new-found knowledge. It would have been a sweet subject for a painter, could painter depict the ever-changing postures and groupings of the little figures before him. A Rembrandt might have caught the deep shadows and contrasted lights; an early Florentine master, with his transparent colouring and inimitable grace, might have rendered the clear bloom and sweetness of the earnest childish faces; but for the magic flash of quick perception, for their looks of eager attention, their sudden changes from restlessness to

calm, from calm to eagerness again; for these, the real witcheries of my picture, each must look into the gallery of his fondest recollections, and appeal to the deathless works of a living memory and a loving fancy.

But however from his high stool Master William might have harangued his lesser hearers, secure of their submission, and confident of their admiration, there was yet a slight trace of nervousness in his voice as he concluded with the decisive words, 'So, then, there are only two winds in the world, one north, and the other south, and the cold winds blow towards the equator like the draughts go to a chimney;' for there opposite him, with his head on his mother's knee, sat the listening, but not altogether acquiescing Lewis, and Mrs. Helston could not help looking a little more amused than instructed as she said, 'Thank you, William; and now that you have told us that there are only these two winds in all the world, I think I must ask Lewis how it is that so many others will persist in blowing in spite of you.'

William. I am sure, Mamma, Lewis knows it all just as well as I do, and I have told you exactly what Uncle Francis told us. Have I not, Lewis?

Lewis. I dare say I could not have told it any better if I had tried, William, for though it all seemed very simple this morning in the library, while Uncle Francis was saying it, yet I must own I have been rather puzzled as I thought over it while you have been talking. Somehow, it seems as if I do not understand it so well now as I did.

William. Now is not that too bad, Mamma? I am sure that all I have said was very clear, and there is Lewis laughing at me as if I had confused him.

Mrs. Helston. Hush, William; Lewis did not mean to say anything unkind, and, although I am neither a sea-captain nor a philosopher, I think I may venture to say that Uncle Francis himself would be rather astonished at the end of all your oration.

William (rather obstreperously.) Uncle Francis said—

Uncle Francis. Uncle Francis *says*, that true sailors always speak gently to ladies. Why, William, I should have thought you had my speaking-trumpet! What is the matter? I heard you at the other end of the drive.

Mrs. H. Oh, Francis, William has been kind enough to teach us rather more than we can understand about the winds, and it is perhaps fortunate that you have come in, as I am afraid Lewis and I were going to suffer for our want of perception.

William. Now, Uncle—

Uncle F. Nay, William, if you are so fierce, I shall be afraid of you. You are more gentle, Lewis—will you tell me where the difficulty lies?

Lewis. It is here, I think, Uncle. William states that you described the winds as blowing only in two directions, north and south; that is, *to* and *from* the equator. Now I do not think that this is the actual state of things, and I cannot say that I am sure of your having said it.

Uncle F. Ah, I see, William has fallen into the old error of the pupil who takes a half-statement of his teacher for the whole truth. Why, the very last thing I said was, that I would tell you another time the reasons why the two great currents I talked of were neither of them due north or south winds, although they do blow from the poles to the equator, and from the equator to the poles.

Mrs. H. I am glad to hear it, Francis; I imagined something of the kind, but as I have been mystified by the pupil, I must ask to be set right by the teacher. What did you really tell the boys? Come, we have an hour before dinner, the children may go back to the nursery for once, and we will keep you here, if you will condescend to talk science in a drawing-room.

So when the little ones were despatched, Uncle Francis resumed,

‘It is a fact to which we older folks are well accustomed, but which young people have yet to learn, that great general rules and primary causes are ordinarily very few and very plain; that they are easily explained, and rapidly learned. There is a certain majestic simplicity about them, a sweeping uniformity in their action which captivates the mind on first apprehending them; the learner thinks that now he has an explanation for everything, and that every difficulty will yield to his new-made key. We who are older, have a different tale to tell. The grand and simple primary laws of nature do not march at once to their result, and work out their undisturbed effects. There is always a host of smaller rules and lesser causes changing the form of the result as we actually see it, and, indeed, altering it in reality as well as in appearance; so that the real difficulty almost always is, to trace the operation of the original cause through the secondary causes to the final effect. The various interfering causes are often far more puzzling than the original and master cause. The way they combine with it is what requires the chief part of our attention; but the knowledge of the first is sure to lead you widely wrong if you take it by itself.’

Mrs. H. As it has misled William in this case, I suspect.

Uncle F. Exactly so. He was captivated with the simplicity of the general causes of winds which I had been explaining. He quite forgot to ask himself if the winds which *actually* blow agreed with the theory. He found it very easy to speculate on the consequences of these causes, and to make out what winds they would produce, and so he forgot to ask himself if the winds which actually blow agreed with the winds which would blow *if this cause acted alone*. If he had done *this*; if

he had stayed to compare the winds he *knows* of, and the winds he *speculated about*, he would have been led next to inquire what *other* causes might have come in to alter the operation of the original cause. This would have been the work of a true philosopher. However, William, you see the error your haste has led you into ; and you are not the first boy or man, by a great many, who has fallen into it.

Mrs. H. Oh, yes. I see it every day. Children will learn rules quickly enough, and then think they know all about the subject. Set them to *apply* their rules, and you soon take down their conceit.

Lewis. Yes ; and then to see how a little boy who has just got a new idea, is always making out that everything is an example of it. He is so fond of his pet new notion, that he sees it everywhere. Little Edward thought every tint in the evening sky was an Aurora Borealis for a whole week after he first saw one last Christmas, and was quite angry when he found out that one of his Auroras was only a haystack on fire.

Mrs. H. Just as William was when we reminded him of there being other winds than he chose to allow of. But, my dear Francis, it is time you began to explain the application of the rule, and the way it is altered by other causes ; for as to what you were saying this morning, I believe that William has really explained it very well, and we need not ask you to go over it again.

Uncle F. Speaking generally, there is only one great interfering cause which is at work uniformly over the whole earth, and that is, that the earth itself will not stand still while our wind is going from the pole to the equator, and *vice versa*. If the earth would stand still, this wind would be almost always a due north wind, and the return wind a due south wind, just as William has said ; but the mischief is, that the earth will not stand still. This is the first and chief reason why the rule which

William has explained is not accurately carried out, and it applies equally over the whole world. There are also many places, and countries, and oceans too, which have their own *particular* winds, in consequence of causes which belong to those *particular regions*; but we will speak of these after we have settled matters with the chief interfering cause of which I spoke.

William. I am glad of that, at any rate. I never thought of the earth's moving. You see, Mamma, even Uncle Francis allows that if the earth stood still I should be right after all.

Mrs. H. Make the most of your crumb of comfort, William, but don't interrupt Uncle Francis.

Uncle F. I am not sure that I was sorry to be interrupted, for it rather puzzles me to set about explaining the influence of the earth's movement on the wind's direction, and little interruptions give me time to think. Let me see; I will begin with a question. You know, William, that the earth turns round?

William. Yes, I *do* know that.

Uncle F. But which way does it turn?

Now our readers will think this a very simple question, and poor William very ignorant, but it must be confessed he did not know; so he was sent into the library to fetch a globe and a candle. Uncle Francis set the candle upon a chair, so as to bring it upon a level with the globe, and then fixed a pin into the globe on the side furthest from the candle, and said, 'Suppose now, William, that the candle represents the sun, and that you are placed upon the earth as the pin is on the globe. The pin is in shadow—what time of the day would it be with you?

William. Night, I suppose.

Uncle F. Now turn the globe gently to the right, until the pin just catches the candle-light.

William. That will be sunrise.

Uncle F. Now in what part of the sky do we first see the sun in the morning?

William. In the east.

Uncle F. Right, and if you go on turning the globe, the pin comes more and more into the candle-light, until it comes just opposite the candle, which shines straight on to it, as the sun shines just over our heads at noon-day.

William. Yes, I see ; and so turning the globe still in the same direction, the pin will again first get into shadow, and then afterwards have its candle-rise again in the same place as before, answering to our next sunrise, which is in the east again, so that the earth is always turning towards the east.

Mrs. H. 'Move *eastward*, happy Earth!' Tennyson answers the question quite as well as your candle and globe, Francis.

Uncle F. Well, whether it is answered by poetry or philosophy, it comes to the same thing, and with two strings to his bow, William will, I hope, be able to remember that the earth must turn to the sunrising. But Tennyson was a Cambridge man, and is always bringing in his natural philosophy.

Mrs. H. I often think that a great philosopher must be something of a poet.

Uncle F. And I often wish that all great poets had, like Tennyson, some acquaintance with natural philosophy. It would enlarge their field of poetry. It would infinitely *enlarge* their range of metaphor, and widen their perception of those lovely analogies between the spiritual and material world, in which all deep and true poetry rejoices. Natural science is only a fine word for the knowledge of God's visible works, symbols and patterns as they are of the real and eternal world beyond. I cannot bear to see so fair a domain given up to the possession of cold-hearted mechanics, and engineers, and lecturers at polytechnic institutions. He is a dull astronomer for whom the

morning stars have never 'sung for joy;' and if you wish to enter into some of the poetry of the winds, read Mrs. Gatty's 'Circle of Blessing' in her 'Parables from Nature.'

Lewis. But, Uncle, will you tell us what the earth's turning has to do with the course of the winds?

Uncle F. I must go back to our friend the globe, Lewis, and if your mamma will let me, I will borrow a couple of pins of her, and fix one near to the equator, and the other a good way to the north, say about Scotland. Now turn the globe briskly round, and see if you can tell me, Lewis, which pin of the two moves fastest.

Lewis. Oh, it is clear, for if I turn the globe very fast I can scarcely see the pin at the equator, while the other goes steadily enough.

Uncle F. It is just the same with the earth; the regions near to the equator move far more rapidly than those nearer to the poles; in fact, every step you take from the poles towards the equator brings you to places which are turning eastwards with greater rapidity. The slowest movement is in the far north, the quickest is at the equator.

Lewis. Still, Uncle, what has this to do with the winds?

Uncle F. Don't be in too great a hurry, Lewis. I shall be amply satisfied if you have got fast hold of these two ideas; first, that the earth is always turning from west to east; and second, that we here in England have not to turn nearly so fast to get round to sunrise again, as we should see if we were nearer to the equator. In fact, if you will look at your globe, you will see that the regions at the equator have much further to go in turning round than those further north, and so they must go faster.

Lewis. Well, I think I understand that, so do go on.

Uncle F. Dip your finger in water, William, and with-

out turning the globe, move your finger straight down from the north-pole to the equator, and tell me what is the direction of the line of moisture your finger has left.

William. Due north and south, of course.

Uncle F. Just as our winds would go if the earth were not turning round. Now do it again, moving your finger straight down as before, but this time move the globe slowly round towards the east with the other hand, and then look at the line of moisture which shows the way your finger has travelled across the globe. Is it the same as it was the first time?

William. Oh, Uncle, it is quite a different thing. It is a great long sloping line all across the upper part of the globe.

Uncle F. Yes, but in what direction?

William. Why it begins on the right hand, and goes bending over more and more to the left.

Lewis. Now, William, don't you see what Uncle Francis means? that it is not a due north and south line like the other, but goes from east to west as well.

Uncle F. The mark on the globe shows which way William's finger actually went in crossing from the pole to the equator. Suppose, Lewis, our winds could do the same, and trace out their path also along the earth. They, too, would then be seen bending in this way from east to west, as well as going from north to south, for the earth turns just as William turned the globe. Now if a wind comes from the east towards the west, what do you call that wind?

Mrs. H. I can tell you that. It is Lewis's old enemy,

‘The wind in the east,

That's neither good for man nor beast.’

Uncle F. But it is a north wind to begin with, and is only twisted in this way into a partly easterly wind; and so it is really—

William. A north-east wind. Well, I am glad we

have come to it at last. I have been remembering for some time that you ended our last conversation by saying that the winds which go to the equator were not really north, but north-east winds; how stupid of me not to have remembered it sooner!

Uncle F. True; and in like manner, the winds that go back again from the equator towards the poles will have a combination of two different directions, as you will see, William, if you will move your finger from south to north while the globe turns as before.

William. Ah, the track across the globe bends now from west to east, so that the whole direction is from south-west. How is that?

Uncle F. Why, does not this answer to the fact that our two chief winds are north-east and south-west? I should have thought that everyone had observed that.

Mrs. H. I am afraid they are too young to have observed so closely. Now that they have been told of it, they will observe it for the future. And for my own part, I must confess that I never thought before of asking *why* these two winds seem to divide the kingdom of the air between them as they do.

Uncle F. It explains a good many other things too, my good sister. You generally think of all winds as if they were but the same wind, which turns and winds about in different ways, and so you speak of the wind *changing its direction*. Now you see that these two, at least, are two *entirely distinct winds*, as different as two rivers which have different sources, and flow in opposite directions. When I was a boy, it used to puzzle me how the wind could turn round so suddenly, as I then supposed, and in an hour or two blow exactly in the contrary direction. I think one of the first things that ever led me to the study of natural philosophy, as it is called, was this very difficulty.

William. Still, Uncle, we *do* have other winds besides

these two. I *know* we do; for it was only yesterday blowing from the south-east.

Uncle F. True, William; but remember that at present I am only keeping to the great general rules, and I must ask you to believe me when I say that the two I speak of are the chief winds. A south-east, or a north-west wind is either a very rare wind, or if in any place it is frequent, there must be some particular causes belonging to that place to produce it, as I said some time ago. For example, a south-easterly wind often prevails for days together in certain parts of England, but it is an exception which it would take me some time to explain.

Mrs. H. There is one point, Francis, which it seems to me you have forgotten, or at least I do not remember your explaining it, and that is, if these two great winds are always blowing thus in opposite directions, how is it they do not bring each other to a stand still?

Uncle F. A most natural question, Sister. But there is plenty of room for both. In one great region, as I explained this morning, the north-east wind being so very much colder, the air is heavier, and the whole of the south-west wind passes clear over the top of it. This is the case almost uniformly from about latitude 30° to the equator, and the north-east winds there are the well-known trade-winds. Northward of this the south-west currents come down again, as I told the boys, and though still much warmer than their north-easterly competitors, they blow alongside of them, and each has its own track, one going in one direction, the other in the other.

Mrs. H. But surely they do not keep to separate tracks when, as here for example, we have so much of each in turn?

Uncle F. Yes, they do, on the whole; although your observation as to these countries is perfectly just. The fact is, that, speaking generally, the north-easterly winds which go to supply the universal north-east trade-wind

south of 30 , keep generally along the line of the continents, while the return south-west wind keeps ordinarily to the line of the oceans. Thus north of lat. 30° the continents of Europe and America will be swept by north-east winds, but the Atlantic and Pacific oceans by south-west winds. Continually, however, one will encroach a little on the path of the other, and then perhaps be encroached upon in its turn, so that if you happen to be living, as we in England are, upon the western edge of Europe, you sometimes come under one, and sometimes under the other, as each in turn flows in a wider or narrower stream. A hundred miles or two further east or west would put us in a condition of much greater uniformity.

Lewis. So that, in fact, we are living upon the edge of both, and therefore come in for some of each.

William. Like people living between two hostile kingdoms, who get plundered by both, and protected by neither.

Uncle F. Yes ; and then there is another result. It will continually happen that the edges of these two winds chafing against each other, the stronger twists the weaker round, and is itself partially diverted from its course, so that the whole boundary line between the courses of these winds will be marked by a region of variable and changing winds, produced by the clashing of the two great powers ; in the same way as where two rivers fall into one another, the meeting waters alter each other's courses, and flow for some time in new irregular currents and eddies. This is the true explanation of the uncertain winds we experience here in England. Sometimes, too, as your mamma has suggested, the one wind *rubbing* against the other, will for a little time be brought to a stand-still, and so we have, now and then, but not often, an absolute calm.

Lewis. Do you remember, Mamma, those pretty verses of Miss Wordsworth's we learnt in the winter?

‘What way does the wind come? What way does he go?
 He rides over the water, and over the snow,
 Through wood and through vale, and o’er rocky height,
 Which goat cannot climb, takes his sounding flight;
 He tosses about in every bare tree,
 As, if you look up, you plainly may see;
 But how he will come, and whither he goes,
 There’s never a scholar in England knows.’

I wonder what she would say if she were here now! Still there is one thing, Uncle, which seems to me very strange; how can you *know* that when the warm winds have risen at the equator, they flow out north and south over the backs of the trade-winds, as you have told us? I can understand that scarcely anything else could happen, the reasons you gave were so clear and strong, but how can we be *sure* that it *does* happen? Did anyone ever go up in a balloon and find these winds blowing?

Uncle F. Not exactly, but people have been up into this upper current of wind, nevertheless. In the Canary Islands, which are about a hundred miles south of the line where the north-east trade-winds begin to blow, there is a high mountain called the Peak of Teneriffe; it is something more than 12,000 feet high; at its foot the north-east trade-wind blows almost uniformly, and travellers who have climbed to the top of the peak, have actually found this return south-west wind blowing there at that height, while the north-east wind was blowing below.

William. So they actually got into the upper current, then?

Uncle F. Yes; and, so far as I know, every person who has ascended the peak gives the same account.

Mrs. H. It is your own fault, Francis, if I am hard to convince, and if I ask if this may not possibly be something peculiar to the Peak of Teneriffe, depending on its local circumstances? Do you consider this enough to *prove* the *universal* prevalence of the return winds above?

Uncle F. No. And I should not lay so much stress upon it without good reasons. My reasons are two. The first is, that this piece of actual experience agreed *so exactly with the teaching your theory*; and the second is, that we have other proofs which show that the same thing is undoubtedly going forwards on the other side of the Atlantic. I might add a third reason, viz., that we do not know of any single actual case to the contrary.

William. Are there other tall mountains for people to climb up and see which way the wind blows?

Uncle F. No, unfortunately there are not, or we should be in no doubt at all about the matter; but as a straw thrown up shows which way the wind blows, so if there is anything thrown up into the air high enough to get into the upper wind, it will be carried along by that wind in a direction contrary to the lower, or trade-wind, from the north-east. Now these upper winds are actually known to carry light bodies thrown up into them in a direction contrary to that of the lower, or trade-winds; and thereby we are assured of their existence.

William. Yes, but no one can throw anything up as high as the Peak of Teneriffe?

Uncle F. Perhaps not, William. But Providence helps those who help themselves; and though neither you nor I could throw a stone up so high as to meet the return winds from the south, yet those who have been on the look-out for help, have found a power which does it for them.

Mrs. H. Nonsense, Francis! You may have been all over the world, but you should not, for that reason, make game of us poor stay-at-home folks.

Uncle F. I never was more serious in my life. Some twenty years ago, in the year 1835, when I was a first-lieutenant stationed in the West-Indies, I was in Kingston, the capital of Jamaica, which, as you know, is in the region of the north-east trade-wind: There was a

prodigious eruption of a volcano in Guatemala, some hundreds of miles away from us to the south-west, with the wind blowing steadily from us to it the whole time. Now the ashes thrown up in this eruption actually did reach the upper current I speak of, and were carried away towards the north-east, and a few days after the eruption, the streets of Kingston were completely sprinkled with the ashes that fell there. This case is a far more remarkable one than that of the Peak of Teneriffe, inasmuch as these ashes must have been carried hundreds of miles over the top of the trade-wind, which was blowing at the time, and exactly in a contrary direction to it. It shows, therefore, that this upper current is a steady and extensive one, and thus we have *proof* of the existence of the upper current on both sides of the Atlantic.

Lewis. So then the ashes thrown up by the volcano were the straws which showed us which way the wind was blowing.

Uncle F. Exactly so. Volcanoes play a great part in assuring us of the existence of this upper wind. In the Island of St. Vincent there is a volcano which in one of its eruptions threw a column of cinders to an enormous height in the atmosphere, many of which fell upon the Island of Barbadoes, situated eighty or a hundred miles to the east. Here, again, the cinders travelled in a direction exactly contrary to that of the prevailing wind on the surface of the earth. Now to feel the full value of these confirmations of our theory, you must remember that they *all go one way*. I do not know of *any* case whatever in which ashes or cinders from volcanoes have ever travelled in the opposite direction when thrown up to these great heights. I do not know of any traveller ascending the Peak of Teneriffe who found the same wind at its summit as at its foot; and hereafter I shall have to tell you of dust actually brought from the southern into the northern hemisphere by this upper current.

Mrs. H. Well, Francis, I will promise you not to be unbelieving any more. Indeed I ought to have expected what you were going to say, for now I remember your telling us the story when you came home after that West-Indian voyage, though I was but a girl then. You had come from New York, I remember, and were telling us of the marvellously quick passage you had had.

Uncle F. Yes, all owing to those strong south-west winds; they usually come down again to the globe about lat. 30°, and blow uniformly over the Atlantic throughout the Temperate Zone, so that sailing-vessels make the passage from New York to Liverpool nearly a fortnight quicker than from Liverpool to New York. South of lat. 30° the reverse will be the case, and you know the old story which tells how Columbus, who was the first person who ever crossed the Atlantic within the historic period, marvelled at the ceaseless north-east winds which carried him over to his discovery of America, and wondered how he should ever get back to Europe in their teeth. He was crossing the Atlantic from east to west within the tropics, and so was in the region of the north-east trade-wind south of lat. 30°. My passage was north of lat. 30°, and therefore it was in the region of the return south-west winds.

Mrs. H. Well, Francis, I think I must now ask you to stop, as the dressing-bell has rung some time ago. You have made the winds tell a pleasanter tale than I had ever thought to hear from them.

Uncle F. Then you had forgotten that sweet story of the voices of the winds told by Wulfstan the Wise. I have often heard you read it in old times, but for the boys' sake, I will ask you to repeat it once again. You have a memory for poetry I know.

Mrs. H. And you a memory for old favourites. It is surely a dozen years since you heard Wulfstan's story. I will say it with pleasure :—

‘The tale was this :

The wind, when first he rose and went abroad
Through the waste region, felt himself at fault,
Wanting a voice ; and suddenly to earth
Descended with a wafture and a swoop,
Where, wandering volatile from kind to kind,
He woo’d the several trees to give him one.
First he besought the Ash ; the voice she lent
Fitfully with a free and lashing change
Flung here and there its sad uncertainties :
The Aspen next ; a fluttered, frivolous twitter
Was her sole tribute : from the Willow came,
So long as dainty summer dressed her out,
A whispering sweetness, but her winter note
Was hissing dry and reedy : lastly, the Pine
Did he solicit, and from her he drew
A voice so constant, soft, and lowly deep,
That there he rested, welcoming in her
A wild memorial of the ocean cave
Where he was born.’

Uncle F. Thank you, Margaret. And now then to dinner.

(To be continued.)

BENGAL CANTONMENTS.

THE broad level trunk road which leads from Cawnpore towards the north-west, is as good a one for the traveller as any highway in the world, and kept in excellent order, (for nine months in the year at least,) considering the amount of traffic continually passing over it.

If you take the left road at Bewur, the fifteenth march from Cawnpore brings you to the banks of the Jumna, crossing which by a bridge of boats, you are at Akberabad or Agra, a place so replete with interesting objects, that it would require more space than our present limits will permit to give a tolerable description of them. The Taj mahal, well worthy of its proud title, ‘Crown of Edifices,’ possesses an indescribable, almost unearthly, beauty,

to which no pen can do the faintest justice. Imagination and description fail alike in conveying any idea of this unrivalled mausoleum.

Shah Jehan after completing it, which cost over three millions sterling, and occupied twenty-two years, intended to have built another tomb for himself on the opposite bank, similar in plan but differing in details, and then have connected both by a bridge worthy of such beautiful neighbours. Instead, however, of a monument of his greatness, the unfinished buildings still remain there, a silent testimony to the vanity of human aspirations ; for soon after the work was commenced, its projector died, and was buried by the side of the empress, whom he loved with a passionate tenderness quite unusual in an eastern husband.

It was partly to gratify this feeling, and partly to redeem a promise Shah Jehan is said to have made to Noon Taj when she was dying, that he would build her such a tomb as the world had never seen, that the Taj was built. History does not record who was the architect, but he was most probably a native of the sunny south, from the masterly manner in which the Italian is combined with the oriental style in its architecture, as well as that several kinds of fruits and flowers unknown in India, and indigenous to the south of Europe, are truthfully represented in the inlaid work on the marble screen which surrounds the cenotaphs placed side by side in the centre of the grand hall, the real tombs being in a vault immediately beneath them. This screen is not only the gem of the Taj, but is unrivalled by any similar work in any part of the world. It is composed entirely of marble ; panels of open work carved in the most graceful and varied patterns are, as it were, set in frames of the same material, richly inlaid with the most exquisitely finished representations of fruits and flowers, all executed in precious stones. You cannot understand how this delicate

shading can be produced with such materials, until your attention is directed to the fact, that a single leaf not half the size of your nail, is often composed of a dozen different pieces so admirably put together, as to bear the closest inspection. This art is nearly extinct now, but there are still manufacturers at Agra who produce a kind of Mosaic somewhat similar, but far inferior to it. Some idea, however, may be formed of the cost of the original from the extravagant price of the inkstands and chess tables now made in imitation of it. The slab of one of the latter, the squares being composed of plain black-and-white marble inlaid at each corner with a spray of flowers, costs £30.

It is difficult to believe that the Taj is over two hundred years old, so well have the deteriorating effects of an Indian climate been withstood by the white marble of which exclusively it is composed. Even the large platform, with graceful minarets at each corner on which the building stands, is all paved with large slabs of the same material. Much as the Taj has been praised, no one ever can be disappointed with it, or tired of admiring it; but, on the contrary, it seems to grow more and more lovely each time you see it, and you fancy nothing can be more beautiful than the Taj at sunset, until you see it illuminated with lamps and blue lights, or still better by the mild clear radiance, such as an Indian full moon in the cold weather can bestow. You may visit the Taj a hundred times, and each time discover some new beauty you had previously overlooked, amidst a host of others possessing equal claims to your admiration. The delicate execution of the elaborate carving on the interior of the lofty dome, frequently fails to arrest the visitor's attention, unless it is specially directed to it, because it is necessary to remain a considerable time within the building, before the eye gets sufficiently accustomed to its dim light to distinguish its graceful outlines, nor can it ever be seen in perfection except when illuminated at night, which is

only done on special occasions. The 'Taj being scarcely a mile from Agra cantonments, forms a favourite resort of such of the residents as have the good taste to prefer a quiet walk through the gardens surrounding it, or on the broad terrace overhanging the river, to 'eating air' and dust together on the monotonous course, or pretending to listen to the 'execution' of popular melodies at the band stand.

On the same bank of the river, but some distance higher up, stands the Fort of Agra, a handsome and extensive fortress, which has seen many vicissitudes and served many purposes, but never so good a one as during the late mutiny, when Europeans from all adjoining stations sought and found in it a safe asylum. Though not regularly besieged as in other places, they were cooped up within its walls for over six months, during a great portion of which time all communication was cut off, and it was the only British garrison able to hold its own between Meerut and Allahabad. It is situated so as to command both town and river, over which it towers with its lofty walls of red stone, round bastions, and thick ramparts of solid masonry, which, strong as it is, gives you an exaggerated idea of its strength, yet it did not long resist Lord Lake, who took it in 1803, and has left behind him some specimens of his handiwork, particularly about the palace, where large gaps in the marble lattice still mark the accurate aim of his siege guns. The entrance is striking, and almost impassable to any hostile comer, as after crossing the draw-bridge and passing under the outer archway, there is a long inclined plane with sharp turns to ascend, paved with stone, and commanded on both sides by high loop holed walls, before you reach the strong and handsome inner gate. The great extent of its walls requiring a strong garrison to man them, was a decided objection to the weak regiment who successfully defended them, yet there is little space left unoccupied by buildings of some

kind. Conspicuous amongst these is the Motee Musgid, or Pearl Mosque, which is considered to be the most exquisite specimen of Moslem architecture now extant. It is built throughout of light cream-coloured marble, and though small, is in perfect good taste, and so exquisitely finished, that each stone appears as if it had been polished and fitted to its neighbour by the hand of a lapidary. On the right or north side (for mosques throughout India are almost invariably built with the entrance to the east, in order probably that each true believer may be saved the trouble of turning about, in order to get into the correct position for prayer, that is, with the face towards Mecca,) is a latticed inclosure, to which the ladies of the imperial harem gained access by a private entrance, and from whence, invisible themselves, they might see and hear all that was going on, and join in the devotions of the faithful. This is a practical refutation of the statement frequently put forward, that Mahommedans believe women to be as much cut off from the enjoyment of a future state as the beasts that perish, as, of course, if they had no souls to be saved, there could be no object in their attending public worship or religious ordinances of any kind. Judging from the statements of intelligent Mussulmans, it seems questionable whether any part of the Koran is quite explicit on this point; but it may fairly be inferred from several passages, particularly one of the traditions wherein an old crone is said to have asked Mahomed whether he would admit such a decrepit poor creature as she was into Paradise. 'Not as an old woman,' replied the prophet, 'for all women shall there be restored to youth.'

In another part of the fort is the black marble slab, whereon, whilst the Mogul power was in the ascendant, former emperors used to sit to go through the farce of pretending to redress public grievances, and receive in person all petitions presented to them, which were handed on at once to the wuzeer, or prime-minister, whose seat is

still pointed out. When the Mahratta usurper, after capturing the fort, attempted to place himself on the throne of the Great Moguls, the insult was felt to be so gross, that the marble actually burst with indignation, and rent itself in twain, in corroboration of which veracious tradition the fissure remains to this day. The state apartments of the palace are well worthy of attention, for their fanciful designs, excellent proportions, and endless variety. A large space of ground is covered over with a perfect labyrinth of courts of reception, halls of audience, pavilions, towers, balconies, and terraces, as well as rooms innumerable of all shapes and sizes, and in every kind of style from severe simplicity to the most florid decoration, the latter much the more common of the two. Neither expense nor trouble has been spared to gratify the fastidious tastes of its former possessors, who, however wrong-headed and ignorant on other points, had certainly a good notion of what a palace ought to be. Many of the ordinary apartments are paneled with marble, and ornamented by flowers carved on the same, the floors being composed of elaborate Mosaics, and tessellated pavements in every imaginable colour and pattern ; one of them became a noble banquetting hall under Lord Ellenborough's auspices ; another called the Sheesh Mahal, or glass house, looks as if a large mirror had been punched into small bits, and stuck all over the walls. The Zenanah is the most curious part of all. It contains two distinct suites of apartments, the upper one for ordinary purposes, the lower one built underground for a cool retreat in hot weather. In this latter are long ranges of rooms for eating, sleeping, and cooking, mysterious looking cells, gloomy corridors, and even a large bath surrounded by a maze of intricate passages, constructed expressly in order that the ladies of the harem might vary the monotony of the bath, by a game at hide-and-seek, whilst freed from superfluous drapery, and thus gain both recreation and exercise dur-

ing the protracted operations of the toilet. My guides under pretence of showing me how it was done, but really to indulge their childish tastes, had a regular game there, scampering up and down unseen stairs, and showing themselves at unexpected peep-holes in a most puzzling manner ; but the merriment sounded discordantly through the deserted chambers, and it was too absurd to hear the bearded ragamuffins disguising their voices, and making use of feminine expressions, for there are in Hindostanee sundry phrases and interjections the exclusive property of the fair sex, which are considered ridiculous in a man's mouth. In the midst of all this luxury, like the slave in a Roman triumph, was placed a dark well which served the same purpose as the sack is said to do on the banks of the Bosphorus. The well, which is now almost quite filled up, is said to have been a hundred and twenty cubits deep; over the mouth is a large beam imbedded in masonry, on which, to make surety double sure, the culprit was hung, and then the body was cut down and allowed to drop into the black gulf beneath.

It looks a fitting spot for a dark deed. Legions of bats are the only inhabitants, and all around is now as cold and silent as those for whom it was built. Quietly as matters were hushed up, many tales of love and murder have leaked out ; but as generally occurs in oriental traditions of the kind, they are all too much in the same style to be presentable or interesting to our readers.

One of the buildings inside the fort has been converted into an arsenal and magazine for military stores. The hall that serves as an armoury, is a fine well-proportioned apartment, which, besides the various implements of destruction made to look as attractive as possible, together with tools for fabricating or keeping them in order, presenting to the uninitiated an unpleasant resemblance to thumb screws and instruments of torture, contains several curiosities.

Here are deposited the celebrated gates of Somnath, which, after all their wanderings and vicissitudes, have at last found a quiet though obscure retreat for their old age.

When Mahmood, the Ghuznevide, invaded Hindostan, he lost no opportunity of propagating his faith by exterminating idol worshippers, and destroying their temples. The temple of Somnath shared a similar fate with many others, and its gates—considered peculiarly sacred by Hindoos—were carried off in triumph to Ghuznee, where in token of Mahomedan supremacy, they were retained as trophies for over eight hundred years. Even after the invasion of Affghanistan—that fatal stain on our national honour—when the British flag waved on the stronghold of Mahmood, the Somnath gates remained undisturbed until 1842, when an avenging army came to retrieve previous disasters, and give treachery its due reward.

With a view to humbling the Affghans and pleasing our native soldiery, the Governor General directed that the gates of Somnath, should be brought back with the returning army. Much trouble it cost to carry them through those rocky defiles, nevertheless it was done, and they were brought with much pomp and circumstance as far as Agra, in order to be replaced in their original position, when it was found that the successors of their former owners were either wholly indifferent about them, or refused to receive them altogether. The thing was an evident failure, so they were quietly deposited in the Agra magazine, where they appear likely to remain for ever.

Sekundra, about six miles from Agra, contains many objects of interest, particularly the tomb of Akbar, and that rare sight on the north of India, a Christian village. During a famine which occurred over twenty years ago, many children, either orphans or deserted by their parents, were saved from perishing of hunger by the missionaries who educated and brought them up as Christians, and located them together at Sekundra, to afford mutual assis-

tance and society to each other. The little community kept together, supporting themselves by such trades as they had learned, amongst others printing, several kinds of which they executed in a most creditable manner, until the late mutiny broke out, when they were obliged like all Christians to seek safety in the fort. When order having been in some degree restored, and they were enabled to return, they found their flourishing little settlement utterly destroyed, school-house and workshops burnt or pulled down, presses broken, and types carried away. Probably, however, they will not lose much in the end, as government, generally liberal in such matters, appear very justly to think, that amidst the many sufferers no claim is more urgent than that of natives, whose fidelity to us has been the cause of their losses.

But the great sight of Sekundra is the tomb of the Emperor Akbar Shah, a monarch who possessed more elements of real greatness than any eastern prince of modern times. He died in 1604, and was buried in a vault below the building with the simple inscription of 'Akbar the admirable,' instead of the fulsome flattery which injudicious successors seem to think it necessary for their own respectability to place over the silent dust which moulders beneath the numerous handsome monuments to be found throughout Hindostan.

A fanciful double gateway, built with much elaboration, but little solidity or good taste, and now rather ruinous looking, admits you to a large quadrangle surrounded by a castellated wall, laid out in gardens which are neatly kept and abound in fine trees and shrubs. The tomb, built of red sandstone, rises from the centre of these gardens, each story diminishing in size as it ascends, which gives it the appearance of a pyramid with the top cut off. The lower stories have not much to recommend them, being uniform in their ugliness, and disfigured by a number of stunted, unmeaning, pepper-box-looking pillars ;

but the upper storey more than makes amends for the shortcomings of the lower ones. It is built entirely of white marble, and commands a fine view of the surrounding pleasure-grounds, and country beyond thickly sprinkled with dilapidated tombs and picturesque ruins of various kinds. Further on you get peeps at the city and fort, both built by Akbar through the marble lattice-work which surrounds this storey on every side. There are many fine specimens of this kind of work to be seen in the fort and Taj, but for variety of pattern and delicacy of execution, the trellis-work here is without a rival. There are no windows, their place being supplied at regular intervals by panels of the lattice-work above referred to, no two of them alike, and looking so light and fragile, that it seems wonderful how human fingers could have executed the delicate task, but that it should appear so fresh, every angle so sharp, and outline perfect, after two centuries and a half exposure, is positively incredible.

In the centre is a handsome marble cenotaph covered over with texts from the Koran, and the various titles of God as therein set forth in Arabic characters, but as in the Taj the real tomb is down below. Other scions of the house of Delhi have been interred in this building, and amongst others, death with his usual disregard of earthly distinctions, has laid the ashes of the lovely, but too timid Princess Shukkur ool Nissa, (or sweet one of her sex,) beside those of the renowned warrior and able politician, to whose memory this magnificent monument was erected.

Graves of Mahomedans throughout India are almost invariably placed with the headstone towards the north, the corpse wrapped in a winding sheet (whose name is nearly the same as our word coffin) is laid in it, resting on the right side, by which means the face is turned to the west in the direction of Mecca, whence they look for the coming of the resurrection.

Agra is the residence of the Lieutenant Governor and

the head quarters of judicial and financial government in the north-western provinces. The climate is as healthy as most plain stations, but the nights are unusually warm, which probably arises from the mass of ruins which cumber the ground, and retain the heat so long, that they hardly have time to cool, before the sun again rises to restore them to the same glowing condition as before.

Many persons pass near Agra without seeing it, as it lies several marches out of the direct route up country; but let none of our readers who have the opportunity omit visiting it on account of the detour it involves, and they will find there more objects to engage their attention than we could venture to trespass on their patience by describing.

A. L. N.

HINTS ON READING.

WHAT TO READ—WHAT TO READ CAUTIOUSLY—WHAT TO LEAVE UNREAD.

IN Mrs. A. Gatty's '*Poor Incumbent*,' (Bell and Daldy,) she has given us a more grave and sad picture than we are used to from her hands. It is very sweet and very mournful, with a little more satire on the existing state of things than would make it desirable reading for those who are happy enough to believe, that 'whatever is, is right;' but a forcible appeal to all to do their utmost, to work on cheerfully through light or darkness, and, above all, to listen to the key-note of the whole tale, 'Bear ye one another's burthens.' The wine merchant, the fatherly friend of the young curates, who supply to him the want of children of his own, is perhaps our favourite character.

Mothers who prefer making their children acquainted with Bible history without the use of the Holy Bible itself, will find their requirements well fulfilled by '*Readings from Holy Scripture*,' by the author of '*Tales of Kirkbeck*.' (Masters.)

An abridged translation of the life of that admirable woman, '*Marie Therèse de Lamourous, foundress of the House of La Misericorde, at Bourdeaux*,' by the author of '*The Heir of Redclyffe*,' has just been published by Messrs. J. W. Parker.

Since our late correspondence respecting the romances of King Arthur, we have been greatly pleased with a little book called '*Arthur's Knights*,' containing the leading incidents of the Quest of

the *Sancgreall*, versified with much beauty and melody, and with a true comprehension of the under-current of spiritual meaning contained in the adventures of the three successful knights, the self-devotion of Sir Percevale's sister, and the mournful failure of Sir Lancelot. The work was originally printed for the sake of a charity, and the price, somewhat high considering the size of the book, is 5s. A few copies may still be had at Messrs. Grant's, 54, Princes' Street, Edinburgh. We think it will delight such of our readers as love either pretty narrative poetry, or honour the name of Arthur. The recently published edition of the '*Morte d'Arthur*' is the old romance unchanged, but we still hope we may promise our young friends a prose edition, taken verbatim from that 'well of English,' and 'undefiled' in matter as well as in choice of language.

'*The Ladies of Beevor Hollow*,' by the author of '*Mary Powell*,' (Bentley,) are a bright, odd, and very natural pair, whom we are sure everyone must like.

Hugh Miller's writings have a peculiar charm of their own, and his '*Cruise of the Betsey*' has perhaps pleased us more than any, except his '*My Schools and Schoolmasters*.' It is impossible not to be interested in his Free-Kirk friend, the sea-faring minister, the very Antipodes to the Bishop of New Zealand, yet so like him, with his yacht for his manse—his compass and his Bible—his chart and his commentary—so like, yet so different. A sketch is given of a sermon upon the two places of refuge, the mountain-top and the lurking den, preached in the open air, within sight both of the glorious Scaur of Eigg and of the fatal cave filled with human bones—one of the most striking localities imaginable for such a discourse. Few descriptions more catch the imagination than those of the scenery of that island—the Scaur, a Giant's Causeway on the top of a hill, and the deadly cave of Francis, replete with a frightful mystery. Seldom have we met with books that so well interweave science, poetry, and religion. It is indeed Free-Kirk presbyterianism, but it was that to which he was born and bred, and held as an earnest and honest man.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A.—*Not forgotten, but deferred for want of space.*

H. G.—*We know of no such book as you wish for, but having some experience of illumination, we would endeavour to reply to any question you may wish to ask.*

LENA.—*We shall be happy to attend to your poetry.*

THE MONTHLY PACKET

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EVENING READINGS

for Younger Members of the English Church.

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CONVERSATIONS ON THE CATECHISM.

CONVERSATION XLVI.

SUBJECTS OF PRAYER.

Miss O. Yesterday we tried to discuss the habit of diligent prayer for God's special grace. Did you ever consider what are the especial subjects for our devotions? I mean the kind of service of the lip and heart that we ought to present, remembering first the primary object of all such service?

Helena. Do you mean our being forgiven and protected?

Miss O. Nay, what is the ultimate object of our being pardoned and preserved—the whole aim and scope of our destiny?

Audrey. I suppose it is the glory of God. Then you mean that the praise and honour of God is the great subject of prayer.

Miss O. It is that in which all should begin, and all should end. All the rest is but to prepare us to be able to offer the sacrifice of praise, so that our 'unclean lips' may not cause it to be rejected.

Helena. One must grow very holy indeed to learn to think of doing glory to God before thinking of one's own good.

Miss O. Or taking it in another way, what could lead

to so holy a life as the losing the thought of self in the desire to glorify God ?

Audrey. It is like the vision that Joinville mentions of the woman with a torch and pitcher, because she would burn heaven and quench hell, that so people might be led by the pure love of God alone, not by hope of reward nor fear of punishment.

Helena. I don't like that way of putting it. Can it be right ?

Miss O. Bossuet did not approve the doctrine when it was put forth by Fenélon, and certainly it does seem to be striving 'to wind ourselves too high for sinful man beneath the sky.' Very few minds are spiritual enough to appreciate the motive at all ; and since it certainly is the will of God to hold out the bliss of Heaven to us as an incentive, it surely is right for us to use it as such, and we know that St. Paul reckoned in hope and gratitude on the crown laid up for him.

Audrey. And the salvation of man is the glory of God.

Miss O. Yes, we cannot so glorify Him as by the accomplishment in us of the great work for which our Blessed Lord gave Himself. Our own good, and His honour, do indeed walk hand in hand, and we cannot truly work for the one without working for the other.

Mary. We are put into the world to do Him service here, and so to be trained to do Him better service in Heaven.

Miss O. So our devotions here are our homage to Him.

Audrey. That is the reason we ought to try to perform them regularly, both at home and in church, even if we cannot feel as if we were fulfilling them properly and attentively.

Miss O. Exactly so, and it should make us doubly strive to give our whole hearts. Our difficulties with our wan-

dering thoughts are by no means a reason for not endeavouring to offer our service to God.

Mary. We should not say as some people do, we get no good by going to church, and leave it off.

Miss O. No, we should look on it as the token of our respect and honour towards our God to present ourselves before Him, and not excuse ourselves by saying we do not get anything by it.

Audrey. We shall get the good if we go on in faith.

Miss O. The not being sensible of the good is the trial of our faith. Thus it is one of the great mistakes of the present day to judge of church architecture and church music by the effect upon our own feelings, just as if their purpose were to stir people up, instead of to make our best offerings, and to praise our God as perfectly as is in our power.

Audrey. Those things *do* help us and lift us up very much, and then it is very disappointing to find ourselves no better than we were before.

Miss O. Most disappointing ; but we must not for that reason think that the moment of devotional feeling was all hollow excitement. It *was* a great blessing, it was a flash of heaven, and if the ordinary temptations of life do come more severely or more wearily afterwards, it is very far from being a sign that there was no reality in it ; and the better those temptations are striven against, the more chance there is of another of those blessed glimpses. We live that we may offer our homage, we do not only petition in order that we may live.

Helena. I suppose that is one reason for taking little children to church, and teaching them to say prayers before they can understand them.

Miss O. You know we tell the little ones to try to conquer their weariness because their presence there is to show their respect to God. I knew one mother who, before her children could pray at all, used to put them on

their knees in her lap, and teach them to say, 'Mother, ask God to bless me.' I thought this a beautiful beginning of homage.

Audrey. Many people are afraid of beginning too soon with children, for fear of their gaining a habit of inattention, and learning to think the form everything.

Miss O. How soon little children ought to go to church, and how often, is a question on which each home has to form its own judgment. The tendency to rest habitually in observances, without trying to enter into their inner life, and thus falling into hypocrisy, is the great grief and trial of an externally religious life ; but I am sure of this, that the rite is the body which may bring the spirit ; and that there is little likelihood of ever obtaining the glowing sense of devotion without perseverance in tendering the outward tokens, which are an absolute duty required by God, in acknowledgment of His sovereignty.

Audrey. And praise is the highest and best part of our worship.

Miss O. The most heavenly part, but to fit ourselves in any measure for offering it, much ought to come first.

Helena. Are you speaking of public or private prayer ?

Miss O. Of both. I want you to-day to think what are the special kinds of prayers that everyone ought to offer both in his own chamber and in church—all tending towards praise as the great point.

Audrey. I suppose forgiveness is what we want most of all.

Helena. 'God be merciful to me, a sinner,' is one of the most acceptable prayers we are told of.

Miss O. To lay down our weight of sin at the foot of the Cross must be the first step in our approach to God, or we could not dare to come near Him at all.

Mary. That is why the daily service begins with the Exhortation and Confession.

Helena. And the Communion service with the prayer

that the thoughts of our hearts may be cleansed, besides the Confession afterwards.

Miss O. David has left us a most precious storehouse of entreaties for forgiveness.

Audrey. I do not know which are the Penitential Psalms.

Helena. vi., xxxii., xxxviii., li., cii., cxxx., cxliii.; but after all there are many others almost as full of repentance and cries for pardon.

Miss O. Yes; and you may observe that, except the 88th, a prophecy of the Passion of our Lord, there is not one of the mournful psalms which does not end by a burst of praise, as if under the sense of forgiveness.

Audrey. Pardon—when we have prayed for that, I suppose we should ask for help to go on better.

Miss O. Prayers for grace to live well.

Helena. Such as the collects at church.

Audrey. Yes, and at home, the asking to be aided against our own besetting sin, whatever it may be, and to grow in all the graces we want the most, and the asking for the continual help of the Holy Spirit.

Miss O. Well do we know how such prayers are heard, even from one not yet admitted to the covenant, ‘Cornelius, thy prayer is heard, and thine alms are come up for a memorial.’

Audrey. I think that as the praying for pardon seems to belong to our evening prayers, the praying for grace must belong to the morning, to help us through the day.

Miss O. So it is the spirit of the morning service, where we have the ‘Vouchsafe to keep us this day without sin’ of the *Te Deum*, and the collect for grace to order our doings through the coming day.

Helena. Our prayers for grace are the most certain to be answered, are they not?

Miss O. Yes, those offered with patience and earnestness, though often the special favour we seek may seem to

be long withheld, even when we ask to be relieved from some trying sin or temptation, or to obtain some good quality. And when we pray against our faults, perhaps our weak will is not always on the right side, so as to make us like the waverers spoken of by St. James, like waves of the sea, not receiving strength, because the prayer is not heartwhole, but with a mental reservation, as it were, almost hoping that the trial may be too strong, and excuse our failure to ourselves.

Audrey. So we have to ask that we may love the thing that Thou commandest.

Helena. And that He will 'grant us the grace of true repentance,' and 'create in us new and contrite hearts.' We want to have our eyes opened to see what is right, before we can even wish or ask.

Miss O. The whole 119th Psalm is a mixture of resolution to keep the law, and entreaty for the power of doing so; and so is the beautiful 19th, where it is not prophecy.

Audrey. What other Psalms especially pray for grace?

Miss O. I think the entreaties for grace are chiefly scattered in single verses, such as this beautiful one in the 143rd. 'Teach me to do the thing that pleaseth Thee, for Thou art my God: let Thy loving Spirit lead me forth into the Land of Righteousness.'

Helena. Few prayers ever were more beautiful than that in the Wisdom of Solomon, chapter ix., where he asks for wisdom. 'O send her out of Thy holy heavens, and from the throne of Thy glory; that being present, she may labour with me, that I may know what is pleasing unto Thee.'

Miss O. How God receives such prayers we know by the example of the real Solomon, who asked wisdom above all, and received not that alone, but unexampled wealth, honour, and power.

Mary. 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.'

Miss O. Yes, prayers for grace are one way of coming to the fount of living water, for ever open to such as thirst, without money, and without price. They are the prayers of which above all it is said that a man cannot go on both sinning and praying; one or the other he must leave off, if there be any sincerity left in him.

Helena. Would prayers for protection come next?

Miss O. I think so. They are our especial prayers as children, when rightly offered, like our morning collect, to be kept this day from falling into sin, or running into any kind of danger; and the corresponding one in the evening, 'Lighten our darkness, and defend us from all the perils and dangers of this night,' which means on the surface, protection from fire and thieves, or any danger that may haunt our fancies, and yet goes deeper and becomes a shield from all evil powers not only round us during the approaching night, but through the darkness of this present world, while our Sun of Righteousness is out of sight.

Audrey. We have prayers for safety in many of the collects, which ask to be kept outwardly in our bodies, and inwardly in our souls.

Helena. And in the Litany.

Miss O. Those prayers for support and protection for body and soul are the great means of keeping up the filial sense of trust and nestling under the Almighty wings.

Helena. As in the 121st Psalm. Oh! how sweet the sound of it is. 'He shall defend thee under His Wings, and thou shalt be safe under His feathers: His faithfulness and truth shall be thy shield and buckler.'

Audrey. Or what I cannot help being glad to hear sung in church when we are going from home:—

'At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
Thy God shall thee defend;
Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage
Safe to thy journey's end!'

Mary. 'Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under Thine own Almighty Wings.'

Helena. Yes, that and 'It is Thou, Lord, only that makest me to dwell in safety,' does give the impression of being sheltered and safely guarded.

Miss O. So those prayers are drawn from us to keep up our nearness to Him as children, as when Hezekiah spread the letter before the Lord. But those same prayers may often be the cries of abject fear, the very last and sole acknowledgment of God from those who would not have Him for a Father, but are forced to feel His might as an Avenger.

Audrey. 'For this shall everyone that is godly make his prayer unto Thee in a time when Thou mayest be found; but in the great water-floods they shall not come nigh Him.'—Psalm, xxxii. 7.

Helena. Or as it is in those terrible verses in the first chapter of Proverbs: 'I also will laugh at your calamity, I will mock when your fear cometh. When your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind, when distress and anguish cometh upon you, then shall they call upon Me, but I will not answer; they shall seek Me early, but they shall not find Me'—verses 26-28.

Mary. 'Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near.'—Isaiah, lv. 6.

Miss O. Everything teaches us that those who forget the Lord in their prosperity, will have Him recalled to their mind most fearfully in their adversity. Often it is as with the Israelites, 'when He slew them, they sought Him, and turned them early, and inquired after God;' and 'He was so merciful, that He forgave their misdeeds, and destroyed them not.'—Psalm, lxxviii. The temporal trouble or danger renews the sense of God's presence, and the sinner is brought home again.

Helena. Like Manasseh by his captivity.

Miss O. Then the cry is heard, and the chastisement removed in God's own good time ; but what if the sinner fall back into his sin, as Pharaoh did on the removal of each plague, and there shall come a time when the voice shall be uplifted in vain, and the Almighty ear closed ?

Audrey. It can be only out of very great mercy that He hears prayers that we offer in the midst of distress which we have brought on ourselves.

Miss O. And only when, like the penitent thief, we own that we suffer justly the punishment of our sins. 'An offering of a free heart' He will have, and though there are times when He listens to the entreaty extorted by deadly terror and anguish, yet they must be followed up by willing prayers when the pressure is removed, or the deliverance only adds to the condemnation as a warning desisted.

Helena. Is there not another sort of prayer for protection, not always only wrung out by trouble, but still not the right thing. I mean when people do not really give their hearts to God, but just pay service enough, as it seems to themselves, to keep off calamities in this world, and to have religion and heaven to turn to when they have done with the rest.

Miss O. I know what you mean, Helena ; it is faith without love, and we are all liable to fall into that spirit. Sometimes, I trust, the sincere belief works at last into a more full and true spirit of devotion, as by His various dealings, God draws the worldly-minded worshipper nearer to Him, and some storm roots up the thorns, and gives the good seed room to grow ; but sometimes the doom of light without love is incurred, and then comes the blindness of the eye, and the hardness of the heart, and the prayer is turned into sin.

Helena. And things asked are granted to his own destruction, like Balaam's being allowed to go with Balak's

messengers, or the people that inquired of Ezekiel with their idols in their heart.

Audrey. So those prayers against troubles and adversities may be either coming very near to God, or going very far away from Him.

Miss O. All the three kinds of prayer you have mentioned are needed because we are fallen creatures in a state of trial and punishment; for pardon because we have sinned; for grace to prevent us from sinning; for protection, to deliver us from punishment. But there are three other higher and more divine branches of devotion, which we share with the saints and angels, and with our great High Priest and Advocate Himself. The first is the especial prayer of love and unselfishness.

Helena. Intercession?

Miss O. I suppose it is especially of intercession that it is said that the effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much. (James, v. 16.)

Mary. Abraham's prayer did save Lot, and would have saved all Sodom if there had been ten righteous there. And Moses interceded for Pharaoh and was answered; and again and again for the children of Israel.

Helena. And Job was told to intercede for his friends, and David interceded for Israel.

Miss O. Very few intercessory prayers mentioned in Scripture seem to have been ungranted. Samuel indeed prayed in vain for the stubborn Saul, and David for the rebellious Absalom, and Jeremiah for the idolatrous nation. But the Psalms have told us that in such cases the prayer shall be turned again into the bosom of the suppliant, and I do believe that scarcely any devotion is more blessed both to the object and to the worshipper!

Helena. It was the father of the lunatic boy who won his cure, and the Syrophœnician woman entreated for her daughter. And the nobleman and the Centurion prayed for others.

Audrey. Is it not thought that St. Paul's conversion might have been an answer to St. Stephen's prayers ?

Miss O. I think we may believe so ; and we know in the Church afterwards how it was always believed that the conversion of St. Augustine was obtained by his mother's prayers.

Helena. St. Paul is always begging for the prayers of the Churches, and saying he prays for them.

Miss O. In interceding for others, Christians take their share as members of the great High Priest, within the Holy of Holies, and follow in the steps of that most precious inheritance which He left us in having permitted us to know the very words in which He recommended us also—yes, our very selves—to His Father on the night of His Passion.

Helena. And is it indeed in that right that the little child as it goes to bed, asks God to take care of its parents and brothers and sisters ?

Miss O. Perhaps no prayers on earth are so pure and innocent as those intercessions, and certainly none seem so much to move the heart !

Audrey. Our sins make us afraid to pray for better people than ourselves.

Miss O. They do give us a painful sense of presumption in offering such entreaties, but we know that we are bidden and encouraged to put them up, and that we may pray better for some loved one, is a blessed incentive to live better. And surely there is everything to lead us on to persevere ! Many a faithful suppliant who has persevered in sorrow and sickness of heart, may have passed from this world and seen the entreaty unfulfilled, but the memorial is still before God, and the accomplishment may be witnessed from Heaven. Who knows how many may have been brought into the Vineyard at the eleventh hour in answer to broken-hearted prayers of friends departed ?

Audrey. And when people are away, one always hopes that one's prayers may hover round, and keep off some mischief!

Helena. We should pray for more than our own friends, should we not?

Miss O. It is like the circles of love. Pray most for those nearest and dearest, for they seem especially commended to your prayers—parents, brethren, friends, school-children of your own—whatever is brought near your heart. Besides, there is the special duty of praying for anyone of whose errors you may have heard that day, or for those who may have vexed you, or for any one in special trouble or distress.

Mary. Like Grandmother always saying something of a prayer for the poor sailors when there is a great storm.

Helena. But, Godmamma, there are so many; one would not have time, one would often forget.

Miss O. Some good people have advised keeping a list, and dividing it according to the days of the week, to serve as a guide in private prayer. I was going to say, too, that each feeling of warmth of heart may be turned into a secret prayer of intercession. It is a precious testimony of gratitude, and it is a gift you can always secretly give to a poor man, even if it be needful to withhold alms. Our English reserve has very much prevented us from dwelling upon the need of intercessory prayer—and indeed there is much danger of unreality—so it may be better that we do not, as in the olden time, accompany each gift to the poor with an entreaty for their prayers. It had become too much of a purchase, but oh! if the poor would recollect the most valuable means of recompence they have towards their benefactors, what might they not do for them!

Helena. Some do, I think. There was that good old woman who used to lie on her bed praying for everyone all day—her minister for one.

Miss O. Our pastor and our Bishop have a special right to our individual prayers, as has the queen, and those in any immediate authority over us.

Audrey. In old times the need of constant intercession was very much felt. It was one purpose of the monasteries.

Miss O. And so it is still of our daily service. Who can tell how this kingdom may be tolerated for the sake of the Church's constant supplications for her? Who knows how many dangers have been averted by the voices so often crying out in the Litany, or what breathings of comfort may have been wafted to those in affliction? How beautifully the Church holds up the grief of soul or body of each one of her children and prays for its relief, and in each parish where the name is known, teaches the congregation to recommend each individual sufferer! Like Christ Himself, she bears her children and their sorrows on her heart into the Sanctuary!

Audrey. And no one can tell the good that is done by adding another voice to the entreaty.

Helena. It is according to St. Paul's command that supplications and intercessions should be made for kings, and all in authority, and so we never go to church without those intercessions. And he says, 'giving of thanks.' I suppose that is the next part of our devotion?

Miss O. What it is not to give thanks, we know by our Lord's mild displeasure at the nine ungrateful lepers.

Audrey. We are terribly thankless!

Miss O. Often because we really do not appreciate our blessings, from the very force of habit—as no one knows what health is save one who has been sick, nor what repose of mind is but one who has long been anxious. Therefore, even to a warm heart, it is often an effort to keep up thankfulness, and we require forms to maintain it in remembrance, as well as alarm or privation to give substance to those forms.

Helena. We require to be taught to give thanks every morning for having wakened up all safe, because we are used to such secure rest, but gratitude would come of itself if we had been frightened.

Miss O. Every blessing is to be requited with giving of thanks, so as to train us in the habit of owning the Author and Giver of all good things ; and it is a matter of great faith and submission likewise to thank Him for the ' blessings in disguise ' that seem full only of pain.

Audrey. The real good advanced Christian can thank Him for them as crosses, instead of praying them away as evils.

Miss O. Often ; and constant owning of the temporal blessings which are easy to understand, should lead us to submit in equal thankfulness and trust to suffering, like a sick child under his father's hand, saying it knows he will only give it pain for its good.

Helena. And there are always Creation and Redemption to give thanks for—the joy no man can take from us.

Miss O. There we may indeed begin to make thanksgiving brighten with celestial light, and become Praise. The book of Psalms, tinted and irradiated throughout by such light, rises in the end into heavenly glory, and becomes one continuous chant of praise : ' Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord ! '

Audrey. And we come nearest to Heaven when we are praising.

Miss O. Then we are, we trust, taking our part in the choir which St. John's eyes were opened to behold, when he heard the ' ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing. And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea,

and all that are in them, heard I saying, 'Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever. And the four Beasts said, Amen, and the four-and-twenty Elders fell down and worshipped Him that liveth for ever and ever.' (Rev. v. 12-14.)

Helena. 'To Thee all Angels cry aloud, the heavens and all the powers therein. To Thee Cherubim and Seraphim continually do cry, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth. Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of Thy glory. The glorious company of the Apostles praise Thee. The goodly fellowship of the prophets praise Thee. The noble army of martyrs praise Thee. The holy Church throughout all the world doth acknowledge Thee.'

Miss O. Yes, that and the *Gloria in Excelsis*, the echo of the Angels' Christmas song, are the notes in which best we can unite with the choirs above, and 'sing the song of Moses and of the Lamb,' the song of the redeemed from bondage, who have shared the Lord's glorious triumph, and left their foes sunken like lead in the mighty waters.

Audrey. The better we live, the better we shall praise.

Miss O. The more fit will our lips become to break out into these most glorious strains. And if we turn all our thoughts of thankfulness to God, the more will our happiness and contentment express itself in 'psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in our heart unto the Lord.' The merry heart will sing a psalm within at any hour unto the Lord, and no wonder it maketh a cheerful countenance, for that psalm of praise is a foretaste of the golden harp awaiting it above!

Audrey. I was thinking that for praise we want set forms more than for almost anything else. The sorrowful human part of our prayers seems to express itself naturally—'the heart knoweth its own bitterness'—but

when we are happy and glad, the feeling seems to swell so that utterance will not come, or would be only incoherent and vague, so that one wants the measured words to help and carry one up.

Miss O. The very mission for which poetry was, I suppose, sent on earth, to find the fixed words to attune those throbbings, and to excite them ! Led by Moses, David, and the Prophets, catching the distant chords of the eternal chant in heaven, the minstrelsy has swelled throughout the Church, the inspired hymns meeting the all but inspired songs of St Ambrose and St. Bernard, and carried on into every ramification of the Church by all her members to whom the gift is accorded of pouring out their sense of adoration in song.

‘ Childlike though the voices be,
And untunable the parts,
Thou wilt own the minstrelsy,
If it flow from childlike hearts !’

Helena. Yes, I suppose that is the great mission of poetical feeling, to enable us to enter into praising God ; but it surely has many others.

Miss O. Yes, He allows us to turn the gift to many another purpose than direct praise. It is the expression and solace of every master feeling, glad or sorrowful ; but I do not feel any doubt that the adoration and praise of God is the primary and highest object of the endowment, as of course, it is of all others.

Helena. I see what Audrey means—we should hardly praise at all without the help of set words ; and even those who like extemporary prayers know that, for they cannot do without psalms and hymns.

Audrey. For our other branches of devotion we need forms partly to hinder us from forgetting anything, and to pull our mind into the right frame, if possible.

Miss O. To save us from being ‘ rash with our mouth

to utter anything before God,' as Solomon tells us ; to prevent trivialities, and one species of 'vain repetition.'

Helena. And in public worship I don't know how it would be possible to join in a prayer if it were all new, and one did not know what was coming next.

Miss O. It does not seem to us the way to pray with the spirit, and pray with the understanding also,' though there may be occasions when the gush of devotion may raise and bear the fellow-worshippers up with him who leads them. The one heart and one voice are better secured by the universal practice of the Church in all her public devotions ; and besides, the similarity of prayer and praise has been one great means of the communion of all her members in all times and places, whether the Christian kneeling singly in his chamber ; the assembled household ; the congregation who have Christ's sure promise that He is in the midst of them ; or the glorious unnumbered multitude around the Throne, with white robes, and palms in their hands. Next time we will speak of the times of day which seem chiefly appropriate for our devotions.

(*To be continued.*)

CHRONICLES OF AN OAK.

CHAPTER III.

THE LION OF JUSTICE.

Boy. I am come back early to-day. Papa says he is sure I was very hasty last time, Mr. Oak, but really you must not bore me about Latin.

Oak. I saw you were in a passion. Pray be kind enough to say whether I am to tell you my story in my own way or yours ?

Boy. In your own way, I suppose ; you are a queer old thing.

Oak. I grant you ; I have my own crotchets. Eight

hundred years make one a little stiff in one's notions. I mean to be the Old Oak or nothing.

Boy. Well, let it be as you please. I don't intend to be rude to you again in a hurry.

Oak. Then I shall utter what I was going to say when you decamped in such a heat yesterday. I wanted to tell you the strange things which happened here one day after a Latin sermon had been preached to the people.

Boy. Latin to the people ! why the people surely could not understand it !

Oak. So I should have thought. It was under my boughs, however, nearly seven hundred years ago, that a Norman Monk, one Gilbert, preached this sermon to a great congregation gathered together from all the neighbouring country. Of course the Monks and some others could follow his Latin, but, though I am certain the women and the poor hinds could not understand a word, you never saw such a scene of weeping and wailing, and crowding round the preacher to take the cross. I heard, and believe, that this same Gilbert stirred up more of the poorer Englishmen to become crusaders than anyone else.

Boy. Well, that was very remarkable. It shows that that there was something very earnest in his manner ; and then you know he showed them the cross, and they knew the meaning of *that*, and I suppose everybody knew beforehand his object.

Oak. Probably. Since you came to me, I have been thinking over several things which I saw in the reign of Henry I., and which make me inclined to agree in your opinion of him. I dare say you know that he was called the Lion of Justice, as well as Fine Scholar. I must say, he was sometimes more like a Tiger. Perhaps you are not aware that there were a great many Mints, or places where money was made, in those days. About the time I am speaking of, the bishops and the great barons coined and issued money from Mints at their own abbeys or

castles. This money had the *appearance* of silver money, (there was no copper then,) but was mixed up with so much of alloy, and so clipped and cut down, that it had not half its proper value. The silver penny of Henry the First thus came to be of very little worth. Now the Lion of Justice, learning the practices of some of the managers of the Mints, flew into a violent passion with them, and, seizing fifty of them one day, he caused the right hands of all but four to be struck off.

Boy. Barbarous !

Oak. My dear boy, I could tell you many stories of the people of those days, which would show you what barbarians they really were—king, monks, nobles, people, and all. Highway murders and robbery were common things then, and if it pleased the Lion of Justice to rouse himself, no doubt he had plenty of prey. At one time, and in one small town, the king hung as many as forty-four persons for these crimes. When he was making a royal progress, after reigning about eight years, I remember what a lawless, desperate set of people came in his train. They passed through the wood, at a little distance from me. Such troops of purveyors, and cooks, and players, and minstrels, clowns and fools, so many idle and ill-behaved women, so much jostling, and rioting, and uproar, I thought a very disgraceful spectacle ; there was also much quarrelling. Near the king himself, the knights and their chargers made a gay and splendid figure, and *they* behaved decently, but the people who followed or went before them, were the very dirtiest, most miserably clad mob you can conceive. And then their behaviour ! In this part of the world our poor bondsmen and tillers of the land were a very quiet set of people, though stupid and ignorant. The abbey, too, kept them in some order ; but when the king and the court passed through a place, they really left a blight behind them of all that was good. Travellers could get on but slowly in those days. They

went a few miles, and then they camped out for the night. The purveyors made no scruple of going into poor shepherds' or swineherds' cottages, or even into the better houses of the Saxon Thanes, without asking leave. They turned the owners of the houses out of doors, and slept in their beds, and ate their food for them. They paid nothing, and often cleared off whatever was left in the house, and sometimes wantonly burned the roof that had sheltered them. They ill-treated the women too, and, in fact, whenever it was rumoured that the king was likely to come by, a cry of terror went up, and the poor people ran away into the depths of the woods, hiding up whatever was worth concealing.

Boy. What a wretched life, and what a wretched king!

Oak. When at length his eyes were in some degree opened, it was to be expected that his perplexities would be very great. He had no notion of curing anything wrong, however, but by severely punishing the wrong doer: and when he found that the people had been oppressed, he went to work in the old way, cutting off hands and feet. But still he taxed the poor unmercifully. One of the monks said to another in my hearing, 'God knows how harshly this miserable people is dealt with. First they are deprived of their property, and then they are put to death. If a man owns anything, it is taken from him. If he has nothing, he is left to starve.*'

But now listen, you shall hear what happened to the Lion of Justice as he lay one night upon his bed. I have heard it over and over again, for the king told the story to many. It was just before King Henry set out on his last visit to Normandy. At the midnight hour, on a sudden, there came before his sleeping eyes a vision of terror. First of all, his room seemed to be peopled by a host of poor countrymen, brandishing their scythes, and spades,

* Saxon Chronicle.

and pruning-hooks ; they gathered round his bed and shook their heads at him, with angry looks and threatening gestures. They passed away, however, but soon came another crowd, still more formidable. These were armed men with drawn swords, which they waved over him, looking with stern wrath toward the monarch as he lay. But they, too, passed by. Then, last, there entered an array of mitred and crosiered abbots and bishops, leaning over him with their heavy staves as if to crush him on that spot. The Lion of Justice could not stand this. He sprang out of bed, trembling from head to foot, seized his sword, and called loudly for his attendants. Peasants, soldiers, and the church, all seemed banded together against him. He took the warning as if sent from Heaven, and those who were about him said that he was altered from that hour, that he made a vow of repentance and amendment, and that his tone during the short remaining period of his life, was certainly less harsh and more considerate to the people round him.

Boy. I dare say that dream really *did* come to him. You know he had been made very sad by the loss of his son, and then surely he must have felt something like remorse when his brother Robert died.

Oak. One hopes he did. Poor Robert ! poor blind old man, just entering his eightieth year, when death came to release him from the power of his unbrotherly enemy. It was not long after that event, that Henry went on his last visit to Normandy. The people said he was so unsettled, so miserable, he could enjoy nothing. He went over the water merely to hunt and drive grief away, and in this they said he was somewhat successful, for he returned to his lodge in the evening in better spirits, but foolishly enough, supped on unwholesome food. He fell ill, then fever set in, and in a few days, only the dead body of the Lion of Justice remained to be brought to England and buried in the abbey at Reading.

Boy. So that was the end of Henry the First. (*A pause.*) Won't you go on, Mr. Oak ?

Oak. I don't think I can. It is all a tangle about Stephen and the Empress Maude, and I am sure it was very disagreeable. If you had climbed to my topmost bough then, you would have seen I don't know how many castles all round me. The people who lived in them led *such* a life ! Would you believe it, even the church towers were turned into fortresses, and the sweet bells of the belfry were silenced, and deep ditches dug round the towers, in doing which they dug into the grave-yards, and brought the bodies of the dead to light. Sorrowing monks walked about the land, trying to preach peace and concord, and sometimes their faith would fail, and they asked, ' Why does the God of Israel sleep ? ' But indeed in those sad times, many a man of Norman race went back to his father's land, rather than stay in that wretched England. What made the matter worse, the different parties who were fighting for the crown, brought in foreign mercenary troops, Flemish men, and Brabanters, who were poorly paid in money, and allowed to live at free quarters among the people, stealing and extorting all they could. The only comfort was, that young Henry, the Empress Maude's son, was growing up a fine bright young man, and the people believed he was quite determined to reign justly. They were not pleased when they heard he had married a French wife, however, especially as she was certainly not a good woman. But the life of King Henry the Second is one which I cannot very well hurry over. I think I myself remember it better than most of the reigns I have known, and you look a little tired. Suppose we leave it to our next meeting. When will you come again ?

Boy. I don't quite know. Papa is going to buy me a pony, and I really must have some nice rides upon it.

Oak. What would you say to getting up an hour earlier

these pleasant mornings, and paying me a visit before the sun has dried up the dew ? I am freshest then.

Boy. Very well, I'll try ; and so good evening, Mr. Oak.

(To be continued.)

FORGOTTEN POETS.

CHAPTER II.

ANGLO-SAXON AND NORMAN LADIES PRIOR TO THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

IN England, as in Germany, the cloister seems to have given the first impulse to literature among women. Copying and illuminating manuscripts was the favourite occupation of several of those Anglo-Saxon princesses who, either from choice or necessity, retired into convents. The daughters of Edward the Elder were inmates of a convent founded expressly for their reception, and Eadburga at an early age became Abbess of St. Mary's, Winchester. The care of her royal father had supplied the abbey with an excellent library, and Boniface the Apostle of Friesland in one of his letters, requests her to send him a copy of the Epistles of St. Peter, written in letters of gold. Leobgitha, her pupil, addressed to the same Boniface some rhymed Latin hexameters, which are given with a translation in Sharon Turner's History of the Anglo-Saxons, chap. v. p. 381.

'Arbiter omnipotens solus qui cuneta creavit
In regno Patris semper qui fulmine fulget,
Quia jugiter flagrans sic regnet gloria Christi,
Illasum servet sempre te jure perenni.'

'May the Almighty Judge, who in His Father's realms,
Created all, and shines with endless light,
In glowing glory reigning, thee preserve
In ever-enduring splendour and delight.'

Composing centos was a favourite occupation with other literary religieuses, but these poems must have been very dry, uninteresting productions. They afforded no scope whatever for original talent, being merely separate verses, selected from any of the great classic poets, and so arranged as to form a complete poem upon any subject, however little in accordance with the spirit of the original. The themes chosen by the nuns were generally religious, and lines from Homer and Virgil narrate the histories of saints and apostles, in a strangely incongruous and unconnected manner.

Proba Falconia, who lived in the fourth century, is said to have actually written the history of the Creation, the Deluge, and the Birth of our Saviour, in centos borrowed from Virgil. Seven hundred lines are so curiously arranged, that, by the aid of titles to each separate portion, the words of the Mantuan bard are made to relate the principal events recorded in Holy Scripture. Leobgitha appears to be the only Saxon lady whose original lines have been handed down to us.

During the turbulent period which succeeded her era, when the peaceful Saxons were driven from their homes by the fierce incursions of their Danish foes, when the country was laid waste, the villages destroyed, and even the convent and the monastery ceased to afford sanctuary to their trembling inmates, literature was of course neglected and forgotten. It revived, however, with the Normans after the Conquest, although, being chiefly dependent on the favour of the court, the most popular works of that period were written in the language of the conquerors, and we find no English poetesses recorded until the famous Julyana Berners in the fourteenth century.

The Anglo-Norman ladies were generally distinguished by their patronage of men of letters ; not merely of the Troubadours and Trouvères who frequented the court, but of historians and romance writers. Wace's Chronicles

seem to have been especial favourites with them, and Gaimar, who wrote 'l'Histoire des Engles,' (Angles,) ascribes the existence of his work entirely to a certain noble lady, 'la Dame Custance.'

'Cette histoire fist (fit) translater
 Dame Custance la gentil,
 Gaimar i (y) mist (mît) Marz et Auril
 E (et) tuz (tous) les duize (douze) meis (mois).'

'Ains qu'il eust (eût) translaté des reis.

Dame Custance en ad l'escrit
 En sa chambre sovent la lit
 E ad pour escrit doné
 Un marc d'argent art * e pesé.'

Sanson de Nanteuil also wrote to please a lady named Alice de Condé, and Aymez, the author of Florimont, commences thus :—

'Seigneur, oz oies [now hear] que je di
 Aymez pour amour de Neilli
 Si fist le romans si sagement.'

Henry Beauclerc's taste for learning is well known, and appears to have been shared by both his queens. The first, Matilda of Scotland, an Anglo-Saxon by descent, is honourably mentioned by Malmesbury in his Chronicle, and we are told that Philippe de Thaun dedicated to the second, Adeliza of Louvaine, two poems, one of them the curious treatise on natural history entitled *Bestiarius*.

The spirit of chivalry, and the language of romance, seem to have sprung into existence together, fostered by the genial rays of a southern sun, which tempered without enervating the barbarous daring of the Norman war-

* *Art e pesé*, (probably from the verb, *arter*, brûler,) melted and weighed. It is as well to remember, in reading old French, that the *s*, as in *eust*, &c. is now generally replaced by a circumflex accent—*eût*.

riors, producing in its stead a noble, chivalrous spirit, and a lofty sense of honour. Women had ever been treated with esteem and reverence by the Teutonic race, and in the days of chivalry they were almost worshipped. Ladies were always present at the tournaments and martial sports in which the Knights delighted, and the best and most honourable places were reserved for them.

‘ Pour voir et pour regarder
 Ceux qui veulent honneur garder
 Et mettre cuer (cœur) et corps, et âme
 Pour l’amour d’honneur, et de dame,
 Là veist-on (vît-on) sour (sur) Nourdées (échafauds.)
 Dames vestues de samis
 D’orfroï et de pourpre parées
 Noblement furent acesmées (habillées)
 Lor (leur) biautés (beautés) le parc enlumine.’ *

As the Knights fought for the honour of their ladies, so they often ventured to maintain the sovereignty of their charms in the lists of poetry, as well as on the tented field; and the ladies sometimes accepted their homage, and expressed their own affection in strains no less harmonious. Occasionally some noble dame would venture on a loftier flight, and, like the Comtesse de Die, become herself the chronicler of her Knight’s gallant deeds, the muse, whose heroic counsels aimed at kindling in his breast yet warmer aspirations after glory and renown.

We rarely meet with any account of these lady Troubadours; of many, indeed, the names alone remain; and of others we are obliged to content ourselves with such scanty information as may be gleaned from accidental allusions, or the general character of their verses. From what noble family they were descended—how they married, and of what Knight or Troubadour they became the ideal objects of affection—may possibly be recorded, but

* From ‘Gabrielle de Vergy,’ a romance, by Agnes de Brage-longne, XIIIth century.

seldom indeed are we fortunate enough to discover more, and in many instances even these few particulars are wanting.

In noticing a few of the most illustrious of these ladies who lived before the opening of the thirteenth century, I commence with CLARA D'ANDUSE, of whom we know only that she lived, loved, and died; and one of her 'Chansons,' which has been beautifully translated by Roscoe, is given below. The original may be found in the 'Poésies Occitaniques,' vol. vii. p. 32.

'Into what cruel grief and deep distress
The jealous and the false have plunged my heart,
Depriving it, by every treacherous art,
Of all its hopes, of joy, and happiness!
For they have forced thee from my arms to fly,
Whom far above this evil life I prize,
And they have hid thee from these loving eyes!
Alas! with grief, and ire, and rage, I die!

Yet they who blame my passionate love for thee,
Can never teach my heart a nobler flame,
A sweeter hope than that which thrills my frame,
A love more full of joy and harmony.
Nor is there one, not even my deadliest foe,
Whom, speaking praise of thee, I do not love;
Nor one so dear to me, who would not move
My wrath, if from his lips dispraise should flow.

Fear not, fair love, my heart shall ever fail
In its foud trust. Fear not that it will change
Its faith, and to another loved one range;
No! though a hundred tongues that heart assail!
For love, who has my heart at his command,
Decrees it shall be faithful found to thee,
And it *shall* be so! Oh! had I been free,
Thou, who hast all my heart, hadst had my hand.

Love, so o'ermastering, is my soul's distress
At not beholding thee, that when I sing
My notes are lost in tears and sorrowing,
Nor can my verse my heart's desires express.'

Donna TIBERGE DE MONTAUZIER, or Natibors, (the *na* of Donna being frequently blended with the name, and thus formed into one word,) was a native of Provence, and lady of the Castle of Seranon. She is described as ‘*courtoise, bien apprise, avvenente et fort habile,*’ courteous, well brought up, agreeable, clever, and possessing an especial talent for poetry. The subjoined Chanson, translated from one given in St. Palaye’s *Histoire des Troubadours*, is very pretty and feminine :—

CHANSON.

‘Sweet friend, since first I knew thy perfect love,
 Each passing hour has brought new dreams of thee;
 No trembling fears my heart’s fond choice reprove,
 I breathe no wish but to be still with thee,
 For hope and joy with thee, my love, depart,
 Till thy return brings sunshine to my heart.’

The personal history of the COMTESSE DE DIE, many particulars of which are given both by Crescimbeni and Saint Palaye, is highly romantic. She lived about the year 1194, and her name had already been rendered illustrious by several ladies of high birth, beauty, and poetic fame. Her aunt, also a Comtesse de Die, is named amongst the ladies composing a Court of Love which had been summoned to decide the curious question, whether a knight’s affection was likely to be most sincere when he had seen the ‘*Dame de ses pensées,*’ or when he had not. Many of the ladies seem to have inclined to the latter opinion, and the story of Geoffroi de Rudel was cited in support of it. This Troubadour had, it is said, heard such glowing reports of the beauty, courtesy, and various accomplishments of the Countess of Tripoli, that he immediately became her devoted servant, and lost no time in embarking for Tripoli, that he might behold the object of his romantic attachment. He was attacked during the voyage by a dangerous illness, and was more than once supposed to be dead. He lived, however, to

reach the port, though in a state of utter exhaustion and insensibility. The rumour of his arrival, and of the object of his voyage, spread through the city, and the Countess deigned herself to visit the ship on board which he lay dying. Her presence recalled him to consciousness ; but only for a moment, and he expired in the effort to express his gratitude for her condescension.

Little less romantic are the circumstances recorded of the Comtesse de Die herself. She loved, and was beloved by the Chevalier d'Adhémar, and celebrated in many of her canzone the exploits and chivalric fame of her lover. He, on his part, proud of her talents and affection, constantly carried a copy of her verses in his bosom, and when in the company of knights and ladies, often beguiled the time by singing a few of her couplets in his own praise. One day, however, an insidious report reached him of the inconstancy of his illustrious mistress, and he fell sick with grief and bitterness of heart. The comtesse, on hearing of his condition, set out at once to visit him, accompanied by her mother, and a noble train of knights and ladies, hoping by so distinguished a proof of affection and fidelity to comfort and restore him to health. But it was too late ; he lived but to acknowledge with gratitude this last token of her love and constancy, and expired in her arms.

The only poems by the Comtesse de Die which I have seen, are written in the ancient Romance dialect, and I regret to say that I have never met with any translation of them into more modern French.

MARIE DE FRANCE is in every respect the most famous of these lady Troubadours, and one, too, in whom we justly take a peculiar interest, as her poems are chiefly founded on old British legends and traditions, and the scene of many of them is laid in England, where she herself appears to have often resided. She is supposed to have been nearly connected with our Norman sovereigns.

Marie is, properly speaking, rather a Trouvère, or romance writer, than a Troubadour, her poems being founded on popular tales and lais, preserved amongst the inhabitants of Bretagne by the Britons who, about the year 460, fled thither from the Saxon invaders of their own country. The province, which had before been called Armorica, derived from them its name of Bretagne, or Brittany. Though Marie ranked high amongst the Trouvères of her time, her name is mentioned only by Denys Pyramus, and we have no contemporary evidence either as to her rank or lineage. There are, however, strong grounds for supposing her to have been the daughter of Eleanora of Aquitaine and Louis VII. of France. The subsequent marriage of Eleanora with Henry II. of England, would naturally bring Marie, then Countess of Champagne, into more intimate relation with the adopted country of her mother, and our poetess informs us that her lais were written in England, although in the language of the Norman conquerors.

The following extract, transcribed from Sharon Turner's *History of England*, powerfully supports the opinion just expressed as to Marie's birth and family.

'It is at least certain that Mary, Princess of France, did espouse the Count of Champagne, and that her lord was a great patron of poets and romance writers. Her mother, Eleanora, was likewise a great favourer of the Troubadours, and Marie was herself so much attached to the "gai science" as to hold "Cours d'Amour," and to give judgment on the questions submitted to her by knights and Troubadours. One of these Courts was held in the year 1174. She survived her husband, and died in 1197. Thus our King Henry II. was her step-father, and his sons, Henry, Richard, and Geoffrey, her half-brothers. Geoffrey was made Count of Bretagne, and died during his father's life-time. Marie was sister both to Philip, the reigning king of France, and to Richard, King of England, and stood, therefore, in the singular position of being equally related to both countries, and connected with the most distinguished personages in each, and was, therefore, probably familiar with both languages.'—*Sharon Turner's History of England*, book vi. p. 306.

These circumstances accord completely with what Marie tells us of herself in her poems, particularly in the Epilogue, or 'Conclusion des Fables de Marie de France.' This was a French version of Esop's fables, which had been translated from the Latin into English by Henry II., and subsequently into French rhymes by Marie.

'Au finiment de cet escript
Qu'en François d'Anglez ai transcript
Me nommeray par remembrance ;
Marie ay nom ; je suis de France
En France née ; aussy me crois
Du sang dont yssirent les rois.'

She then continues, speaking of the reasons which had first prompted her to undertake that work :—

'Pur (pour) amur le cumte Guillaume
Le plus vaillant de cest royaume
M'entremet de cest livre feire
Et de l'Angleiz en roman treire.
Ysopet, apeluns ce livre
Qu'il travailla et fist écrire
Di grec en latin le turna
Li rois Henris qui moult l'ama
Le translata puis en Angleiz,
Et jes l'ai rimé en Franceisz.'

[For love of the Count William, *
The most valiant in this kingdom,
I have attempted to make this book,
And to turn it from English into the Romance.
Esop we call this book,
Which he invented and wrote.
From Greek it was turned into Latin
By King Henry, who loved it much,
Afterwards he turned it into English,
And I have rhymed it in French.]

The stories written by Marie are all Breton 'Lais.'
She herself says—

'Plusieurs en ai oi (oui) conter
Ne voil (je ne veux) laisser nes' oblier
Rimez en ai, et fait ditiè.'

* Probably William Longespée, Earl of Salisbury.

She dedicates them to her half-brother, Prince Henry, or, as some have supposed, to King Henry III.

‘ En l’honneur de vos (vous) nobles Rois,
 Sic tant estes pruz (preux) et curteis (courtois)
 M’entremis de Lais assembler.

* * * *

Si vus (vous) les plaist à recevoir
 Mult me ferez grant joie avoir.’

That the Lais were intended for English readers, is scarcely less evident, as the French, or Armorican, words introduced are frequently translated into that language. In the ‘Lai du Bisclaveret,’ Marie mentions that the English translate that word ‘Garwaf,’ or ‘Garwall,’ (were-wolf, homme-loup;) and in that ‘du Chèvrefeuille,’ she also explains that it is in English ‘Gotelef,’ (goat leaf,) a name, however, which one cannot trace at all in our Honeysuckle.

‘ Gotelef l’apelent en Engleiz
 Chevrefoil le nument (nomment) en Franceis.’

In the commencement of another of the Lais it is observed—

‘ Si l’apelent en lur païs; (Bretagne)
 Cé o est resium (rossignol) en Franceis,
 E Nihtegale en dreit Engleis.’

Some interesting specimens of the Lais are given in Ellis’s metrical romances. They are twelve in number, and the scene is very frequently laid in Britain. In the Lais ‘de Lanval’ and ‘du Chèvrefeuille,’ the chief characters are persons connected with the court of King Arthur. Those entitled ‘du Chaitevel, ou des quatre douleurs,’ ‘de Milon,’ and ‘Des deux amants,’ have been often reproduced in various forms. The Lai of Eliduc, one of the longest, and in some respects the most interesting of all, may suffice to give an idea of their general style.

Eliduc, a Breton knight, travels into England. The favour shown him by his sovereign, one of the kings of 'la petite Bretagne,' having excited the jealousy of the other courtiers, through whose machinations Eliduc, notwithstanding his own innocence and his master's partiality, is at length treated by the latter with so much coldness that he determines to quit the court. Returning in disgust to his home, he there assembles his vassals, tells them he has learned the bitter truth of the proverb, that a man

'S'il est sages e vedzieuz,' (well instructed,)

will never 'tence a son charier,' (dispute with his cart-horse,) nor trust to the favour of kings, although he must ever owe

'Leauté (loyalty) à sun Seigneur
Envers ses bons veisius amur.'

Eliduc leaves his wife, Guildaluec, to govern in his absence, and then

'Tient sun chemin tut avant
A la mer vient, si est passez
En Toteneis (? Totness) est arrivez.'

And proceeds thence towards 'Excestre,' (Exeter,) where he renders important services to the king, and by his chivalry and courtesy wins the affections of the princess, his daughter, who, of course, is not aware that he is married already. In the meantime, he is summoned by his own prince to return, and leaves Exeter, promising the beautiful Guilliadun to return at a fixed time and claim her for his bride. He does so, but fearing to ask her publicly in marriage, he persuades her to fly with him by night in a vessel which he had provided, under the escort of two faithful squires.

Before they reach Bretagne, Guilliadun discovers, from an observation made by one of these squires, that Eliduc is already married, and her anguish at the discovery

throws her into a swoon, which appears like death. Eliduc, on reaching land, places the body, which loses nothing of its freshness and beauty, in the deserted cell of an ancient hermit, and returns to his castle, first kissing 'les oilz et la face,' and vowing never again to bear arms, or to enter the world.

'Bele amie,' he exclaims, 'mar me veistes
Duce chère mar me siwivistes!'

(pour ton malheur tu m' as vu. Douce chère pour ton malheur
tu m' as suivi.)

The wife of Eliduc is surprised at her husband's melancholy, and at his frequent absences, for every day he visited the hermitage, and wept over the unfortunate Guilliadun. At length she orders a squire to watch and follow him, and having discovered whither her husband went, Guildaluc herself takes advantage of Eliduc's absence to visit the hermitage. While she is gazing on the body with pitying admiration, a little weasel, *mustelle*, runs over it, and is immediately killed by the squire, who flings the dead animal aside. Presently another enters, seeking its companion, and finding the dead body, runs out and fetches a little red flower, which it places in the creature's mouth, and thus restores it to life. Guildaluc bids her squire seize the weasel as it was escaping, takes the flower, and places it within the lips of Guilliadun; the maiden immediately revives, and relates her story to the wife of Eliduc, who, filled with sorrow, takes her under her protection. In the end of the story, all the three enter convents, where

* 'Mut se pena chascun pour sei
De Dieu amer par bele fei
E mut firent tuz bele fin.'

* Each took great pains to serve God with love and faith, and each made a very holy end.

E. J. M.

(To be continued.)

THE YOUNG STEP-MOTHER.

CHAPTER XXIV. (*Continued.*)

MR. FERRARS agreed to spend the next day in going with his sister and her husband to Traversham. He thought the resolution of both would be strengthened by his presence, and besides wishing to see Mr. Downton, he was not devoid of curiosity as to the condition of the patient. Albinia would not hear of staying at home; in fact, Maurice suspected her of being afraid to trust Gilbert to his mercy.

With a trembling heart she left the train at the little Traversham station, making resolutions neither to be too angry with the negligent tutor, nor to show Gilbert how much importance she attached to his illness.

As they walked into the village, they heard a merry clamour of tongues, and presently met five or six lively fresh-looking boys, and, a few paces behind them, Mr. Downton.

'Ah!' he exclaimed, 'I am glad you are come. I would have written yesterday, but that I found your boy had done so. I shall be very glad to have him cheered up about himself. I will turn back with you. You go on, Price. They are setting out for one of Hullah's classes, so we shall have the house clear.'

'I hope there is not much amiss?' said Mr. Kendal.

'A tedious cold,' said the tutor; 'but Lee assures me that there is nothing wrong with his chest, and I do believe he would not cough half so much, if he were not always watching himself.'

'Who has been attending him?'

'Lee, the union doctor; a very good man, with a large family,' (Albinia could have beaten him,) 'and a very fair country practitioner. Indeed,' he continued, perceiving

some dissatisfied looks, 'I think you will find that a little change is all that he wants.'

'I hope you can give a good account of him in other respects?' said Mr. Kendal.

'Oh! yes, in every way; he is the most good-natured lad in the world, and quite the new boys' friend. Perhaps he has been a little more sentimental of late, but that may be only from being rather out of order. I'll call him.'

The last words were spoken as they entered the parsonage, where he was conducting them into a very bachelor-looking drawing-room, when the dreariness struck him, and he said, 'No! it is too cold here; Mrs. Kendal will not mind coming in here,' and opening another door, he said, 'Here, Kendal, here's a new prescription for you.'

Albinia had a momentary view of a tabby-cat and kitten, a volume of poetry, a wiry-haired terrier, and Gilbert, all lying promiscuously on the hearth-rug, before the two last leaped up, the one to bark, and the other to come forward with outstretched hand, and glad countenance.

He looked flushed and languid, but the roaring fire and close room might account for that; there was nothing hectic in his complexion; and though, when the subject was mentioned, he gave a short uncomfortable cough, Albinia's mind was so far relieved, that she was in doubt with whom to be angry, and prepared to stand on the defensive, should her brother think him too well.

The three gentlemen went away together, and Gilbert, grasping her hand, gave way to one of his effusions of affection—'so kind to come to him—he knew he had her to trust to, whatever happened'—and he leant his cheek on his hand in a melancholy mood.

'Don't be so piteous, Gibbie,' she said. 'You were quite right to tell us you were not well, only you need

not have been so *very* doleful ; I don't like papa to be frightened.'

'I thought it was no use to go on in this way,' said Gilbert, with a cough ; 'it was the old thing over again, and nobody would believe I had anything the matter with me.'

And he commenced a formidable catalogue of symptoms which filled her with dismay, and satisfied her that Maurice would think him fully justified. Just at a point where it was not easy to know what next to say, the kitten began to play tricks with her mother's tail, and thereupon a happy diversion was made ; Gilbert began to exhibit the various drolleries of the animals, to explain the friendship between dog and cat, and to leave off coughing as he related anecdotes of their sagacity ; and finally, when the gentlemen returned, laughing was the first sound they heard, and Mrs. Kendal was found sitting on the floor in the midst of a game at play with the live stock.

They had come to fetch her to see the church and schools, and on going out, she found that Mr. Ferrars had moved and carried that Gilbert should be taken home at once, and, on the way, be shown to a very able physician at the county town. From this she gathered that Maurice was compassionate, and though, of course, he would make no such admission to her, she had reason afterwards to believe that he had shown Mr. Downton that Gilbert's health ought to have met with a shade more attention than he had bestowed. The magnanimity of Albinia's politeness to the tutor was an amusing sight.

With Gilbert wrapped up to the tip of his nose, they set off, and fortunately found the doctor at home. Albinia could not have desired a more satisfactory visit, for it gave her a triumph over her brother, without too much anxiety for the future. The physician at once detected the long-past injury to the lungs left by an attack that Gilbert had suf-

fered from in his first English winter, and had scarcely outgrown when Albinia first knew him. The recent cold had so far renewed the evil, that though no disease actually existed, the cough must be watched, and all exposure avoided ; in fact, a license for petting to any extent was bestowed, and therewith every hope of recovery.

Albinia and her son sat in their corners of the carriage in secret satisfaction, while Mr. Kendal related the doctor's opinion to Mr. Ferrars ; but one of them, at least, was unprepared for the summing-up. 'Under the circumstances, Gilbert's destination is most fortunate. A few years in your native climate will quite set you up.'

'Oh ! but he is too old for Haileybury,' burst out Albinia, in her consternation.

'Nearly old enough for John Kendal's bank, eh, Gilbert ?'

'Oh !' cried Albinia, 'pray don't let us talk of that while poor Gilbert is so ill.'

'Hm ?' said Mr. Kendal with interrogative surprise, and almost displeasure, and no more was said.

Albinia felt guilty, as she remembered that she had no more intended to betray her dislike to the scheme, than to gratify Gilbert by calling him 'so ill.' Aristocratic and military, she had no love for the monied interest, and had so sedulously impressed on her friends that Mr. Kendal had been in the Civil Service, and quite unconnected with the bank, that Mr. Ferrars had told her she thought his respectability depended on it ; and now she was ashamed that her brother should hear her give way again in so inexpedient a manner to the weakness.

Gilbert became the most talkative of the party, as they drew near home, and he was the first to spring out and open the hall door, displaying his two sisters harnessed tandem-fashion with pack-thread, and driven at full speed down-stairs by little Maurice, armed with the veritable carriage whip ! The next moment it was thrown down,

with a rapturous shout, and Maurice was lost to everything but his brother !

‘Oh ! girls, how could you let him serve you so,’ began the horrified Albinia. ‘Sophy will be laid up for a week !’

‘Never mind,’ said Sophy, dropping on a chair, ‘poor little fellow, he wished it so much !’

‘I tried to stop her, Mamma,’ said Lucy, ‘but she will do as Maurice pleases.’

‘See, this is the way they will spoil my boy, the instant my back is turned !’ said Albinia, looking half-piteous, half-amused towards her brother and husband. ‘What’s the use of all I can do with him, if everyone else will go and be his bond-slave ! I do believe Sophy would let him kill her, if he asked her !’

‘It is no real kindness,’ said Mr. Kendal. ‘Their good-nature ought not to go beyond reason.’

The elder Maurice could hardly help shrugging his shoulders. Well did he know that Mr. Kendal would have joined the team if such had been the will of that sovereign in scarlet merino, who stood with one hand in Gilbert’s, and the whip in the other.

‘Come here, Maurice,’ quoth Albinia ; ‘put down the whip,’ and she extracted it from his grasp, with grave resolution, against which he made no struggle, gave it to Lucy to be put away, and seated him on her knee. ‘Now listen, Maurice ; poor sister Sophy is tired, and you are never to make a horse of her. Do you hear ?’

‘Yes,’ said Maurice, fidgetting.

‘Mind, if ever you make a horse of Sophy, Mamma will put you into the black cupboard. You understand ?’

‘Sophy shan’t be horse,’ said Maurice. ‘Sophy naughty, lazy horse. Boy has Gibbie—’

‘There’s gratitude, said Mr. Ferrars, as ‘Boy’ slid off his mamma’s knee, stood on tiptoe to pull the door open, and ran after Gilbert to grandmamma’s room.

‘Yes,’ said Albinia; ‘no one is grateful for services beyond all reason. So, Sophy, mind, into the cupboard he goes, the very next time you are so silly as to be a horse.’

‘To punish which of them?’ asked her brother.

‘Sophy knows,’ said Albinia, with an arch motion of her head, and sweet smile. ‘Poor child! she is fagged to death!’

‘But oh! Mamma, tell us about Gilbert,’ said Lucy.

Albinia told the history to them, and again to Mrs. Meadows, who needed much cheering and reassuring. She had lost her only son, another Gilbert, in decline, and she looked upon her grandson as doomed; but Albinia had a rare power of coaxing and soothing her, and brought her at last into better spirits, and confidence in timely precautions. Listening to these consolations entirely reassured Lucy, but Sophy’s countenance continued so mournful, that Albinia feared that a fit of gloom was impending, and was relieved to find that a confession was coming in its stead.

Sophy was very miserable. Sarah Anne Drury had been calling, and on hearing of Gilbert’s indisposition, had favoured them with more of ‘mamma’s remarks’ than Sophy could endure. By way of counteracting grand-mamma’s alarms, she had declared ‘it was all Gilbert’s nonsense;’ and when neglect of his health had been ascribed to Mrs. Kendal, she had indignantly told Sarah Anne that her mother knew nothing about it, and had no business to interfere. Sarah Anne had fretfully declared that Mrs. Kendal had set the whole family against their old friends, Sophy had never been the same since she came. In fact, Sophy had found all her own inherent besetting sins charged upon her step-mother, and was in agonies at the injury which she fancied herself inflicting on her.

‘My dear!’ said Albinia, ‘don’t you know that if a

royal tiger were to eat up your Cousin John in India, the Druries would say Mrs. Kendal always let the tigers run about loose.'

Sophy could not smile.

'Nor am I sure that your faults are not my fault. I helped you to be more exclusive and intolerant, and I am sure I tried your temper, when I did not know what was the matter with you—'

'No—no,' said the choked voice. It would have been an immense comfort to cry, or even to be able to return the kiss; but she was a great deal too wretched to be capable of any demonstration, physically exhausted by being driven about all day by Maurice, mentally worn out by the attempts to be amiable, which had degenerated into wrangling, full of remorse for having made light of her brother's illness, and, for that reason, persuaded that she was to be punished by seeing it become fatal. Not a word of all this did she say, but, dejected and silent, her eyes swelling with unshed tears, she spent the evening in a lonely corner of the drawing-room, gazing as if for the last time at her brother; who, in the full pleasure of returning home, and greatly enjoying his invalid privileges, was discussing the projected improvements with all the zest and importance of the proprietor.

Talking at last brought back his cough with real violence, and he was sent to bed; Albinia went up with him to see that his fire burnt, and that all was comfortable. He set Mr. Ferrars's pretty drawing of the almshouses over his mantel-shelf. 'I shall nail it up to-morrow,' he said. 'I always wanted a picture here, and that's a jolly one to look to.'

'It would be a beautiful beginning,' she said. 'I think your life would go the better for it, Gibbie.'

'I suppose old Nurse would be too grand for one,' he said, 'but I should like to have her so near! And you must mind and keep old Mrs. Baker out of the Union for it.'

‘How she will enjoy having a house to herself!’

‘And that famous old blind sailor!’ continued Gilbert. ‘I shall put him up a bench to sit in the sun, and spin his yarns on, and tell him to think himself at Greenwich.’

‘My dear—but that was a terrible cough—you must not say another word to night; I am sure it hurt you very much.’

‘But I say, Mrs. Kendal—one minute—let all the old men have tobacco once a—’

He could not finish, and Albinia went down, only afraid that his being so very good was a symptom of decline.

Sophy was far from well in the morning, and Albinia kept her up-stairs, and sent her godfather to make her a visit. He always did her good; he knew how to probe deeply, and help her to speak, and he gave her advice with more experience than his sister, and more encouragement than her father.

It was a great surprise to her to find that he thought she had made real progress. Nor would he by any means listen to her dreary fancy, that her slips proved that her better feelings had been all self-deception—the help, the support, and her own participation in it, were real, he said, and the trial to her faith was to cling to her trust in them even when she believed herself too dry, and hard, and morose, to have ever felt at all. Pray, and then set aside all self-contemplation, was his advice; go to occupation of any sort, however trifling, to keep herself from brooding; manfully bear down outward demonstration, and ever stretch forward to what was before.

Sophy said little, but her eyes had a softened look of grave hope.

‘One good thing about Sophy,’ said Mr. Ferrars to his sister, ‘is, that she will never talk her feelings to death.’

‘A good thing! That reserve is my great pain. I don’t get at the real being once in six months.’

‘So much the better for people living together.’

‘Well, I was thinking that you and I are a great deal more intimate and confidential when we meet now, than we used to be when we were always together.’

‘People can’t be often confidential from the innermost when they live together,’ said Maurice.

‘Since I have been a Kendal, such has been my experience.’

‘It was the same before, only we concealed it by an upper surface of chatter,’ said Maurice. “As iron sharpeneth iron, so doth a man the countenance of his friend ;” but if the mutual sharpening went on without intermission, both irons would wear away, and no work would be done. Aren’t you coming with me? Edmund is going to drive me to Woodside to meet the pony-carriage from home.’

‘I wish I could ; but you see what happens when I go out pleasuring!’

‘Well, you can take one element of mischief with you—that imp, Maurice.’

‘Ye—es. Papa would like it, if you do.’

‘I should like you to come on worse terms.’

‘Very well then ; and Sophy is safe ; I had already asked Geneviève to come and read to her this afternoon. It is a great treat to Geneviève to be obliged to read any new book, and the two girls are growing excellent friends. If Gilbert can spare me, I will go.’

Gilbert certainly did not want her, and begged Lucy not to think of staying indoors on his account. He was presently left in solitary possession of the drawing-room, whereupon he rose, settled his brown locks at the glass, arranged his tie, brushed his cuffs, leisurely walked upstairs, and tapped at the door of the morning-room, meekly asking, ‘May I come in?’ with a cough at each end of the sentence.

‘Oh ! Gilbert !’ cried his anxious sister, starting up.

'Are you come to see me?' and she would have wheeled round her father's arm-chair for him, but Geneviève was beforehand with her, and he sank into it, exhausted with the exertion, saying pathetically, 'Ah! thank you, Miss Durand; you are come to a perfect hospital. Oh! this is too much,' as Geneviève further gave him a footstool, and set a cushion behind him. 'Oh! no, thank you, Sophy,' for she would have handed Geneviève her own pillow for his further support; 'this is delightful!' reclining pathetically in his chair. 'Miss Durand has made me most luxurious! This is not like Traversham.'

'Where they would not believe he was ill!' said Sophy, recurring indignantly to her own version of the story, which she had just been relating to Geneviève.

'I hope he does not look so very ill,' said Geneviève cheerfully, but this rather hurt the feelings of both sister and brother, the one said, 'Oh! but he is terribly pale;' the other coughed, and said, 'Looks are deceitful.'

'That is the very reason,' said Geneviève. 'You don't look deceitful enough to be so ill—so ill as Miss Sophie fears; now you are at home, and well cared for, you will soon be well.'

'Care would have prevented it all,' said Sophy.

'And not brought me home!' said Gilbert. 'Home is home on any terms. No one there had the least idea a fellow could ever be unwell, or out of spirits!'

'Ah! you must have been ill,' cried his sister, 'you who never used to be miserable!'

Gilbert gave a sigh. 'They were such mere boys!' he said.

'*Monsieur votre Precepteur?*' asked Geneviève, with an odd merry laugh.

'Ah! he was otherwise occupied!'

'There is some mystery beneath,' said Geneviève, turning to Sophy, who thus perceiving what was meant exclaimed abruptly, 'Oh! is he in love?'

'Sophy goes to the point,' said Gilbert, smiling, the picture of languid comfort; 'but I own there are suspicious circumstances. He always has a photograph in his pocket, and Price has seen him looking at it.'

'Ah! depend upon it, Miss Sophy, it is all a romance of these young gentlemen,' said Geneviève, turning to her with a droll provoking air of confidence; '*ce pauvre Monsieur* had the portrait of his sister!'

'Catch me carrying Sophy's face in my waistcoat pocket,' cried Gilbert, forgetting his languor.

'Speak for yourself, Mr. Gilbert,' laughed Geneviève.

'But he has had the carpenter to look over the house.'

'Well, so has Mr. Kendal.'

'Yes, and he did not before he was married,' observed Sophy.

'And,' continued Gilbert, 'he writes letters every day, and won't let any of us put them into the post for him; but we know the direction begins with Miss—'

'Oh! the curious boys!' cried Geneviève. 'Never talk of ladies, never abuse Bayford again. If I could only hint to this poor tutor to let them read Miss Downton on one!'

'I assure you,' cried Gilbert, starting up, so that all his cushions fell on the floor, 'Price has laid a bet that she's an heiress with forty thousand pounds and red hair.'

'Mr. Price is an impertinent! I hope you will inform me how he looks when he is the loser.'

'But he has seen her! He met Mr. Downton last Christmas in Regent Street, in a swell carriage, with a lady with such carrots, he thought her bonnet was on fire; and Mr. Downton never saw Price, though he bowed to him; and you know nobody would marry a woman with red hair unless she was an heiress.'

'Miss Sophy,' whispered Geneviève, 'prepare for a

red-haired sister-in-law. I predict that every one of the pupils of the respectable Mr. Downton will marry ladies with lively chestnut locks.'

'What, you think me so mercenary, Geneviève?' said Gilbert, in a melancholy tone of injury.

'I only hope to see this school-boy logic well revenged!' said Geneviève. 'Mrs. Price shall have locks of orange red, and for Mrs. Gilbert Kendal—ah! we will content ourselves with her having a paler shade—sandy gold.'

'No,' said Gilbert, speaking slowly, turning round his eyes. 'I could tell you what Mrs. G. Kendal's hair will be—'

Geneviève thought he was looking for his cushions, picked them up, and deftly re-settled them, while Sophy exclaimed, 'Oh! tell us, Gilbert.'

'Shall I?' he said languidly. 'Well, at least there will be no gold in her hair.'

'Well,' said his sister, 'I am sure if I was a man, I would never stop looking till I found someone exactly like mamma! And pray let her be tall, Gilbert!'

'Tall! I detest tall women! No, no, something light, like a beneficent fairy.'

Geneviève, who had been re-arranging his cushions here moved aside, saying, in a different tone, 'Yes, good morning, Mr. Kendal.'

'Going! why you came to read to me, Geneviève,' exclaimed Sophy.

'Ah! I beg your pardon, I have been interrupting you all this time,' cried Gilbert, 'I never meant to disturb you. Pray let me listen.'

'Mr. Gilbert Kendal does not understand French,' said Geneviève; 'it had better be for another time.'

'I know more French than you imagine,' said Gilbert; and he and his sister pleaded so earnestly against her going, that she took up her book, and read, while Gilbert

resumed his reclining attitude, with half-closed eyes, listening to the sweet intonations, and pretty refined accent of the *ancien régime*.

Sophy enjoyed this exceedingly, she made it her especial occupation to take care of Gilbert, and enter into his fire-side amusements. This indisposition had drawn the two still nearer together, and essentially unlike as they were, their two characters seemed to be fitting well one into the other. His sentiment accorded with her strain of romance, and they read a great quantity of poetry together, and had numerous discussions as they sat over the fire together, growing constantly into greater intimacy and confidence. Sophy waited on him, and watched him perpetually, and her assiduity was imparting to her a softness and warmth quite new to her, while the constant occupation kept affronts and vexations out of her sight, and made her a most amiable person through that long continued wintry spring.

Gilbert's health improved on the whole, though with vicissitudes that enforced the necessity of prudence. Rash when tolerably well, and desponding at each renewal of illness, he was not an easy patient to manage, but he was always so gentle, grateful and obliging, that he doubly endeared himself to the whole household. It was no novelty for him to be devoted to his step-mother and his little brother, but he was likewise very kind to Lucy, and spent much time in helping in her pursuits; he was becoming companionable to his father, and could play at chess sufficiently well to be a worthy antagonist in Mr. Kendal's scientific and interminable games; and he would likewise most good naturedly play at backgammon with grandmamma, and could entertain her for hours together by listening to her long stories of the old Bayford world. He was a most especial favourite in her little society, and would often take a hand at cards if one was wanted to make up a rubber; nay, even when not absolutely required,

he was very apt to bestow his countenance upon the little parties, where he had the pleasure of being treated as a great man, and which, at least, had the advantage of making a variation in his imprisonment during the east winds.

Madame Belmarché and her daughter and grandchild were sometimes of the party, and on these occasions, Sophy always claimed Geneviève's company, and usually succeeded in carrying her off, when Gilbert would often join them. The books and prints which they had to show her were the greatest treat imaginable, Gilbert had a beautiful illustrated copy of Longfellow's poems, a parting gift from a fellow-pupil, and evening after evening the engravings and the reading 'Evangeline' were their enjoyment, while as regularly Gilbert proffered the loan of the book, and she as regularly refused it, and turned a deaf ear to little gentle insinuations of the pleasure it would have given him to know that any book of his was in her hands. Gilbert had never had much of the school-boy manner about him, and he was now adopting a gentle, rather pathetic tone, at which Albinia was apt to laugh, but in her absence was often verging upon *tendresse*, especially with Geneviève. She, however, by her perfect simplicity and lively banter, always nipped the bud of his sentiment; she had known him from a child, and never lost the sense of being his elder, treating him somewhat as a boy to be played with. Perfectly aware of her own position, her demeanour, frank and gracious as it was, had something in it which kept in check other Bayford youths less gentlemanlike than Gilbert Kendal. If she never forgot that she was a dancing master's daughter, she never let anyone else forget that she was a lady.

When the house building began, Gilbert had a wholesome occupation, saving his father some trouble and—not quite so much expense by overlooking the workmen in carrying out Mr. Ferrars's plans. Mr. Kendal was glad

to be spared giving orders and speaking to people, and would always rather be overcharged, than be at the pains of bargaining or inquiring. 'It was Gilbert's own house,' he said, 'and it was good for the boy to take interest in it, and not be too much interfered with.' So the bay window and the conservatory were some degrees grander than Mr. Ferrars had proposed, but all was excused by the pleasure and experience they afforded Gilbert, and it was very droll to see Maurice following him about after the workmen, watching them most knowingly, and deep in mischief at every opportunity. Once he had been up to his knees in a tempting *blancmanger*-like lake of lime, many times had he hammered or cut his fingers, and once his legs had gone through the new drawing-room ceiling, where he hung by the petticoats screaming till rescued by his brother from the nearest beam. He wore a miniature brown-paper cap, hammered his beloved wooden horse till he split it beyond the power of repair, almost broke his little heart over his old friend, but rejected as an injury an equally spotted monster brought home to console him, and ended by confiding to Gilbert that 'poor handsome horse was gone dead, so Boy would not be a horse soldier like Uncle William, but a knock-knock, like his dear old Edwards.'

Gilbert's destination was the more pressing consideration, especially as Mr. Downton verified the boy's predictions by writing to announce his intended marriage, on which account he should give up pupils at midsummer. So triumphant was Gilbert that he was caught in the hall, regardless of cough and east wind, setting out to tell Geneviève, and insist on his corollary of heiress-ship and red hair, and when he could not go himself, he sent Sophy, with orders to bring her home to hear the news, a mission in which Sophy failed; and only forestalled Gilbert's market.

The boy was past seventeen, and it was time to decide

on his profession. Albinia had virtuously abstained from any hint adverse to the firm of Kendal and Kendal, for she knew it hurt her husband's feelings to hear any disparagement of the country where he had spent some of his happiest years. He was fond of his cousins, and knew that they would give his son a safe and happy home, and guard him from the ordinary temptations of an Indian life, and he believed that the climate was exactly what was needed for the establishment of his health.

Sophy fired at the idea. Her constant study of the subject and her vivid imagination had taken the place of memory, which could supply nothing but the glow of colouring and the dazzling haze which enveloped all the forms that she would fain believe that she remembered. She and her father would discuss Indian scenery as if they had been only absent from it a year, she envied Gilbert his return thither, but owned that it was the next thing to going thither herself, and was already beginning to amass a hoard of English gifts for the old ayahs and bearers who still lived in her recollection, in preparation for the visit which on his first holiday, her brother must pay to her birth-place and first home.

Gilbert, however, took no part in this enthusiasm, he made no opposition, but showed no alacrity nor satisfaction; and at last his father, somewhat mortified, asked Albinia whether she knew of any objection on his part, or any design which he might be unwilling to put forward. With a beating heart she avowed her own cherished scheme.

‘Is this his own proposal?’ asked Mr. Kendal.

‘No, he has never spoken of it; but the other plan has always seemed so decidedly fixed, that perhaps he thinks he has no other choice.’

‘That is not at all what I wish,’ said his father. ‘If his inclinations be otherwise, he has only to speak, and I will consider.’

Shall I sound him ?' suggested Albinia, dreading the timidity that always stood between the boy and his father.

'Do not inspire him with the wish, and then imagine it his own,' said Mr. Kendal ; and then thinking he had spoken sternly, added, 'I know you would be the last to wish him to take holy orders inconsiderately, but you have such power over him, that I question whether he would know his spontaneous wishes from yours.'

Albinia smiled as she began to disavow any desire to actuate his mind.

'I am certain you would not intend it, my dear, but he would catch the desire from you, and I own I would rather he were not inspired with it. If he now should express it, I should fear it was the unconscious effort to escape from India. If it had been his brother Edmund, I would have made any sacrifice to fulfil such a desire, but I do not think Gilbert has the energy or force of character I should wish to see in a clergyman, nor do I feel willing to risk him at the university.'

'Oh ! Edmund, why will you distrust Oxford ? Why will you not believe what I know through Maurice and his friends ?'

'If my poor boy had either the disposition or the discipline of your brother, I should not feel the same doubt.'

'Maurice had no discipline except at school and when William licked him,' cried Albinia. 'You know he was but eleven years old when my father died, and my aunts spoilt us without mitigation.'

'I said the disposition,' repeated Mr. Kendal ; 'I can see nothing in Gilbert marking him for a clergyman, and I think him susceptible to the temptations that you cannot deny to exist at any college. Nor would I desire to see him fixed here, until he has seen something of life and of business, for which this bank affords the greatest facili-

ties with the least amount of temptation. He would also be doing something for his own support, and with the life interests upon his property, he must be dependant on his own exertions, unless I were to do more for him than would be right by the other children.'

'Then I am to say nothing to him?' said Albinia, more than half convinced, but grieving for her castle in the air, and thinking him a little hard upon Gilbert.

'I will speak to him myself. He is quite old enough to understand his prospects and decide for himself.'

'But, Edmund,' cried Albinia, with sudden vehemence and consternation at the thought which occurred to her, 'you are not sacrificing Gilbert for Maurice's sake.'

She had more nearly displeased him than she had ever done before, though he only looked up quietly, saying, 'Certainly not. I am not sacrificing Gilbert, and I should do the same if Maurice were not in existence.'

She was too much ashamed of her foolish fancy to say any more, and she cooled into candour sufficient to perceive that he was wise in distrusting her tact, where her preference was so strong. But she foresaw that Gilbert would shrink and falter before his father, and that the intended conference would lead to no real discovery of his views, and she was not surprised when her husband told her that he could not understand the boy, and believed that the truth was that he would like to do nothing at all, and though he had sense to see that was impossible, he would not avow any predilection for one profession more than another. It had ended by Mr. Kendal, in a sort of despair, undertaking to write to his cousin John for a statement of what would be required from Gilbert, after which the decision was to be made.

Meantime his father advised him to attend to arithmetic and book-keeping, and offered to instruct him in his long-forgotten Hindostanee. Sophy learnt them with all her heart, but Gilbert always had a pain in his chest if he

stooped over any study, and was much more disposed to play with Maurice, water annuals with Lucy, read Heine with Sophy, or collect rose-leaves for Miss Belmarché's cosmetic.

(To be continued.)

RALPH WOLFFORD ;
A ROMANCE IN LOW LIFE.

(BY THE AUTHOR OF 'LONG, LONG AGO,' AND 'MY THREE AUNTS.')

CHAPTER III.

FOR four years Ralph and his sister plied their wearisome work at Mauden without anything occurring to disturb either. It was a dull life, beyond even what it need be, for the parish contained no resident gentry, and the rector had neither wife or child; no visitors ever appeared in the school-room to vary for a moment by their presence the monotony of the daily routine. Ralph worked up his pupils to the highest pitch of discipline, but there was no one but Mr. Gardiner and the school inspector to applaud. But he was satisfied; the life left him leisure to cultivate still farther his own mind, and teaching was in itself to him a pleasure. Mauden was only a couple of miles from Whitford, and he soon made himself a member of its Mechanics' Institute, and an occasional lecturer; the library, however, was his great resource. In books he found all the companionship and all the excitement that his nature needed. His worldly affairs also prospered. At starting he had had to hire furniture, but by little and little he had made it at last his own, his utter indifference to all creature comforts making it possible for him to live within his income. In truth, his mind was always so full of whatever subject happened to be uppermost, that he scarcely knew what was set before him, and was as nearly unconscious of what he was eating as any man with the faculty of taste could be.

The school over which he presided was a very large one, for Mauden included a portion of the very poorest and most populous part of Whitford, and Ralph often found the classes inconveniently numerous. Extra help there was none; and, indeed, daily services and district visiting occupied Mr. Gardiner and his curate so much, that many days he and his sister had to do as best they could alone. The girls were the worst off, and the most numerous, and the rector was always talking of trying to get some lady to come and help. But there were no ladies in his parish, and those of Whitford either all engaged or disinclined. At last, half way between that place and Mauden, some twenty or thirty yards from the turnpike road, sprang up a smart little cockney villa, all gable-ends and pinnacles, with French windows, bow windows, and cottage windows, and chimneys that looked as if all their necks had been wrung, and set itself up as the great house of the parish. Suburban as it was in appearance, it really was not without a certain degree of prettiness, for all manner of curved shrubberies concealed the very narrow limits of the space on which it stood, and a gravel walk was twisted in and out of them in so artful a manner, as to seem to have no end at all; and the fanciful borders which lay on the turf basking in the sunshine, were filled with the gayest of flowers, while the tiny greenhouse was perfectly overflowing with blossom. The paint and the varnish could hardly have had time to dry ere it was inhabited, and the rich grocer who had built it came to live there, with his wife and daughter.

Every morning Mr. Salford walked into his shop in Whitford, and every afternoon Mrs. and Miss Salford drove in the smartest of little pony carriages to fetch him back again. Miss Salford was a young, pretty, delicate-looking girl, with small features, a pale face, and very sweet gleamy eyes of the lightest shade of hazel, scarcely, indeed, of a darker hue than the soft fair hair which was so nicely

rolled back from her smooth cheeks. She was out of health, and her father had removed from the High Street in hopes that she would be stronger in the country, not that she had been ill, or was ill; she was only poorly and languid, weak and low, because thoroughly idle and useless. Day after day she arose to the same aimless and dutiless existence; night after night she laid down, weary of eating and drinking, of novel reading and lambs'-wool work, worn out with doing nothing, and fatigued from the absence of all exertion. Nature had given her a pretty face, and more than an average share of intelligence, and her temper was very fairly good; but she was vain, self-indulgent, obstinate, spoilt by both father and mother, taught to be greedy as a child, and encouraged in vanity and the love of dress. As for education, she had been as well instructed as most in her own class, and her mother thought her quite an accomplished young lady. She was, in truth, a girl of a poor, inferior nature, whose skin-deep feelings were overlaid by an icy crust of selfishness, who had no strength except in her caprices, and no firmness but when, from being in the wrong, she had better have been yielding. One sign of being capable of better things lingered about her, she knew what was right, and could talk well on the subject; nay, she had a kind of admiration for goodness, and for greatness a positive enthusiasm.

The doctor who attended her perceiving that idleness was the root of the languor and depression from which she suffered, recommended, like a sensible man, daily exercise on foot, and something to do that would interest her. The first thing that Mr. Gardiner heard when he called on his new parishioners, was the extreme difficulty of finding that 'something.' He was ready with his suggestion immediately, and proposed she should walk to the school whenever she could, and help to teach. At first Emily Salford did not appear much to relish the idea, but

Mr. Gardiner had a very pleasant way of talking about it, and she felt he was treating her quite like a lady, and was flattered by his manner.

‘You will have it all your own way,’ he said; ‘unfortunately I have no wife or daughter to take an interest in such things, and Mr. Price and Mr. Wolford will be most thankful for your help. Indeed most mornings Mr. Wolford has to do as best he can alone. No easy thing, I can tell you, for one man to manage without help a hundred and forty boys and girls.’

‘I don’t think I should be of any use to him,’ Emily answered, ‘I never taught anything in my life.’

‘No, no, I dare say not, but you could if you were to try; all ladies can teach little children. You will find it a very pleasant walk by the fields; the shortest way lies through my shrubbery. You must always come that way, and go into the house and rest if you are tired, or it happens to be hot, whether I am at home or not. At all events, come up to-morrow morning if it is fine, and I will introduce you. You need never come again, you know, if you do not like it.’

Like it, Emily felt almost sure she should not, but she liked to be asked, and she liked being made of consequence in the parish; and the next morning being very sunshiny, she put on her bonnet and mantle, and set off in a most vacillating mood. ‘She did not think,’ she said, ‘she could walk as far, but she would go part of the way; she would perhaps call at the rectory, and tell Mr. Gardiner that she would have nothing to do with it.’

The rectory was about half-way between Mauden Lodge and the school, but she did not even get there without pausing once or twice, and hesitating whether she would not return. She felt very shy and awkward, and could not decide what she should say to Mr. Gardiner when she saw him; but she need not have debated the point, for as soon as he saw her approaching he came

down to the shrubbery gate to meet her, and thanked her so warmly for coming, that she found, whether she liked it or no, she must go on. But first there was a pleasant loiter amongst his flower-beds, and some beautiful roses were plucked expressly for her; and his manner was so kind, that she was obliged to lay aside, or at least conceal her reluctance. She said very little herself, for his way of talking was different from what she had been used to, and her own words and tone of voice were much more deferential than usual. 'A pretty, quiet, unassuming girl' he called her, and imputing to her all the desire to do right which he told her she possessed, and all the good sense of the various remarks he had made for her, and to which she had so meekly agreed, he took her into the school without a doubt of her being a perfectly fit person to teach there; as, indeed, there was no reason why she should not be. It was a new building, with some pretensions to architectural beauty, which Emily was too ignorant to appreciate, and too much frightened to understand when pointed out to her. She followed Mr. Gardiner into the room, feeling sure that she should not know what to do, and wishing nothing so much as to find herself safe at home again. The simultaneous rising of everybody as they entered farther confused her, and she found herself bowing to Ralph Wofford's bow more from instinct than any deliberate intention.

'Miss Salford will take the first class of girls sometimes in the morning, Mr. Wofford,' Mr. Gardiner said. 'I know you want help, for your sister cannot teach them all,' and in another minute Emily found herself placed in a chair, with a book in her hand, and twenty-five little girls sitting around her, and looking eagerly at her, waiting to be instructed. Her face flushed, and she turned her head in search of Mr. Gardiner, but he was at the bottom of the room with his back to her, a small culprit standing before him, to whom he was evidently administering a

scolding. Ralph was with the next class, and seeing the hesitation in her manner, came up, and said gently, 'Perhaps you would like me to show you what they do,' and standing beside her, he began the lesson. Presently, when he had shown her the method of instruction, he offered her the book again, saying, 'It is very easy, you see.'

'I don't think it easy at all,' she replied, with a spoilt-child sort of pout, which nothing but her pretty face prevented from being very disagreeable. 'I cannot do it; I told Mr. Gardiner I could not.'

'It is all in the book,' he said. 'You will not find it at all difficult.'

'I am sure a great deal of what you said was not in the book,' she answered half-pertly, and half-admiringly.

'No,' he replied. 'But you need not teach out of your own head unless you like;' and he moved away, and she was once more left alone with her scholars.

This time she made a beginning, but though she could ask the printed questions, she did not always know when she got the right answer, and once a dispute between two of the girls obliged her again to appeal to Ralph. One said one thing, and the other another, and both maintained they were right; and quite a clamour was rising, when she looked round for assistance. Her eye sought Mr. Gardiner, but Mr. Price had come in a moment before and taken him out, and Ralph caught her appealing glance, and stepped forward to her aid. At his up-lifted finger every voice ceased, and, blushing at her own ignorance, Emily explained the difficulty. The question was immediately settled, but when school was over, and the last child had made its parting bow, he came up to her again, and said he hoped she was not discouraged by her first attempt.

'I do not know,' she replied, not certain whether she liked or disliked the employment. 'I dare say I could teach if I chose.'

‘I am sure you could,’ he answered, walking down the long room beside her to open the door at the end. ‘I hope you will come again, I so much want help of a morning, especially Wednesdays and Fridays, when Mr. Price cannot be here.’

‘I don’t know,’ she repeated; ‘perhaps I may. But,’ in a more humble tone, ‘unless I do better than I have done to-day, I shall not be of much use.’

‘You will do better next time,’ he said gently; ‘and, at all events, you can show the wish to be useful. I hope I shall see you here on Friday.’

As their eyes met, something in his glance moved Emily to smile and bow graciously at parting, though at the moment that he was speaking, she had resented the tone of equality, almost of superiority, there was in his manner. But the expression in his eyes altered her mood, and when she reached the little gate into the lane she voluntarily turned round, gave him another bow and sunny smile, and said ‘if it was fine, she would come.’ Ralph was pleased, and looked so. Her visit had been an event in the laborious routine of his life, and he wished it to be repeated. Help he really needed, and it was a refreshment to him to see anything so young and fair and pretty in the school-room, for he had too cultivated a mind, and too much natural taste and ability, not to be open to the influence of beauty. She interested him all the more because she was not a lady. True, the difference between them was great, but he could venture to speak to her with a freedom he could not otherwise have hazarded. Not but what Ralph had such a consciousness of his own worth, and such a self-respect as always gave to his manner a kind of manly ease, which to many appeared like presumption. Humble as his position was in the eyes of the world, it was quite impossible to patronize him. Mr. Gardiner and Mr. Price never tried. Some of the members of the Mechanics’ Institute, who fancied

themselves a step or two higher on the social ladder, and more than a step or two richer, did, and got thoroughly put down. Ralph would not take it from any man, and compelled the narrowest mind, and the most purse-proud heart, to respect him.

In the monotonous idleness of Emily's life the visit had also been an event, whether a pleasant one or no she could not tell, but it had given her the wish to repeat it. She was of consequence, and could tell her friends that Mr. Gardiner had made such a point of her teaching, that she could not possibly refuse. It was as good as being lady superintendent of the school, for there was no clergyman's wife to occupy the first position, though even when she said so to her mother, Ralph Wolford's face came before her, and she felt that no one would be master or mistress either while he was in the room. What a singular-looking man he was! not the least handsome, but so grave and clever-looking, it was not in the power of the poorest dress to make him look mean. Yes, he was quite as intellectual as she had expected, for she had often heard of him, and had attended one of his lectures. She knew he was considered a genius, and remembered that her father had said more than once, that he might have climbed to the top of the tree if he had not chosen such a low trade for himself.

But however clever he might be, it was no reason why he should speak to her as if he were her equal; but yet she would go once more, just to show him that she was not as silly and ignorant as he must think her now.

There was something at once laughable and melancholy in so mean and weak a nature asserting a superiority over his, and could poor Emily have seen herself and himself as they really were, she must have sighed and blushed at her own inferiority. In contented ignorance of it, however, she went to the school again on Friday, and came away without having taught Ralph the difference between

his position and hers. It was in vain she answered him pertly and captiously; his eyes, when he had time to refresh himself by a hasty glance at her, still spoke the same language of perfect equality, and there was a natural sweetness in her face which her manner could not destroy, and which prevented him from finding out that she was cross. And so it generally happened that by the end of her visit she found herself, somehow or another, melted again into graciousness, and so changed in her mood, as to linger a few minutes beside the little gate, volunteer an observation about the weather, and even admire the beautiful calceolarias which were blooming so luxuriantly in the sunny window of his sitting-room.

(To be continued.)

THE WINDS.

CHAPTER III.

THE WINDS AND THEIR CIRCUITS CONTINUED.

SOME weeks had passed since the evening of our last conversation, before the several members of the pleasant family party were again assembled. The nephew had returned to school the next morning, and the uncle had been for some time in London upon business for his sister and her children. It was now a Saturday afternoon in May, Uncle Francis had returned over night, William had been sent for to spend the Sunday at home, and our former friends, once more together, were chattering merrily, and loitering on the green turf in front of a rustic summer-house in the grounds. The weather had been unusually mild even for the south of England; and it was one of those rare seasons when spring steals a march upon summer, and without sacrificing its own peculiar freshness, seems to have anticipated something of the placid warmth, and sober beauty of the maturer season. Lewis was beginning to hope that the English spring was assuming a

more reliable character than it was wont to bear, while William, but half-an-hour ago returned from school, was now talking and laughing with his mother and brother, now romping and fighting with a huge dog of some strange South-American breed, which Uncle Francis had recently brought to England, and had carried with him from London the night before.

It would have been hard to say which of the party seemed most to enjoy the warm sunny air, and the unrestrained freedom of the moment. Placed high on a rising ground commanding the wooded slopes and green glades of the New Forest, they looked out over a wide expanse of cheerful, if not of majestic scenery. In the far south the reflected sunlight glancing on the waters of the English Channel, gave them an horizon of living silver; to the west and through part of the northern view, rich foliage everywhere bounded the prospect; eastwards and northwards they could catch the outline of the chalk hills in the direction of Romsey and Southampton, while nestling at their feet, shrouded in its woods of an untold antiquity, lay the many-chimneyed mansion of Holywood.

Uncle Francis. Oh, how I detest the loaded atmosphere, the crowd, the turmoil, the unrest of busy London. You certainly chose pleasantly, my sister, when you gave up the London house, and decided to spend your time where nature has some chance against man, and where the human family are not so closely crowded as to render selfishness almost inevitable.

Mrs. Helston. Another reason then, Francis, why we should thank you, who for our advantage have been spending laborious days in the great city for which you have so little love. But I who have seen many years of London life, as well as enjoyed the sweet calm of such a country home as this, cannot quite subscribe to your judgment, although I can enter into your feelings. The boy should be brought up in the country, but busy London life is the

appropriate scene for the exercise of ripened powers and matured intellect. I have seen more men spoilt by rust in the country, than hardened by selfishness in London.

Uncle F. Mercy on us, sister! I beat a retreat; I ought to have known your love of an argument. A poor sailor is no match for a learned lady, a moral philosopher, a social reformer, and twenty other things for aught I know! You, at least, do not prove your own case, that a country life leads to idleness and to rust.

Mrs. H. Well, I suppose we are all of us formed in some measure by our previous circumstances; and I suspect that if I had suggested a question of natural science, you would have been all eagerness to attack the subject, and not to talk of a retreat.

Lewis. Yes, Mamma; or if you had spoken of any plan for the improvement of the gallant sailors forming the society uncle loves so well, who

‘Crowded in the rank and narrow ship,
House on the wild sea with wild usages.’

Uncle Francis has always been a social reformer on board ship, Mamma; but I know what you meant, you were wanting to remind him to tell us something more about the winds.

Mrs. H. I was not thinking of it, but I shall be very glad of a lecture, *al fresco*, this lovely evening, if it is not wearisome to you, Francis. But what is this? If you will not speak for the winds, they seem disposed to speak for themselves, for here comes a breeze from the south-west, with a sprinkling of rain too, I fear. How the thirsty earth will rejoice!

William. Let us move into the summer-house, and watch the shower while we talk. I wonder whether Uncle Francis can tell us where the wind found this rain that it is bringing us.

Uncle F. You do not give me much breathing time, either of you, but I am prepared for you both as to wind and rain, if you are really disposed to listen. But before

we go further, let me recapitulate. While I was in London, I spent a few evening hours in putting together a slight outline of the facts which I have already explained, and of those which are yet necessary to complete the general view of the main system of the currents of the air which we began and continued when I was last here. Have you courage to encounter my essay? It is very short, not longer, I hope, than this little shower that is coming. It will try your patience, I fear, to hear me again recite the subject as far as we have discussed it, but I cannot help it. I did my best to take it up at the point where we left off, but I found it impossible to do so without repeating what we had done by way of introduction.

Mrs. H. Well, Francis, if all were given to social reform in your way, that, I mean, of always thinking and working for others, we should have less talking and writing on the subject, we might have less argument upon it, we might even forget the *name*, but we should secure the *thing*. Have you brought the essay in your pocket?

Uncle F. No, but William will fetch it.

It was not many minutes before William returned, bringing with him a little case of writing materials, old and battered, but still serviceable, its owner's constant companion, well known in many climes and countries. Uncle Francis took out a few closely-written sheets, his companions ensconced themselves in the shelter, the rain began to trickle gently among the leaves, not sullenly or doggedly, but with a pleasant broken sound, alternating with moments of silence and the voice of the breeze, and the essay was soon completed.

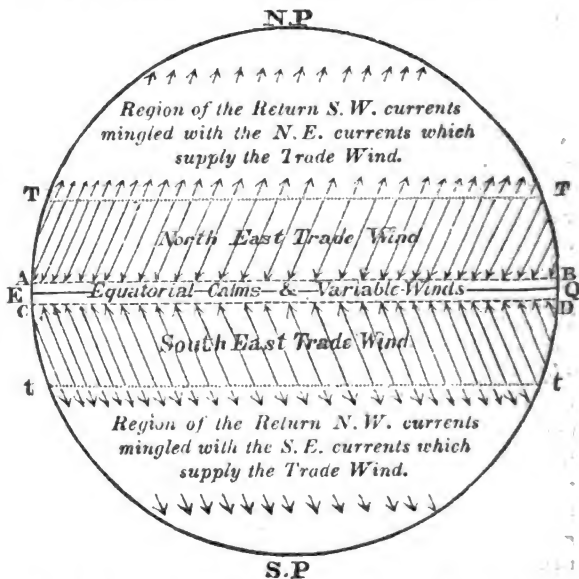
Uncle F. (reading his essay.)

‘The two grand features which first arrest the attention of one who studies the wind system of the earth are these: First, on either side of the equator, and blowing towards the equator, are two great winds from the north-east and the south-east. In the northern hemisphere their northern boundary is something to the north of the Tropic of Cancer; in the southern hemisphere it coin-

cides more nearly with the Tropic of Capricorn. In the region of the equator, in a belt which stretches rather more to the north of it than it does to the south, these two winds meet and produce a region of calms and variable winds very baffling to the navigator. These are the trade winds of the northern and southern hemispheres, and with the exception of this zone of calms, they occupy the whole, or a little more than the whole, of the space between the tropics. This is our first leading feature; the second is this, stretching northwards from the northern boundary of the north-east trade wind, is a region where an exactly contrary wind, *i. e.*, one coming from the south-west, has the predominance. It interlaces indeed with those north-east currents which go to supply the north-east trade winds, but these north-east currents chiefly traverse the *continents*, while over the whole area of the North Atlantic and North Pacific Oceans, the winds are nearly uniformly from the south-west. In the southern hemisphere the case is similar, and outside of the region of the trade winds, we find a corresponding return wind, blowing in this case from the north-west, and in like manner interlacing with those currents which go to supply the southern trade winds. In the cases of both the northern and southern hemispheres, as we pass the boundary line between the trade winds and the corresponding return winds, we encounter a region of calms and variable winds similar to that in the region of the equator.

‘So far I have spoken of the *facts*. Now for the *causes* of these facts. There is one chief and moving cause which first sets the atmosphere in motion from the poles towards the region of the equator. This cause is the great heat which prevails at the equator. This heat causes the air to expand. In consequence of this expansion, it grows lighter, and is ever rising. This occurs more especially in the region of equatorial calms, while the draughts blow in from the north and south to fill up the space otherwise left unoccupied. Now if this cause were left to act alone, it would produce north and south winds only. But the earth turns from west to east, and these winds will not turn with it with the same rapidity of motion. They come *from* regions where the earth’s surface turns more slowly, and go *to* regions where it turns more quickly. They therefore pass over the earth in tracks which combine an easterly bearing with their own natural direction, and thus become north-east and south-east winds in the two hemispheres respectively. So again there is one great and moving cause which produces those winds which blow back again from the equator to the poles; *viz.*, that the air which ascended in the equatorial district, reaches at

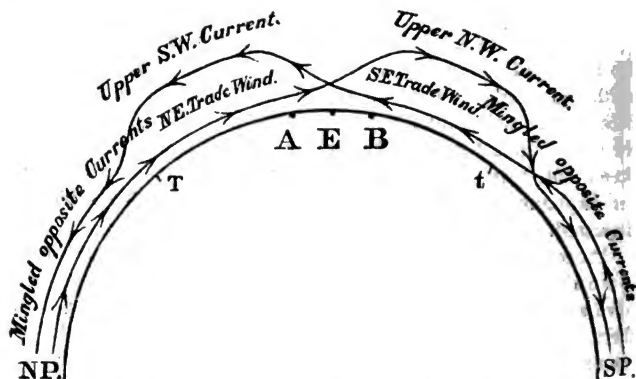
last a point past which its weight will not suffer it to rise any further. It cannot rise higher, because it is not light enough ; it cannot stand still, because it is pushed onwards by the currents behind it. It therefore flows off northwards and southwards. At last growing cooler, for various reasons, it also grows heavier again, *still retaining its direction towards the poles*, and so forms the return winds which we have described. *Why* these winds should come down to the earth exactly in the region where their descent occurs, and why they do so with such perfect regularity and uniformity, is a question which perhaps we do not know enough to answer, but the fact is certain, and well ascertained. It is certain also that they are composed of air which has passed in the way we have described over the top of the tropical trade winds, so that thus far we may consider ourselves to have been talking about ascertained facts, and not matters of mere supposition or fancy. At this point then *I* will stop for a moment, and show you a little sketch which will exhibit at a glance all that has taken me so many words to describe.



'N. P. is the north pole, S. P. the south pole, E. Q. is the equator, T. T. the northern tropic, t. t. the southern tropic, A. B. C. D. is the belt of the equatorial calms and variable winds where the

greatest heat prevails, and the air is perpetually ascending. T. T. A. B. is the region of the northern trade winds, and t. t. C. D. is the region of the southern trade wind. Outside of these, to the north and south, we have the regions where the return winds blow back to the poles, interlacing with the currents which go to supply the trade winds between the tropics and the equator. This little sketch will bring at once under your view all the chief facts I have yet explained, and I may now pass them by as being sufficiently discussed.

‘Proceeding with our subject, a further question arises with respect to the air of which these winds are composed. It is of course, as we have stated, the same air which was heated at the equator and there ascended. But the whole mass of ascending air is made up of the union of the two currents from the north and the south. Do these two currents mingle? or do they merely rise side by side like two streams flowing in one direction, whose waters are never thoroughly confused together? And if they do not intermingle, does each current turn back towards the pole whence it came? or does it cross over into the other hemisphere, and go on in the same general direction? It is a very natural question, and upon the answer to it depends our knowledge whether our return wind is composed of air which came to the equator from the north or from the south pole, and until this question is answered, we cannot say that we are fully acquainted with the general system of the circulation of air throughout the globe. My own opinion is, that in rising at the equator, each of the two great streams or draughts of air still continues to move in its original direction, that is, that each rises *slopingly*, and having risen, *interlaces* with the opposite wind, and so crosses into the opposite hemisphere. Upon this plan our return winds which blow from the south-west all over the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, will really be only the continuation of the same great currents from the south pole, which formed the south-eastern trade wind. This current then will first of all have set out from the south pole, and travelling in a south-easterly direction, will have at last reached the equator; then it will have ascended under the influence of heat, then it will have crossed the equator, and passed also over the top of the north-easterly trade wind, until it came down to the earth and became our south-west warm and moist wind, laden with the moisture it has gained during its long journeying over the broad oceans of the southern hemisphere. Here, again, a little sketch will help you much to understand the actual state of the case.



'Suppose N. P. to be the north pole, and S. P. the south pole; E. the equator; T. t. the tropics; A. and B. the boundaries of the equatorial calm belt; then a breath of wind setting out from the south pole will form part of the south-eastern trade wind from t. to B., it will rise slopingly from B. to A.; next it becomes the upper current passing over the north-eastern trade wind from A. to T.; it will descend at T., and thence will blow from T. to the north pole as part of the return south-westerly wind of our latitudes. At the north pole it will again turn round and form part of one of the north-east currents which go to supply the north-eastern trade wind. When it reaches the tropic T., it will itself form part of the north-east trade wind from T. to A., at A. it will rise slopingly, and from B. to t. will pass over the south-eastern trade wind. At t. it will descend again and go back as part of the return winds of the southern hemisphere to the south pole, and so on round and round the earth continually in perpetual motion.'

Mrs. H. Thank you, Francis. It will not be your fault if we ever forget these general laws of the wind world. How curious it is to think of all this rule, and order, and system, prevailing from century to century among those wandering Arabs of creation, the wild winds!

Lewis. Yes, Mamma; but how odd that the warm south-west is the same after all as our old enemy the north-east wind.

Mrs. H. There you see the advantage of foreign travel,

as some people would say. Your north-east wind goes all round the world before he comes back as the gentle Zephyr. When we first knew him he was very different, but he returns to us a polished gentleman, soft in speech, and smooth in manner, instead of the growling polar bear he was before.

William. Ah, but he goes back to the north, and soon learns his old tricks again!

Lewis. (*In a malicious whisper.*) As you do, William, when you go back to school after the holidays. (*Then aloud.*) But, Uncle, I want to know what you meant when you said that the belt of the earth, over which the greatest heat prevails, lies to the north of the equator. Now you told us that the greatest heat was at the equator, why then does not your belt or zone of equatorial calms lie on both sides equally of the equator?

Mrs. H. I was going to ask the same question.

Uncle F. There is much to be said before I can answer this question. But it is worth while delaying a little over it, since the answer will show you how liable you are to be led astray by general rules, unless you are thoroughly well acquainted with all the various circumstances under which the general rules act. You know, of course, that the sun is never very far from shining straight down upon the equator, and that therefore upon the whole there is more sun-warmth poured down upon the earth *there* than anywhere else on the whole globe. Still you must notice, that although more sun-warmth may be *sent* there from the sun, yet it does not necessarily follow that more sun-warmth is *received* into the globe there, than in other places near it.

Lewis. I do not quite see that.

Uncle F. You will soon, when I have explained it a little further. Now, if you do not remember it, I must remind you, that land or solid earth receives heat or warmth much more quickly and easily than water does.

That is to say, a continent will be warmed by the sun much more quickly than a sea or an ocean. Far more of the sun's heat will get into a continent or a land, than will get into an ocean or sea in the same time. In the same way, much more of the sun's heat will get into a sandy rocky country, than into one covered with a luxuriant growth of trees. The covering of thick trees will prevent in various ways the sun-warmth from getting into the earth. Now suppose the globe in the whole region of the equator to be of the same character, *i. e.*, all sea or all land of the same kind. Then the line of average greatest heat would be the line of the equator, and the *belt* of equatorial calms would on the average lie *equally* on the two sides of the equator. But in the region of the equator, the land and the sea are very irregularly arranged, and therefore such a rule as I have stated is very irregularly followed. Wherever there is a great mass of land near the equator, that mass of land absorbs a great amount of heat, and the neighbouring seas, though perhaps nearer the equator, absorb less, and so the greatest heat will not be exactly *at* the equator, but *near* it. Thus our first rule is modified by this new fact. In some places it is modified very much, in others only a little, according to the way in which the land and seas are arranged.

Take first the case of the North Atlantic Ocean. There, just within the hot region of the tropics, lies the vast mass of Northern Africa, one huge extent of arid, sandy, heat-receiving land. It is almost all to the *northward* of the equator, while only a small portion in comparison lies to the *southward*. Now what is the consequence? Why this. That the *actual region of greatest heat* coincides with the region where all this *heat-receiving land* prevails, instead of lying evenly upon each side of the equator. The true line of greatest heat is therefore considerably to the northwards, and the effect of this upon the belt of equatorial calms in the Atlantic Ocean, is to draw it altogether to the north of the equator, and the zone of

the trade winds is also drawn northwards to the same extent, so that instead of being bounded by the tropic in latitude 23° , they are, usually, bounded by the 30th degree of north latitude, and in hot summers, when the sun itself also passes to the northern side of the equator, have even been found as far north as latitude 38° or 39° . On the western side of the Atlantic, the same result is brought about partly by the great amount of land encircling the Gulf of Mexico, and partly by the fact, that the waters of the Gulf also are heated* to an extent altogether unusual and peculiar, so that they too in this case assist in raising the general temperature.

Next look at the Pacific Ocean. Here within the tropics it is nearly all ocean on both sides of the equator alike, so that in this ocean our first general rule has a better chance of being obeyed. But even here something of the same kind occurs, and the belt of greatest heat bends considerably northwards on the American side of the ocean, while the waters on the northern side the equator, being for the most part hotter than those on the southern side† keeps the zone of equatorial calms always a little to the north.

* The waters of the Gulf of Mexico have passed in the great ocean current all along the heated shores of Africa, then crossed out of the burning Gulf of Guinea, over to the heated shores of South America, flowing all the time under the fiercest heat, and finally reach the Gulf of Mexico, where they are still detained under a tropical sun. Thus the waters of this gulf *attain a heat* elsewhere unparalleled. The performances of this great current which flows into and then out of the Gulf of Mexico, are among the most interesting subjects in Natural History.

† The waters are, for the most part, hotter on the northern side for this reason. A cool ocean current sets from the south-east towards the north-west, hence the waters first reach the south side of the equator in a state of considerable coolness. In the southern tropic, and in crossing the equator, they are warmed. With the warmth thus acquired, they reach the northern tropic as comparatively warm currents, and thus the line of greatest heat is somewhat north of the equator.

Lastly, look at the Indian Ocean. Here within the tropics on the north side of the equator are vast tracts of continent, parts of Africa and Arabia, the peninsula of Hindoostan, Cochin China, and the Malay peninsula, all raising the temperature on the north, while on the south there is absolutely no land at all. Hence, in this last case, the heating of the globe within the tropics is utterly irregular, and the clear and symmetrical theory we have been discussing, has absolutely no chance at all of being followed out to the same result in the trade-wind region of the Indian Ocean. The winds then of this region form an entirely separate subject exceedingly interesting, but rather complicated.

Lewis. Then the winds in the three great oceans behave in three different ways. Those of the Pacific follow your rules very nearly exactly. Those of the Atlantic do so too, but have their boundaries considerably north of those which they would have but for the heat-absorbing lands. Those of the Indian Ocean are altogether disturbed by the peculiar arrangement of land and sea.

Uncle F. Yes, that is a very fair account of the matter. But I must add one more fact regarding the boundaries of the trade winds. You know, I suppose, that in summer the sun travels 23° to the north of the equator, and in winter the same distance to the south. This is the same thing as saying that more heat comes to the northern side of the earth during summer, and to the southern side during winter. The consequence therefore is, that our central belt, which we have sometimes called the 'belt of greatest heat,' sometimes 'the zone of calms,' can never be perfectly stationary, but oscillates a little backwards and forwards, northwards and southwards, and with it also the outer boundaries of the trade winds are found something more to the north in the summer than they are in the winter.

Mrs. H. So then all those pretty pictures you have

drawn for us of the winds going up and coming down at fixed places, are fictions and not real truths; for that first, the boundaries in your drawing are not real boundaries; and, secondly, the true boundaries themselves are always fluctuating.

Uncle F. Precisely so. My pictures, as you call them, represent the state of things which *would exist* if the globe received heat with equal readiness all over its surface, and if the sun always stood just over the equator. The actual state of things is changed by two causes, first, by the unequal distribution of land and sea; and, secondly, by the fact, that the sun travels north of the equator in summer, and south of it in winter. Still, on the whole, in two out of the three oceans my pictures give a very fair idea of the truth; and in the third ocean, the very alterations themselves which modify the trade winds, do but illustrate very beautifully the same general principles.*

Lemis. Why do you call them *trade winds*, Uncle?

Uncle F. The uniformity and steadiness with which they blow, were observed at an early period by merchant sailors, who soon began to take advantage of them in their trading voyages, and gave them the name of *trade winds*, or winds favourable to trade. They could not help noticing them, because there is such a difference not only in the direction of the winds, but also in the whole face of sea and sky directly you come within their influence. You exchange the fitful and variable gusts which prevail along their northern edge, for a steady breeze from the north-east, freshening more and more as you voyage southwards, till it becomes what sailors would call a gale. The sky, too, has its signs as well as the sea, and instead of the diverse forms and fantastic beauty of the clouds which you are accustomed to see in these countries, the trade-wind sky can only afford interminable streaks of

* The monsoons of the Indian Ocean will be explained in a future chapter.

heavy fog-like vapour. Endlessly these long ribands stretch over the sky from north-east to south-west, and almost seem to form an interminable grating of longitudinal bars in the direction of the wind. It is monotonous work this part of a voyage; long uniform lines of wave below, long uniform streaks of cloud above, the winds never giving you the excitement of a storm, but plodding on with a mechanical accuracy and an unromantic uniformity thoroughly consistent with their name.

Mrs. H. What a scope there is for the imagination in contemplating these vast wind streams traversing the earth like ærial rivers! Is there any means, Francis, of knowing the depth of such a current as the trade wind; I mean, of course, how far its surface is above us as we stand at the bottom of it?

Uncle F. I do not know of any experiment by which it can be determined with anything approaching to certainty. The Peak of Teneriffe, which I spoke of before, and which is about 12,000 feet high, gives the one opportunity with which I am acquainted of forming any opinion. At the upper part of this mountain, the south-west return wind *usually* blows; indeed I have never heard of an ascent when the south-west wind was not found there. But the Island of Teneriffe stands near the ordinary northern boundary of the trade wind, and it is not improbable that the depth of the current may be very different elsewhere. So far as I know, the depth of the trade wind at Teneriffe is exceedingly variable. One astronomical observer, who spent many weeks on the mountain in the months of June and July, 1856, found a variation in the thickness of the trade-wind current amounting to several thousand feet even in a few days. Sometimes if the trade wind be weak, and the return current very strong, the former will thin out to almost nothing, and the return south-west wind come down to the surface of the earth.

Lewis. But the strangest thing of all, Uncle, was, what you told us about the two winds crossing each other at the equator. How do people find out that?

William. Oh, I suppose there is some convenient mountain for sailors to climb and see what is going on up there.

Uncle F. No such luck for us, William. The reasons which seem to me to be sufficient upon this point, are to be found on the surface of the ocean, and not by going up. Tell me one of the proofs I gave you of the existence of the upper current.

Lewis. Do you mean the ashes of the volcanoes moving in a contrary direction to that of the trade winds?

Uncle F. Yes; and now, William, can you not understand that we may find out where a wind has come from, without having actually come with it all the way?

William. Yes; but I never knew our south-west winds brought any volcanic ashes with them.

Uncle F. They do not bring any *here*, nor, in fact, do they bring any *volcanic* ashes that I know of anywhere, as a rule; but in certain places north of the equator, clouds of dust frequently fall to the sea, and we naturally ask how the dust comes there.

Mrs. H. Travellers see strange things, Francis. When I was a little girl, we used to think flying fish an almost incredible wonder, but dust at sea seems even more strange. Tell us all about it.

Uncle F. I will as well as I can. Just at the northern edge of the trade winds at the Cape de Verd Islands, where the south-west wind, which I say comes from the southern hemisphere, begins to blow, sailors in the month of April or May, and also in October, often find thick showers of dust coming down and powdering all the sails and cordage of their ships, even though they are several days sail from any land. For a long time navigators did not give themselves much trouble as to where this dust came from, but

as Africa was the nearest land, they called it African dust, although as no known wind blows from Africa, it was rather a foolish name. Yet it was not an unnatural idea, for there was no other land for it to come from, unless it came from America, and I suppose they never thought of that.

Mrs. H. I am sure I should not have thought of America; but then I am not a sailor.

Uncle F. I do not think it was a sailor who found it out after all. The story is this: Strange showers of dust were known to fall in other places which are swept over by the same return south-westerly winds, at Malta, at Genoa, at Lyons, in the Tyrolese Alps, and elsewhere. Then persons collected some of the dust from these dust showers both at sea and land, from all those various localities, all of them you will remember within the line of the same streak, so to call it, of the south-westerly winds. These specimens were then sent to a celebrated naturalist, who examined them through his microscope. You may imagine how delighted and astonished he was to find that all these specimens of the dust of the south-west wind were exactly of the same kind, though gathered hundreds and even thousands of miles apart; and what was more surprising still, he found this dust contain the remains of extremely minute insects and creatures once living, many of which belong exclusively, as naturalists know, not to Africa, but to South America. What does this teach us then?

Lewis. I suppose you mean that the wind as it crossed South America blew away this fine dust, and carrying it over our trade winds, let it fall again when it came down to the earth.

Uncle F. Yes, and this is really the only reasonable explanation we can give of the matter. One thing is certain, the dust could not have come *against the wind*, so it must have come *with the wind*, and if it came with the

wind, then a wind from South America must have come across the equator. To me the case seems very clear.

Mrs. H. But our south-west wind is always blowing more or less all the year round, and you say that this dust falls chiefly in April, or May, and in October. Now if the wind is always blowing, why does it not bring the dust always?

Uncle F. Just because it is not always dusty in South America, where the wind comes from. South America has a long rainy season, and then a dry season. You would not expect the winds to find much dust in the rainy season, would you?

Mrs. H. No, certainly, I did not think of that.

Uncle F. But the cases fit with an almost poetical beauty. About March and September, that is about the vernal and autumnal equinoxes, we have in portions of South America seasons of intense and unparalleled drought, the very marshes become burning plains, the lightest breeze would be sufficient to sweep away clouds of dust, but it is no light breeze that sweeps over those parched and burning lands during their seasons of drought. At those periods the trade-wind currents, which in our oceans blow so steadily and uniformly, lash themselves, in the countries of which I speak, into hurricanes and whirlwinds of fabulous ferocity, and the decaying dust of myriads of tiny insects, and of land and water plants, are whirled away in the violence of the storm. The dry season ends, the winds resume their usual steadiness, and the rains recommencing, there is no more dust for them to bear away in their flight, while that which has been swept away travels on far into distant regions, and serves to tell inquiring man whence comes the soft south-west wind of our northern climate.

Lewis. Oh, is not that beautiful, Mamma? That is much better than if the dust were always coming.

Mrs. H. Yes, it sounds almost too beautiful for reality ; more like a fairy tale.

Uncle F. It is no fairy tale, however, but sober reality. And we notice also that the fall of rain dust in each season follows at the same distance of time after the dry season in America. Moreover, the dust always falls in about the same line, so that it is clear that the same causes are always at work in the matter, and that the winds that bring it have a regular path from which they do not diverge. Again, if our theory be correct, the line across the Cape de Verd Islands and the Mediterranean, say Marseilles or Genoa, is just the south-west line in which we ought to find the air which formed the winds blowing over the parched districts I spoke of in the plains of the Amazon and Oronoco, supposing that it crosses the equator and becomes our return wind.

Mrs. H. I see you are determined to make out your case, you make everything fit like the pieces of a Chinese puzzle. But suppose your microscopical philosopher made a mistake ?

William. Oh, but he was much too clever a man for that. Was he not, Uncle ?

Uncle F. Well, if he has made a mistake, I hope we shall soon find it out. But I do not think there is much danger of it. And even if he have done so, still we have other indications which serve to show the same thing. For, first of all, it is far more *natural* that when winds have blown strongly in one direction, they should go on in the same, instead of turning straight round and going back again ; and then again, the quantity of rain which these winds bring with them, is a fact which requires explanation, and which can best be explained upon this plan. Where do you suppose the south-west winds find all their moisture ? This little shower, for instance, that has just passed away ?

Lewis. An hour ago, I should have said it came from

the sky, but I suppose that answer will not be good enough for you, Uncle Francis?

William. At any rate, you do not want us to say it came from South America?

Uncle F. Not from *South America*, perhaps, and perhaps the rain forming this particular shower may have come from no great distance, but the vast quantities of rain which these return winds afford, and by which they fertilize the great North American continent, to say nothing of all the western countries and islands of Europe, are too remarkable to be passed over in silence. As a matter-of-fact, students of Natural History are disposed to think that these rains consist in part at least of waters sucked up, as the winds, those great water carriers, traversed the vast oceans of the south. And thus the rains, as well as the dust, give a clue to the paths of the winds.

Mrs. H. Come, the shower is past; let us go, and put off the history of its journey till to-morrow. Uncle Francis is surely tired.

Uncle F. It will take some time certainly, and I am more disposed to rest than to talk just now. Let us have a race with my South-American dog. Here, Juan, you have not had a good run for months. Show these English boys some of your foreign ways.

(To be continued.)

THE EARTH AS IT IS.

CHAPTER XI.

PLAINS AND DESERTS.

IMMENSE tracts of desert land may be traced through Northern Africa and Asia from Cape Blanco, to beyond the Indus, an extent of 5,600 geographical miles. The Sahara, or Great Desert, reaches from the shore of the Atlantic, to the rocky country beyond the valley of the

Nile, a distance of about 2,650 miles, varying in width from 700 to 1,200 miles. Its surface is generally naked hard sandstone rock, or loose sand, with intervening portions covered by gravel or rounded pebbles; here and there a little earth or salt mingles with the sand. The desolation of this dreary waste is terrific; the dry heated air is like a red vapour; the setting sun seems to be a volcanic fire, and at times the burning wind of the desert is the blast of death. It blows from the east nine months in the year, and at the equinoxes it rushes in a hurricane, driving the sand in clouds before it, producing darkness even at mid-day, and often overwhelming caravans of men and animals.

The riches of the desert in rock-salt have been known since the time of Herodotus; there are many salt-lakes to the north, and even the springs are of brine, thick incrustations of dazzling salt cover the ground, and the particles borne aloft by the whirlwinds, flash like diamonds in the sun. Scorched as the traveller in the desert is by day, he suffers as much from cold at night, owing probably to the great radiation from the ground under a perfectly clear and cloudless sky.

On the eastern and northern portions of the Sahara, fresh water rises near the surface, and produces an occasional oasis, where barrenness and vitality meet. Late explorers have reported a greater number of fertile oases than were formerly imagined to exist; it is now generally affirmed, that the sand covers only the smaller portion of the great lowland, and that the desert is composed of several detached basins. The oases are generally depressed below the level of the desert, with a sandy or calcareous border, inclosing their verdure like a frame. The smaller ones produce herbage, ferns, acacias, and some shrubs; forests of date-palms grow in the larger ones, the resort of lions, panthers, gazelles, reptiles, and various birds. The mean elevation of the Sahara (though some of the northern

parts have been reported to be lower than the sea) is now computed at from 1000 to 2000 feet above the sea level.

In the Libyan desert, to the east of the Sahara, in a hideous flinty plain, lies a deep furrow running parallel to the Nile, in which there is a long line of oases, Darfour, Selime, the Great and the Little Oases, and the parallel valleys of the Natron Lakes, and Bahr-Belama, or the Dry River. The Great Oasis, or Oasis of Thebes, is 120 miles long, and four or five miles broad ; the Lesser Oasis, separated from it by forty miles of desert, is of the same form. Both are rich in verdure, and cultivation, with villages amid palm groves and fruit trees, mingled with the ruins of antiquity. The Natron Lakes are in the northern part of the valley of Niturn, in the south of which is a beautiful quiet spot, the resort of Christian monks in the second century, when 360 convents existed there, of which only four remain.

The ancients compared the fertile and beautiful oases met with in the desert, to the spots on a leopard's skin, and called them the Happy Valleys, the Islands of the Blessed, &c. from the contrast they presented with the surrounding sterility and barrenness.

Another line of oases in the Libyan Desert includes Siwab, in which are the ruins of the Temple of Jupiter Ammon. Beyond the valley of the Nile, and the Red Sea forming the eastern boundary of the Libyan Desert, come the almost equally desert regions of Arabia, Syria, and Persia, forming in connexion with the Sahara, one great sea of sand. The Desert of Arabia is a continuous table-land, three or four thousand feet high, intersected by a few hilly ridges ; its soil is composed chiefly of sand and salt, and it is altogether barren, except in a few places where some saline plants and stunted thorny shrubs are to be found. The intense heat of the sun is only tempered by the winds, which often raise fatal tempests of

sand. Blast after blast sweep past, bearing before them miles of sand-drift, surging and wheeling round, one grey wave after another, scattering the spray of sand, and falling now in cloudy wreaths, now in divided streams and torrents. The mirage, as well as the simoon of the desert, has been too often described to need more than a passing observation.

Many travellers speak with delight of the beauty of the nights in those regions, where the stars shine with an unclouded brilliancy, seldom witnessed in damper climates.

The effect of moonlight on the yellow sands of Arabia, has been thus described : 'There were three great breadths, or masses of colour, the sky, the moonshine, and the sand, without anything of intermediate or contrasting hue ; to mar the effect of these, no rock, no tree, no patch of dark soil. Their unbroken fusion into each other seemed to throw out a sort of intermediate brightness, belonging to all, yet distinct from each, and to produce an atmosphere of the softest and most mellow splendour.'

The Assyrian wilderness, in which are the broken columns, and ruined temples of Palmyra, is covered in spring with a thin but vivid verdure, mixed with fragrant aromatic herbs of very short duration. In many parts of the desert, the monotony is relieved by flowers of bright colours, such as the scarlet poppy, the iris, crocus, and other bulbous plants, of warm and brilliant hues, which seem to delight in the dry sandy soil, and spring up even where no grass will flourish.

The central part of Africa seems as far as has been yet explored, to consist of vast plains of but little elevation, varying in character according to the soil and the supply of water. In the neighbourhood of rivers, and where much rain falls, the moisture under the fiery radiance of the tropical sun produces a rank and luxuriant vegetation ; while there are districts in the south almost rivalling the Sahara in barrenness and sterility. Great Namaqua Land

covers a surface of about 148,000 square English miles, scantily peopled, destitute of water, barren and dismal ; its immense sandy plains are traversed by hill and rock thickly strewn with quartz, which reflects a dazzling light. The few springs to be met with, are generally either hot or salt, and the periodical water-courses therefore afford the chief supply of water, and for more than six months in the year this country is scorched by the almost vertical sun.

The coast-line consists of a dreary sandy waste, extending sometimes thirty or forty, sometimes above an hundred miles into the interior, and is, with few exceptions, uninhabitable. Damara Land is almost equally barren, but in many parts the plains are covered with dense thorny jungle, the 'Wacht-een-bigte,' or 'Wait-a-bit' of the Dutch colonists. The fish-hook principle on which most of these thorns are shaped, and the strength of each, make them very harassing and formidable enemies to all travellers in those parts, each prickle will sustain on an average a weight of seven pounds ; therefore a man whose clothes are laid hold of by a score or two of these prickles at once, comes out of the affray in a very tattered condition.

The great Kalahari Desert, long supposed to be impassable, owing to the want of water, extends from the Orange River in the south, to the Lake Ngami in the north ; it is remarkably flat, but by no means destitute of vegetation, for it is covered with grass, usually rising in tufts, with bare spaces between, and with creeping plants whose roots being buried far beneath the soil, suffer little from the scorching sun. The number of those which have tuberous roots is very great, their structure supplying nutriment and moisture during the long droughts. Indeed the beneficent care of a good Providence has ordered that many plants not usually tuber-bearing become so, where the tuber is necessary to act as a reservoir, and so to pre-

serve life. The small scarlet eatable cucumber, and the Léroshua, are blessings to the inhabitants of the desert. The latter is a small creeping plant, with a tuber often as large as a young child's head, twelve or eighteen inches below the soil, containing a fluid deliciously cool and refreshing. But the most surprising plant of the desert is the Kengwe, or Kéme, the water-melon, which sometimes covers vast tracts of country, and gives a rich supply of moisture, not only to man, but to animals of every sort; elephants, rhinoceroses, antelopes, and even lions, jackals, and mice, all seem to revel in this delicious fruit, and many instances are on record of travellers being sustained by it when in danger of perishing from want of water. The soil of the Kalahari Desert is generally a soft white sand, under which water may sometimes be found by digging deep pits or wells, down to the hard stratum of rock, upon which it lies. During the dry season, a hot wind often blows over the desert, something like the Harmattan of the north of Africa; so devoid of moisture as to cause the wood of the best seasoned boxes or furniture to shrink, and the atmosphere is then in such an electric state, that a bunch of ostrich feathers held for a few minutes against it, became as strongly charged as if attached to a powerful electrical machine, and clasped the hand with a sharp crackling sound. Dr. Livingstone speaks of the peculiar glare of bright sunlight from the cloudless sky, thrown over the whole scene, and of the great sameness of the desert, caused by the likeness of one clump of trees and bushes to another, with the same open space between each, rendering it very difficult to find one's land-marks in travelling through it. This difficulty is doubtless increased by the prevalence of the mirage in all these regions.

North of Lake Ngami, discovered in 1852 by Dr. Livingstone, a totally different country begins, reedy swamps and morasses border the rivers, and large plains

are rendered fertile by the annual inundations caused by the tropical rains falling on a perfectly level country. Dr. Livingstone describes the deeply flooded plains of Lobale as so flat that the rain-water stands upon them for months together. 'Here and there dotted over the surface are little islands on which grow stunted date-bushes and scraggy trees. The plains themselves are covered with a thick sward of grass, which conceals the water, and makes the flats appear like great pale, yellow-coloured, prairie lands, with a clear horizon, except where interrupted here and there by trees. The clear rain-water must have stood some time among the grass, for great numbers of lotus-flowers were seen in full blow, and the runs of water-tortoises and crabs were observed; other animals also, which prey on the fish that find their way to the plains.'

'There is no drainage for the prodigious masses of water on these plains, except slow percolation into the different feeders of the Leeba and other rivers.' When, however, this stagnant water has all soaked in, which must happen after months of drought, travellers are sometimes put to straits, and obliged to dig for the water, always to be found here a few feet below the surface. Dr. Livingstone traversed these plains on his return from Loanda, when they were quite dry, with the exception of pools in a few hollow spots. Passing over these interminable plains, his eye rested with pleasure on a small flower growing in such numbers, as to give its own hue to the ground; one band of yellow stretched across his path, made up of every shade of that colour from the palest lemon to the richest orange. Crossing an hundred yards, he came to another broad band of the same flower, but blue, varying from the lightest tint to dark blue, and even purple; and he observes upon the marked change in the colour of the same flower in different parts of the country. He mentions with delight his recognition in

those far-away plains, of a familiar home-plant, a species of *Drosera*, or sun-dew, the leaves being covered with reddish hairs, each of which was tipped with a drop of clammy fluid, making the whole appear as if spangled over with small diamonds.

Dr. Livingstone speaks with rapture of the wonderful fertility of the Barotse Valley, and of the beauty of the country on the banks of the Leambye river. Toilsome as his path was, now across flooded plains, or savannahs of tall grass, now through dense tangled forests, which no wagon could penetrate, full of large climbing plants entwining themselves round the trunks and branches of the gigantic trees, he still adverts with admiration to the luxuriant loveliness around him.

Other travellers have described the country of the Ovambo, the beautiful and fertile plains of Ondonga, in the south-western part of the country, as a sort of Elysium, succeeding as they do the jungles of merciless thorns of the Damara Land, and presenting to the eye a landscape of yellow corn, dotted with peaceful homesteads, with here and there gigantic, wide-spreading, and dark-foliaged timber and fruit trees, while innumerable fan-like palms, single or in groups, complete the picture.

Between the regions explored by Dr. Livingstone and the great Basin of Lake Tchad, south of the Great Sahara, visited by Dr. Oudney and Dr. Barth, nothing is certainly known of the country, but from the reports of the natives and Arab traders, it appears to contain many large level plains and shallow lakes. Lake Tchad itself is nearly in the centre of the African continent, and occupies the lowest part of a great hollow or depression, several thousand square miles in extent. In the rainy season it overflows, and the plains around it, which slope down almost imperceptibly to the lake, are fertile, and produce rice, cotton, dhurra, &c. Both this lake and Lake Ngami appear to have been once much larger than they are at

present, and there is reason to believe, that in former times the whole basin-shaped interior of South Africa was a series of lakes and marshes, now becoming drained by the Leambye and other rivers, which have forced their way through the rocky ridges which inclosed them.

In the desert regions to the south, too, there is evidence, in the numerous dried-up fountains, ancient river-beds, &c. that that country was formerly much better watered than at present. Dr. Livingstone, however, augurs from its geological formation, that it may be much improved by artificial irrigation, artesian wells, &c. when the country shall be more thoroughly colonized.

(To be continued.)

MINOR CARES.

(Eleanor and Sophy's Mother.)

Louisa. I hope Sophy will not overdo herself, she has taken so much in hand; accounts, and giving out stores, and Caroline's lessons, and she says there should be regular garden accounts kept.

Eleanor. Sophy seems to me to rise to the emergency, and her character is wonderfully strengthened.

L. I wish she may take up her drawing again at Aberistwyth. She gets no time for her own pursuits now, I mean for any accomplishments.

E. Who does, when embarked in the realities of life? How well you used to play, and you never touch the pianoforte now.

L. Only when so much time and money have been spent on these things, it seems a pity they should be lost.

E. One must hope the application is good, and that they refine the taste. And if Sophy colours some seas and skies because they are so beautiful that she cannot help it, that is a better use of her talent than to make it an end of life. When she was younger, I think both her

drawing and music stood her in stead. And we must remember she is not a mere girl now, nor Caroline a child, to be always watched. Unmarried women of Sophy's age need, I think, good tough hard work, such as your household reforms may have given her.

L. I hope she has not gone too far; but I dare say it was right, if only on poor Henry's account. That is a great weight off my mind. I dare say she was the more anxious about it because, I am afraid, she had a disappointment herself, and I managed so badly about it. Did she tell you?

E. Not a word.

L. She does not like to talk about it. I am sure I had not an idea that she cared for him. That curate at Stonyford, you know; Mr. McLeod.

E. Did he go on that account?

L. Yes; he would not trust himself to stay so near, and it was quite impossible; he had nothing of his own—a younger son of a poor Scotch Laird—and the church was got up by subscription, with a very small endowment; as it was, they could hardly pay off the debt. Sophy was always so anxious about the church, and wanted her father to give more, but he could not afford it. She saved ten pounds herself, poor dear, for it, but she gave it anonymously, because it looked so odd to give the same as her father. Well, we went to the consecration, and asked Mr. McLeod to come over sometimes, as he was quite a stranger here; he used to walk over to dine and sleep now and then—a plain, shy little man, you would not have noticed him much. I am sure such a thing never entered my head. Sophy sees so many people, and always seems quite at her ease; rather giving out that she does not mean to marry, and stopping anything like flirting; but she does like men's conversation if they are clever, and I sometimes fancied she was rather too independent.

E. That I could fancy.

L. However, I only meant to show you why this never occurred to me. After a while we heard how well he was getting on, and was beginning to civilize those wild people, and had a very good school. We went to see it.

E. She wrote to me about that, and I was amused, because she used to cry up trained masters and inspectors, which somehow my old-fashioned ways did not quite give into, and this seemed such a humble affair for her to praise.

L. You see he could collect so little, and was determined to have no school debts. So he fitted up a room in the farm-house where he lodged, an old rambling place, and had a very humble mistress, teaching chiefly himself; he wanted to make it self-supporting.

E. He was clever if he did that.

L. He had all sorts of plans about the boys' work, and they paid more than here, and bought their own books, and having had no school before, they were very eager about it; and I must say he had got them into beautiful order, and seemed to have a real hold upon them. We drove there several times, and Sophy and Ellen did some texts for the school, and printed some lessons. One Sunday he took Mr. Lowe's duty, coming here on the Saturday. The sermons were most beautiful, and took everyone by surprise, for they had not supposed him so able. The afternoon one was on charitable speaking: 'Why dost thou judge thy brother, or why dost thou set at nought thy brother?' We were all praising it, for Edward and Agnes were here, and several people, but Sophy had tears in her eyes, and could not speak of it; only when Mr. McLeod was going, she said, 'I took your rebuke to myself for what I said this morning, though I suppose you did not mean me;' and I heard him answer, very gravely, 'No, it was written, every word; *but you were wrong.*'

E. What was it?

L. Something I had not heard, about the Lowes chiefly, I believe, and stupid people in general. She was in high spirits at breakfast, and talking unguardedly, enjoying Agnes's society, and wishing her to like Mr. McLeod. She talked it all out with me afterwards, and said she had never before seen so clearly how uncharitable she had been, especially towards Ellen and the Lowes, and wanting in respect to Mr. Lowe, and that she had rather laughed at Ellen's taking to Eliza Lowe, who is commonplace, instead of praising her; and especially since Agnes came, she had snubbed Ellen more for her truisms. I am sure she has taken great pains with herself since. I was struck another time, and I think she was, by Mr. McLeod's deference to Mr. Lowe, and asking his advice; it was just the proper respect to an elder person, and to his experience. After a time he came less, and said he was too busy; and then his sister came to him, a stiffish, homely person, with a very Scotch accent, older than he was, and not very taking. He said now that he had society at home, there was less excuse for coming out. Sophy abused him, and called it uncivil. We tried to get them over, and offered to send, but Miss McLeod always declined, and it ended in only calling on her sometimes, and his walking over very rarely. Last summer he came one day to luncheon, seemed absent and *préoccupé*, and told me he was going away. There was an urgent need of missionaries on the Labrador coast, and he had offered himself. I thought it a great pity to give up his people here, but he said there were plenty to do home work, and much better than he could, but ice-bergs might not suit everybody; that Mr. Wells would take Stonyford, and build a parsonage, and was an excellent man. Naturally he shrank from any discussion before others. Sophy was in high admiration when I told her, thought it such a grand field, and no loss to us, as we never saw him now. He was hurried off, in order to arrive before

winter, and only came to take leave, and was sad, and very silent. We were just going out, so we took him home, as we had often done formerly. He would not drive me, but sat behind with the boy, and said nothing. When we parted, and I talked of seeing him back again some day, he answered very seriously, 'No, I go for life. I do not care where they send me, Labrador, Canada, Rupert's Land, but I am not coming back.' Something of thanks, and then shook hands, and ran into the school. Certainly, whatever Sophy felt, she carried it off beautifully, and talked of missions all the way home.

E. She could not feel it painfully, for I think much too well of Sophy to suppose her heart could be touched without cause; he might be an authority, a guide, a friend, but nothing more.

L. Well, I suppose that is the way to look on it. Christian McLeod, the sister, stayed behind to receive the Wells', and go about with them, which he had not the heart to do; and before she went quite away, she came over here. Sophy had gone a long ride with her father to see about some repairs of a farm—she persuaded him to go. So we were alone, and after talking a little about the voyage, and so on, she said she was glad to have found me alone, having a message from her brother, which perhaps had better go no further. He wished to account for his seeming ingratitude and coldness, after the kindness shown him; he had drawn back in a way that must have seemed unaccountable, but was from no want of regard. Coming as a stranger, it had been a real pleasure to be so welcomed, and it seems he took to me particularly; I am sure I do not know why. Then she began point-blank upon Sophy. He had been interested about her from the first, and had been on his guard, but thought he might safely meet her as a friend. He had always put marriage out of the question. His father gave him his education, and could do nothing more at his

death, and he had no chance of any living. Whether Sophy had much or little never occurred to him ; either way she was equally out of his reach. He carefully avoided gaining her confidence, which he might have done ; he never but once said anything personal, and that was in reproof, (what I told you of.) Not that he ever supposed himself likely to attract notice from her, who lived among far pleasanter people. The bright freshness of her character seemed so to strike him, he said it was like coming into the sunshine. But it would not do, it bewildered and disturbed him ; he tried keeping away, but that only wore him, and then he gave all up. But she said he very likely might have gone some day, having always longed to undertake some hard work, not sit at ease at home. So this made it less distressing for us ; and one thing was clear, that she wanted no pity for herself or him ; she rejoiced in his vocation, and could not regret the cause that had fixed it. She was glad to go back to her mother, and as to partings, she said most of her brothers and sisters were scattered about the world, many she never thought to see again. ‘ But what does it matter,’ she said, ‘ if all belong to one Fold ? And such trials as Donald’s are very common, and very good for us, and help to loosen the cords that bind us down here.’ She entirely acquitted Sophy of anything like lightness or trifling ; as far as she could gather, she had been throughout kind, friendly, and discreet. She longed herself to know her better, but dared not.

E. How seldom one sees people keeping their own resolutions so strictly. Of course she did not wish Sophy to know ?

L. She advised not. She said her brother’s message was to me, and he did not wish my daughter to be troubled about the matter, though he had not the presumption to think it could disturb her. But Christian was proud of her brother, and thought it might ; and I

could see that she would not allow any inequality, only the bar of poverty.

E. Why, for that matter, their means would have been much the same—and of course the McLeods of Skye look on us as up-starts. Did she thaw at parting?

L. Yes, indeed, poor thing, and had tears in her eyes; and I felt less afraid of her. She took leave very warmly, but did not trust herself to say much. Well, I kept my counsel for a fortnight, but I never had been used to keep anything from my child, and it seemed hard. She was quite happy, and seemed to have forgotten all about it. We went to call on the Wells's, and after we came back, we were sitting in my room before dressing, and she said, 'I wish Christian McLeod would have let one love her—she always seemed so frigid;' and then, somehow, I could not help telling her. She was very much overcome, and when I took fright, and said I ought not to have told her, she said, 'Oh yes, yes, I would not but have known it. I am so thankful to know it was all right, and no coolness. I never could think why they drew back;' and then she ran away, and for some days she would not let me say a word, though I could see what a struggle it was to her to keep up. And I felt I had done wrong, and altogether it was very trying.

E. She could only struggle alone. There is no talking of those sort of trials.

L. She did once speak of it, the week after. Poor dear, she begged my pardon for being reserved, and begged me not to vex, for I had done the kindest thing in telling her, and it was much more joy than pain, though at first she had felt rebellious. She hoped it would steady her, and make her less worldly, and burn in the lessons of charity, and submission, and meekness, which she had been trying to learn. Miss McLeod wrote to me to say he had arrived, and we talked a little then, but she has not said a word since. I cannot tell whether she has got

over it at all, but somehow I do not think she will marry now.

E. Probably not, and I do not see how you could spare her. However trying, I think this may have given her a resting-place which single women sometimes seem to need, though contented with their lot.

L. Do you think I was wrong in speaking?

E. No; it seems all to have turned out for the best. It was, perhaps, a risk, and you were hardly aware of the difference it might make.

L. I am sure if there had been anything like an income, we should not have objected. The sort of life might have suited her—it is a pretty spot, and she is fond of poor people. She used to abuse our anomalies, as she called them—girls being brought up with every luxury, but too poor to marry—and you see it has been her own case. And perhaps if we had spent less, there might have been something more to give the girls.

E. I do not think you should look back to that. I am not for luxury, certainly, but perhaps country gentlemen do more good by spending money on their own property, than laying up portions for their daughters, for the benefit of some possible poor curate, who may not be quite so disinterested as Mr. McLeod. No, depend upon it, dear, everything is best as it is, and I wish him all success with the Esquimaux and cod-fishers. Sophy is much better fitted for her position here than for the trials of a poor curate's wife. I have seen a good deal of that lot, and it is not one to be lightly undertaken, merely because one likes poor people. If a father can lay his hand on any spare money, he can sometimes help one child who is poorer than the rest; that is better, I think, than giving to all.

L. Yes; if there had been more for Henry, it would have been a comfort. And very likely Ellen may marry a clergyman, it would be just the life for her.

E. Well, I hope he will have something of his own.

I am very glad that Henry should marry now—it does seem a great pity when those who have good worldly prospects cannot choose themselves a good wife while they are still young and fresh-minded, and one can well understand dear Sophy working heartily at that. But, dear Louisa, do not you think as life goes on, one grows to think and care less what might have been, had so-and-so been done or not, and to feel that all, even the smallest things, are mercifully ordered for us, and taken out of our hands, and that it must be all right, if only we do not interfere in some selfish or wilful way.

L. I try to think so, but I fear I am mistrustful, and get so anxious about all my boys growing up, and whether we settle rightly about them. Certainly, as to poor dear Sophy, it is all over and done, and out of our hands. I wonder whether she still thinks much about it. Perhaps you will find out.

E. I shall not touch on the subject unless anything leads to it. But perhaps you will call me very romantic for saying that I should expect her to think about it now and always. I mean in some deep corner of her mind, not interfering with duties, as it certainly has not hitherto.

L. Should you think that safe?

E. I think she would put it away if it were not—but that the complete separation might make it safe—as death would. And I think we should remember that she must look on the whole story very differently from what we do. To us it may seem merely a hopeless attachment on the part of a poor curate, which happily came to nothing, as it never could have been entertained.

L. Yes, that is the way her father spoke of it, and I believe he has quite forgotten it by this time.

E. But to her such a love is an untold treasure. She looks on him as a high and gifted spirit, called to do his Master's work on earth, and counting all earthly things

but loss, if he may but persevere ; choosing a life of suffering, and peril, and toil, for the sake of saving souls. I am judging from what he was doing here, and what she told me of his powers in the days when she praised him so very innocently. Anyhow, there was a strong will bent to the highest ends. Now to be such a man's choice is a very precious thing, and I can fancy that in the lapse of years, and with no earthly tie, the feeling might continue unchanged, and might be something bright to turn to, because it would be connected with all that was most high and holy in the inner mind.

* * * * *

Sophia. I know I was in a very wrong mood at first, and could not submit to have all taken out of my hands. I longed so for one word or look, or just to have spoken to Christian, and mere temporal obstacles seemed such trifles.

E. Perhaps had there been none such, others at home would have arisen.

S. Oh, yes, it was much better to be impossible. I see it all now, and it was the absence of those little things to cling to that made it all clear and straight, and gave the feeling I always have now, of something not of this world. I had a strong temptation to write to Christian, and perhaps getting the better of that was the first thing that helped me. I was very glad I had not, when her letter came.

E. Was it stiff?

S. No ; it was kind, but wise, and just like herself, saying that she was sure mamma would like to know he had had a good voyage, and was most warmly received by the bishop, who was just starting for the Labrador coast, and would establish him there in a new station, where they have built a little wooden church. No message—all seemed from herself ; it was a regular take-leave, thanking for past kindness on this winding-up of our

intercourse. Kind regards to me—but I know what they meant.

E. And that is the last you have heard?

S. Scraps in S. P. G. reports sometimes, and the Wells's, in comfortable ignorance, told me about the Labrador voyage. When nobody knows, I am as bold as a lion; but I could not tell mamma, we should have had it all over again, and that I could not stand—I had rather it passed from her mind. I do not want to hear anything now—when we are older, the time will come.—Now I look on that world of billows, and mists, and ice, as something so separate from this, that earthly thoughts cannot pass from one shore to the other; and in the mist sometimes there seems to stand up a cross with '*Wieder-sehn*' on it, such as you saw on the little German grave.

E. I am glad it led you to work, not dream.

S. You see if my lot here was marked out for me so decidedly, it behoved to be to some purpose. And I had not done what I might; I had been careless of many things which it seemed hopeless to mend, and thrown myself into wrong interests—cared for pleasant society, worshipped talent, and nursed up my fastidiousness. It was all revealed to me then, and when I was sick of the hollowness, home reforms were something real to work at.

E. But you did not go out much.

S. No, I only cared for a few people and places—Georgy and her set when I was in London; Ashdean, because one met strangers, and not merely the same neighbours over again—but many very unsound, like their hosts. I thought it would not hurt me, but it did. I had begun to open my eyes before the crash. There was one reproof that came very home to me, and there was the constant example of universal charity, kindness to the dullest, respect to those far inferior, and real powers, far beyond those flashy talkers, bent on the humblest walk, and never caring to shine.

E. I think it was from feeling restless that you had thrown yourself into false excitement.

S. If only the having found my resting-place may enable me to work humbly and diligently. You see why all those tasks are good for me now. The past difficulties were good too, something to surmount—and the working for Henry was pleasant. Not but that I felt sacrifice and submission to be better than ‘hopes fulfilled.’ And, after all, why grudge thought upon cares? For is not life made up of them? And do not some of our great mistakes arise from taking them by the wrong end?

E. Yes; despising, or deprecating, or shrinking from them, instead of embracing them as part of the work set us by Him who can make the yoke easy, and the burden light.

NOTES ON INSECTS.

CHAPTER XI.

ORTHOPTERA.

‘U’, u’, o ch’ è quel che salta?

Un grillo, un grillo!

Venite qua, correte!

Rampongoli! cogliete!’

EARWIGS have been exalted to the dignity of having a whole order to themselves, Dermaptera, but many authors consider that they belong to the Orthoptera, insects with two wings folded longitudinally, elytra leathery, one folding longitudinally over the edge of the other, mouth with transversely moveable jaws. Walking-leaves, crickets, grasshoppers, and locusts, are included in Orthoptera.

Earwigs and Rove Beetles are so much alike in their slender shape and the long flexible tail, used by both for arranging the ample wings under the very short elytra, that most authors consider the former as the link which connects the two orders together. There are seven English species, of which *Forficula Auricularia* is the

commonest. It is one of the Pariahs among insects, most of which are regarded by people in general as *Canaille*, not to be admitted into respectable society; but in the lowest depth there is a deeper still, and earwigs are in that. They do pinch, that must be acknowledged, and it is not pleasant when gathering primroses to feel a sharp twinge, and discover an earwig suspended by his pincers to the finger; and they eat flowers, and any bees which may have taken up their night's lodging in one: but, after all, their offences are not so very great; they are rather over-abused insects. Sometimes, indeed, their misdeeds admit of no palliation, as when they visit a tray of insects set out to dry, and make a meal of their bodies; nor can a dahlia-fancier be expected to tolerate them. There can be no doubt of the fate which overtook that earwig which was found by a certain florist climbing the dahlia which was sure to win the prize if it could be preserved perfect till the day of a grand flower-show. Its owner got up before dawn every day to see that no insect had attacked it, and on the very morning of the show he beheld an earwig just about to gnaw those petals on whose perfect shape depended all his hopes! Had he been half a minute late! How he must have shuddered!

The origin of its name has been much disputed. The old impossible idea that it creeps into the ear and injures the brain may account for the first half, but why wig? *Ear wing*, from the shape of its beautiful wings, is surely improbable; few people have ever seen them or discovered that it has wings at all. The old spelling is Ear wick—*car* has been tortured into meaning a bud in Saxon; *wic* is a dwelling, by some ingenious person who has suggested that the Ear wic was so called because he has his dwelling in buds. Its Scotch name is Coach-bell.

Let us not forget the one amiable trait in the Earwig's character. It may have many more, but this one is well known as a fact—it loves its eggs and its young in a way

very uncommon indeed among insects. It will collect them if they are scattered, move them from place to place, and guard and protect its young to the best of its ability. The larvæ are active, very like the imago, or perfect insect, only they have no wings; and though they assume a second state before they reach that of the imago, they do not become torpid, but still move and eat and look so like their parents, that it is not easy to say which stage of existence they have reached.

Of the Mantis and Phasma family we have no example in England. Strange uncanny-looking creatures—this one like a withered, shrivelled leaf, that, like a fresh plucked one from a laurel, an orange, an oleander—walking leaves—animated plants—anything but insects. Even their eggs might be taken for berries. Yet insects they are, and, after all, if they resemble leaves, our English fly and bee orchis resemble insects, and some of the foreign orchidaceous plants carry similar likenesses farther still. The Mantidæ are carnivorous, and very fierce, so much so, that the Chinese keep them and make them fight like game cocks. One or two kinds live in France and Germany, but they are chiefly tropical insects, abounding in Asia and Africa. The authoress of 'Letters from Sierra Leone' says they are called there Hottentot Gods, and regarded with fear, and that she once got the nest of one, somewhat resembling that of the pendulous English wasp's, only smaller; it had a polished outside, was nearly oval, and hung from a spray of sweet-scented, cream-coloured little blossoms. It is scarcely correct, however, to call this a nest, for it could only have been the soft substance with which the eggs are covered when first laid, which hardens by exposure to the air. It is not easy to give any idea of the strange aspect of the Mantis from mere words; it is very long, and winged, clad in pale-green, with six long legs, those in front answering rather to arms than legs, with keen saw-like edges, and spiked

fore-fingers, and these arms are used like sabres when it fights. It moves 'with a strange shaking motion like a coach set on springs,' and is so savage and rapacious, that it very little deserved the credit which it used to get for pointing out the road to people who had lost it, or the name which one species has obtained of *M. Religiosa*, from its folding its fore-legs continually on its breast. These movements are all made with a view to obtaining prey, and nothing else.

The next family in this order are the Grasshoppers, Crickets, and Locusts, differing from any insect we have had yet in their thickened hind-legs, formed for leaping, and the power which the males possess of uttering a shrill note. I do not think, however, we are at all capable of judging whether insects that appear mute to us really are so. They may be able to hear sounds which our ears cannot perceive; we know that some people cannot hear the chirp of the cricket, or hum of the gnat, and there may be other sounds which no human ear can hear. The insect world have an apparatus for hearing different from ours; by some people it is supposed to reside in the antennæ, and certainly insects with very long horns, such as the great Green Grasshopper, are remarkably quick at catching any sound. Musicians may be amused with an extract on this subject from Gardiner's 'Music of Nature,' where he tells us the gnat hums in A; the death-watch (like White of Selbourne's Owls) calls in B flat; the cricket chirps in B natural; the buzz of a bee-hive is in F; a house-fly hums in F first space, the humble-bee an octave lower, and a cockchafer in D below the line. A whole orchestra might be composed of insect voices, the dor-beetle taking the bass, the gnats the trumpets, and so on.

Among the very few insects looked on with much favour, crickets hold a distinguished place, not for any beauty of colour or shape, for, as Mouffet observes, they

are wondrous lank—nor for their good qualities, for they are greedy and mischievous, but simply from the same feeling which has thrown a shield of protection over the robin in England, the purple martin in America, and the stork in Holland—they associate with us, and confide in us. This feeling of good-will takes sometimes the form of superstition ; it is considered so universally an unlucky thing to hurt any of them, that it is strange there is no proverb on the subject, and we all know it is an omen of evil if crickets leave a house ! One species only inhabits dwelling-houses, *Acheta Domestica* ; the Mole and Field Crickets like, as the Douglasses of old did, better to hear the lark sing than the mouse squeak ; but both are equally popular ; the ‘ Cricket on the hearth ’ because one associates him with warmth, and bright fires, and winter evenings ; and the Field Cricket because his pleasant chirp is heard in the most delightful time of year. The one is the emblem of summer, the other of winter, and we no more hear the House Cricket in summer than we do its field-loving cousin in winter. Though Shakespeare talks of its singing at the oven’s mouth, all the blither for the drougt, and Mouffet tells us that the natives of Africa keep them in a kind of iron oven for the sake of their song, if song it can be called, they are not at all drougt-loving creatures ; they leave their warm winter quarters when hot weather comes, and migrate to a cooler situation, returning in due course of time ; and in their nightly maraudings—for they are liveliest at night, and swarm forth then to rob and devour—they not only eat up any crumbs they may find, but should they discover a damp garment of any kind, hung up to dry perhaps last thing at night, they are certain to make a meal on it, a misdeed which, when discovered next morning, is probably laid on the black shoulders of the cockroach.

Perhaps its annual *villeggiatura* prevents the House

Cricket from being as ill-favoured as most insects which have deserted fresh air and a country life for a residence in houses and towns, such as cockroaches, bugs, and spiders. The most spider-hating of mankind, though born under Pallas, would hardly dislike those pretty zebra-striped, or green species, which hang their little silken nests from a blade of grass or a leaf, or carry about a ball of eggs packed in some mysterious way in a green silk case with no opening anywhere ; but these are out-of-doors spiders, and even an entomologist could hardly tolerate those huge black ones which occasionally appear out of some dusty nook in a lumber-room. No doubt the cricket observes the difference, and takes warning.

The Field Cricket is much rarer ; it is black, with the base of the elytra yellow. It burrows in the ground, and lives on other insects.

The Mole Cricket (*Gryllotalpa vulgaris*) is one of the most extraordinary of our English insects, more like a huge prawn in armour than anything else. Its fore-paws are like gauntlets, and with these it digs, mole fashion, long passages in the damp ground where it delights to live. Often heard, and seldom seen, and by no means to be allured out of its hole, for it utterly disdains the bait of an ant fastened to a horsehair, with which the French children entice out the poor Field Cricket, this insect can only be obtained by digging quickly and deep where its strange churring noise, rather like that of the Fern Owl, is heard. It will live for a long time in captivity, feeding on roots, but I never heard it give its loud shrill note except in freedom.

Southey tells us a pretty story of a cricket in his 'History of Brazil.' Cabeya de Vaca, he says, on crossing the line as he sailed towards Brazil, suddenly discovered that he had but three casks of water remaining out of one hundred which had been filled, and there were four hundred men and thirty horses to be supplied. On this he

gave orders to make for the nearest land. Upon the fourth day a cricket, which one of the crew had brought from Cadiz, for crickets are kept as pets in Spain as well as Africa, began to chirp. During the whole of the voyage it had been silent until then, to the no small disappointment of its owner, and all on board immediately divined it had scented land. In fact there were high rocks close by, which, such was the careless watch that had been kept, had not been perceived. They had but just time to drop anchor, and but for the cricket, the ship must have been lost. From thence they coasted along to Sta. Catalina, the cricket singing every night as if it had been on shore.

The feet of the cricket are quite different to those of the grasshopper; the former are ground-insects, with smooth hooked tarsi, but the grasshoppers are so made that they can hold a stem of grass or a leaf firmly; anyone who has watched them must have seen them climb a blade, rest for a moment on its tip, and then spring off to another, leaving it vibrating.

The Great Green Grasshopper (*Gryllus viridissima*) is one of our largest insects, and sometimes mistaken for a locust, but the locusts have short antennæ, whereas all grasshoppers have very long ones, and four joints in the tarsi, while locusts possess five.

It would be a mistake to suppose that any of these insects produce their chirp with the mouth. They make it by rubbing their legs against the elytra, and have a membrane under the wing-case resembling that which we call the drum in the human ear, by means of which the sound is strengthened. That produced by a foreign species (*G. Camellifolia*) can be heard a mile off.

One of the American kinds is provincially called Kate-did. It lodges in trees, and begins to utter its loud cracked notes at sunset, never ceasing till dawn, and 'I did—you did—Katy did' resounds on all sides, but what

Katy did is never mentioned. There must be three distinct efforts to produce the triple sound which they usually make, but sometimes only one note is produced. The creatures seem all to be hatched just at the same time, for when their season arrives a whole multitude appear at once. They are bright-green, like our largest grasshopper, and have the long antennæ common to all the family, English and foreign.

Locusts! We have read of them, perhaps we have seen them, but what shall give us any real idea of those bands which spread over more than a thousand miles—of the long banks formed for immense distances along the South African coast by myriads of these insects, which have been carried away by the wind? Faint indeed is the idea we form of the terror of such an invasion. They bring eastern scenes before us—Bible words come involuntarily to our lips as we describe them. There are many species, some natives of England, Russia, and Italy; but the name of locust brings those before us which Southey describes so excellently in ‘Thalaba:’—

‘Onward they came, a dark continuous cloud
Of congregated myriads numberless,
The rushing of whose wings was as the sound
Of a broad river, headlong in its course,
Plunged from a mountain summit; or the roar
Of a wild ocean in the autumn storm
Shattering its billows on a shore of rocks.’

It is a temptation to quote the description of the locust which fell on Oneiza’s robe and stood feebly, ‘recovering slow.’ It should be remembered that this description was made from a real locust, which had somehow reached Leicestershire—Southey did not describe nature at second-hand. Instead of the poetry, however, which everyone ought to know already, I shall quote Norden’s quaint description:—‘This insect has two upper wings, pretty solid; they are green, like the rest of the body, except

that there is in each a little white spot. The locust keeps them extended like great sails of a ship going before the wind. It has, besides, two other wings underneath the former, and which resemble a light transparent stuff pretty much like a cobweb, and which it makes use of in the manner of smack-sails that are along a vessel; but when the locust reposes herself, she does it like a vessel that lies at anchor, for she keeps the second sails furled under the first.'

The locusts are always followed by flocks of birds which prey on them, and there is a vulgar belief that these birds are so fond of the water of a certain fountain in Persia, that wherever it is they will appear, 'a pitcher full of it being set on a high place they follow it;' and when Cyprus was infested with locusts some of this water was brought there, on which these birds appeared and destroyed the locusts, but when the Turks took the island, one of them found the pitcher containing the water and broke it, on which the birds went away, and ever since the Cypriotes have been as much tormented by locusts as ever. So runs the tale.

Another family yet remains to be noticed, the Blattidæ, or Cockroaches, nocturnal, dusky insects, of a flat shape, with a head curving downwards, and very long antennæ. There are a good many species known in England, most of them originally natives of other countries, which have been accidentally brought here in foreign goods. One or two are completely naturalized, such as *Blatta Orientalis*, a reddish-brown creature, and *B. Americana*, with a yellowish thorax bordered with brown, and extremely long antennæ. These are the 'black beetles' of town kitchens, voracious, disagreeable insects, leaving a bad odour behind them, and possessing but one merit, that of eating up bugs. But what are their offences compared to those of the great foreign species, such as *Blatta Gigantea*, a livid-coloured insect, with wings, when spread, half a

foot long? a creature that makes such a noise as effectually drives away sleep, and attacks dead bodies, devouring the flesh!

‘Beetles black, approach not here!’ would certainly be the exclamation of many a housekeeper; yet, after all, the *Blatta*’s motto might well be ‘*Ari numerantur avorum*,’ for if innumerable ancestors ennoble an insect as well as a man, the cockroach has every right to wear his coat-armour proudly.

Among the earliest fossil insects we find cockroaches, for they were among the few inhabitants of those strange and gloomy forests of days immeasurably distant, forests of whose vastness and gloom we can form but a very feeble idea, where grew gigantic club-mosses and equisetæ, (those huge marestails,) which would far overtop the loftiest trees of present times, and tree-ferns raised their feathery plumes. No bird flitted through those branches, or broke the silence by its note; no animals rustled among the fallen leaves; no insects, except locusts and cockroaches, broke the solitude. To what dim, distant ages does such a vision transport us!

Insects at the present time do not much favour ferns and marestails, though since ferneries have been fashionable, we have heard great complaints of the damage done by the larvæ of *Otiorynchus sulcatus*, a weevil which feeds within the rhizoma—nor did they abound in those primeval days; it is not until after what geologists call the carboniferous epoch that we find any extensive traces of them, but this may be because many of the strata are marine, and before an insect could be buried in sand or mud it would be battered to pieces. When we consider the fragility of insect forms, and how difficult their small size renders it to detect them even when they are preserved, and that they could only be so preserved in still water, where, sinking speedily to the bottom, they were covered with a layer of soft silt, we cannot wonder they

should often be absent where we might expect to find them, nor argue with any justice that because they are absent they did not exist. It is only of late years that fossil Entomology has been studied, and only a practised eye could recognize insect forms in the strange shapes, or rather shapelessness of their fossil remains, yet many have been referred to existing genera, and it is noteworthy that no insect remains have yet been found which are not closely related to, or of the same species as those now existing. It is not a little perplexing to find that the beetles, &c. which we find in the Stonesfield slate and the Wealden, are very like species now inhabiting cool climates; there are aphides, too, which now never occur in the tropics, and the small size, too, of all the insects ought to indicate them as inhabitants of a temperate region, for it is a well-known fact that the lower the temperature of any country, the smaller are the insects found in it. The fact of so many small insects being discovered is not in itself a proof of a cold climate, for the tropics produce small ones in abundance, but the absence of any large ones is. Yet in the very same strata we find tree-ferns and great fish-lizards, whose presence implies a hot climate. It militates strangely against our vague, awful ideas of those far-off days when we have to imagine our familiar friends the Dragon-flies hawking among tall palms, and pursued in their turn by Pterodactyles, over waters where crocodiles swam, and huge Iguanodons basked on reedy banks in tropical sunshine, where may-flies danced in white wreaths over the streams, and lace-winged ones drooped their graceful trains from some giant bulrush. The tree-ferns and tropic sunshine, the fish-lizards and Pterodactyles, are gone—nay, the very hills and valleys of those days have passed away; there are now no shells, no animals, no reptiles, no vegetation existing in European coasts such as these whose traces we find written in stone; yet crickets, dragon-flies, and

beetles remain, descendants of those existing in the primeval days we have been attempting to imagine.

With the exception of what is supposed to be a caterpillar, without head or tail, found at Colebrook Dale, the insects of the Lias (a series of limestone and clay strata,) are the earliest yet discovered in England. The Stonesfield slate in Oxfordshire and Gloucestershire is more recent ; it is a shelly marine limestone, and impressions of ferns and other land-plants have been found in it, proving that there was dry land somewhere at the period when it was deposited : and here the analogy that leads us to expect animals and insects wherever there is land and vegetation, proves correct : the bones of land animals are for the first time discovered in this stratum, and with them the remains of beetles, larger than any in the Lias. Singularly enough, these remains chiefly consist of the wing-cases only of beetles, yet the other parts of their bodies are quite as hard, and composed of the same material. Perhaps the wing-cases may have been rejected as food by some insectivorous bird, or Pterodactyle, a creature with a body like a beast, a head and neck like a bird, a number of sharp teeth in the beak, leathery wings and feet adapted for perching and walking. Eight species of Pterodactyle have been discovered ; the smallest about as large as a snipe, the largest as a cormorant.

The Purbeck beds in the Wealden formation have been still more prolific in insect remains than the Lias ; one thin layer of white slaty limestone found in the Vale of Wardour is called by Mr. Brodie, who carefully examined its contents, Insect Limestone, and, as its name imports, it is exceedingly rich in such remains. The Purbeck beds are part of the Wealden, a formation deposited in the mouth of some river of much greater size than any of our present world, in water sometimes fresh, sometimes brackish, sometimes entirely salt. The banks must have been clothed with most luxuriant vegetation, of the same

kind that now covers the banks of South American rivers, and this sheltered a host of insects, herbivorous and carnivorous; and it should be noticed that the insects of the Wealden look as if they had been rudely used, and carried some way down the streams which fell into the estuary. Some of the beetles are found with their wings slightly expanded, as if they had fallen in while flying, or tried to struggle out after falling in. Among these are none of the great Water Beetles now to be found in every pond, although these are just what seem likely to have abounded. The Insect bed must have been a fresh-water deposit, for fresh-water weeds, and mussels, snails, ferns, and mosses, are found in it. The Purbeck marble is almost entirely composed of these fresh-water shells.

The insects of the Lias are far less well-preserved than in the Purbeck beds, because, as appears from the quantity of marine remains found with them, they were long washed about by the waves before sinking, and, of course, were much battered and spoiled. But how came insects out at sea? Perhaps they were washed down by a flood to the mouth of some river, whence the tide carried them far away, just as now after a flood in the Fens, masses of beetles, sometimes of very rare species, are found floating and drowned. It is very remarkable that, great as was the lapse of time between the two deposits, and different as are the other fossils of the Wealden from those of the Lias, the insects found in both are nearly identical. A few, however, in the Lias—for instance, the whirliwigs, (*Gyrinus*,) to think of *their* living in those days! cockchafers, lace-winged flies—have not yet been detected in the Wealden; and as a broad, general distinction, we may say, the Lias insects seem allied to those now found in South America; those of the Wealden resemble the insects of Europe.

CATHEDRAL THOUGHTS.

CONFIRMATION.

I SAW the young around the altar throng,
 I heard the blessing on their heads invoked,
 And kind assurance given of God's love,
 While humble prayer beseeming parent's lip
 Was uttered o'er them for their future weal.
 Each head is meekly bowed, each knee is bent,
 And 'neath the momentary touch of hands
 Unto God's service sacred, there awakes
 In each young heart a thrilling hope of Heaven,
 An earnest purpose to renounce all ill,
 To count the cost, and cheerfully resign
 Whate'er may peril the performance due
 Of vows thus solemn, taken on themselves.

Fair was the House of God wherein I stood ;
 'Mid its majestic beauty, easy seemed
 The sacrifice of this world's pomp and show.
 Those fretted cloisters pacing, who would love
 The outer din and turmoil ? Who desire
 The glittering baubles the vain crowd pursues ?

I crossed the solemn nave, and from on high
 Looked on the moving scene, while my heart's prayer
 Was for my country's weal. From every home
 Her tender children flock to seek their God,
 And range them round the Cross with firm resolve
 To be Christ's faithful soldiers, subjects loyal
 Unto His holy Laws. Let them be true
 To all they promise, England shall be blest,
 Shall be for their meek sake God's favoured land.
 Foes may assail, but while thus reinforced
 Daily the Church's ranks by warriors, strong
 In all youth's vigour, purity, and faith,
 Shall not her cause prevail ? What scope for fear ?

I left the sacred pile, and went my way,
 But many a look of love I backward cast
 On yonder grey Cathedral. From a child
 Mine eyes had rested on it, and my lips
 Within its choir were taught the Almighty's praise.
 Behind the stately tower vast thunder clouds
 Rolled in appalling gloom, yet still the sun
 Lit up the beauteous temple with a gleam
 Of most transcendant brightness. As I gazed,
 Lo ! God's own bow of promise spanned the skies !
 Oh, glorious picture ! emblem meet of hope !
 In humble confidence I hailed the sign.

The spouse of Christ may look to Heaven and smile ;
 She is secure. Upon the darkest cloud
 The token of God's favour lies serene.
 Let threatening tempest compass her around,
 The thunder's roll her foeman's voice, her tears
 The rain wind-driven and in torrents shed,
 Yet hath she hope in Heaven, and is assured
 That glory waits her when the storm is stilled.

EVEN-SONG.

How sweet a child's simplicity in prayer !
 The House of God I sought, and thither came
 A little child, holding his book in hand,
 And 'mid the seats untenanted he took
 His quiet post. How few were in the choir
 To teach that infant tongue or prayer or praise,
 And from his home none bore him company ;
 His steps none guided, and none held his hand.
 Yet looked he not uncared for, and his garb
 Was not the sable garb of orphanhood.

'Twas the week's closing day, when children 'scape
 The thralldom of the school and gambol free.
 His chosen pleasure this ? 'No novel one ;
 That read I in his quietness of mien.
 Wonder sent not a curious gaze around,
 But thoughtfully he clasped his little book,
 And turned the leaves, and sought each prayer and song,
 While none were near to aid him. No constraint,
 I am persuaded, brought the infant there.

One clear young voice melodiously poured forth
 The evening anthem, and of judgment sang.*
 The ways of understanding it proclaimed,
 The paths of truth, and innocence, and peace,
 And all that hallows youth. Its choice was made.
 I heard the sounds, and childhood I revered.

Mute was the organ's swell, the service o'er,
 The boy arose, I watched his parting steps,
 My heart went with him, and in silence prayed—
 'May God and all good Angels guard thee, child !'

A. M. G.

* Psalm, c. 1. My song shall be of mercy and judgment.

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for Younger Members of the English Church.

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CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO XLVII.—THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE
GARTER.

‘Woe to the land whose ruler is a child,’ has often been applied to Scotland, that land of disastrous minorities, the first of which commenced with David II., the son of the great Robert.

His troubles, however, did not begin while there still lived the

‘Scots who had with Wallace bled,
Scots whom Bruce had often led.’

Thomas Randolph, Earl of Moray, was Regent, and conducted him and his little English queen, Joan, to Scone, where they were crowned, and received the anointing of which his father had been deprived, while the herald proclaimed their titles, declaring David King of Scotland by his father’s conquest, not by inheritance. Afterwards, Moray knighted the little king, then eight years old, and he proceeded to knight the Scottish nobles of a fit age for that dignity.

Randolph’s was an iron rule, though perhaps not more severe than was necessary for a country still full of the lawless habits engendered by a long partizan warfare, and far too congenial to the character of the inhabitants. Still he seems to have taken a grim pleasure in executions,

for when he found fifty heads of Highland thieves hung on the battlements of Ellandonan Castle, he said 'he loved better to look on them than on any garland of roses he had ever seen.' At Wigton, in Galloway, a man complained that a party of his enemies were lying in wait in a forest to destroy him, whereupon Randolph sent out a strong party, seized them, and instantly hung them all. Nor did he show any respect of persons. The murderer of a priest had fled to Avignon, and obtained the Pope's pardon, but on his return the Regent seized him, and put him to death. 'The Pope might pardon you for the death of a priest,' he said, 'but not for that of a subject of the King of Scotland.' To produce a sense of security of property, he commanded that the tools and implements of husbandry should be left in the open field, and that even at home, doors should not be secured with bars and bolts, since if anything were stolen, it should be compensated for by the sheriff, who was to be indemnified out of the thief's property. A canny Scot who took advantage of this law to hide his ploughshare, and pretend that it had been stolen, 'on the gallows paid the cheat;' and by imprisoning all 'vagrants, sorners, and masterful beggars,' the Regent did his best to make it possible to have confidence in the general honesty. Many of the Scottish barons had been deprived of their estates for their adherence to the English, and these formed a league for restoring the house of Balliol to the throne, a plan which Edward III. did not forbid, although he would give no open assistance. At the very moment most favourable to their design Randolph died suddenly, of course with suspicion of poison; and it is certain that he was taken ill immediately after a feast at Wemyss, and that a friar at once fled, as if conscious of guilt.

Donald, Earl of Mar, became Regent, and on the very day he undertook the government, the disinherited barons, with Edward Balliol at their head, sailed into the

Forth, and soon after landed at Wester Kinghorn, so unfavourable a spot, that an able ruler would have nipped their enterprise in the bud; but Mar was at a great distance, and they not only landed unmolested, but seized Dumfermline, which was full of stores of weapons and provisions laid up by Randolph.

At Dupplin Muir the two armies came in sight of each other. That of Balliol was far inferior to the Scottish force, but a traitor named Andrew Murray of Tullibardine, conducted them by night across the river Erne, and falling on Mar in the early morning, they made the most dreadful slaughter, which raged from sunrise till nine o'clock. Randolph's son and some others did their best to retrieve the day, but they were overwhelmed by numbers and slain, fortunate in dying a soldier's death, for multitudes were found to have perished without a blow, trodden down by their own troops, and smothered by the weight of their armour. Mar himself was killed, and the rout was the most complete and disgraceful ever suffered by the Scots.

The Earl of March, with 30,000 men, was at some distance to the south. A ghastly and bleeding warrior reeled into his camp, told the woeful tale of Dupplin, showed his mortal wounds, and sinking down, breathed his last. March now held the chief power, but he wavered, and used indecisive measures. Balliol seized Perth, and all the Comyn faction rising against the hated house of Bruce, he was in three weeks master of Scotland. He tendered his allegiance to Edward III., proposed to marry the young Joan, the betrothed of David, offered to give up Berwick to the English, and to assist them in all their wars, proposals that were as welcome to the English as they were distasteful to the Scots, who saw themselves carried back to the days of Edward I.

As to the transfer of the hand of Joan, they took care to secure both her and her husband by shipping them off

for France, where they were presented as suppliants to Philippe de Valois, who readily took them under his protection, and assigned as their lodging the renowned Château Gaillard. Thus Edward Balliol appeared to reign without a rival, but he was soon to learn that 'success but signifies vicissitude.' A band of patriot Scots were drawing together; Sir Andrew Murray of Bothwell, the husband of the Christian Bruce who had been hung up in one of the English bird-cages, was Regent, and with him were the Earl of Moray, son of Randolph, and brother to him who had perished at Dupplin; Archibald Douglas, brother to the good Lord James, and William Douglas, the 'dark knight of Liddesdale;' besides many more resolute men, who considered Balliol's treaty as laying on them a disgraceful yoke. The capture of Perth was their first success, and afterwards, by a sudden attack on Balliol's army in the tardy dawn of a December morning, they fully avenged the losses at Dupplin, and drove Balliol a fugitive from Scotland only six months after his first arrival there.

Aid was, however, near at hand, for Edward III. himself was advancing northwards, eager to avenge the provocations he had suffered in his first campaign. In skirmishes on the border Sir Andrew Murray and the Knight of Liddesdale were both captured by the English, and Balliol was able to return into Roxburghshire even before Edward had advanced far enough to lay siege to Berwick. The siege became a blockade, and Sir Alexander Seaton, the governor, at length agreed to surrender unless he should receive supplies and reinforcements by a certain day, giving up as hostages his own son, and several other youths, the children of the burghers.

Before the appointed day, Sir Archibald Douglas succeeded in throwing succours into the town, and then marching on into England, forayed Northumberland, and even threatened Bamborough Castle, where Queen

Philippa was lodged, hoping to make a diversion in favour of Berwick ; but Edward trusted to the walls of Bamborough, and remained to demand the surrender on the appointed day. The inhabitants pleaded the succour they had received, but Edward foully transgressed the laws of mercy and generosity by beheading young Seaton before the gates of the town in his father's sight. The burghers, terrified lest their sons should share the same fate, fixed another day for surrender unless relief should come, and by messages strongly urged the Regent to march to their rescue.

'Good King Robert's testament' was full in the minds of the elder chieftains, but the need of Berwick was pressing, and James Douglas's skill had not fallen to the lot of his brother Archibald, so he resolved on fighting a pitched battle with the English, who were drawn up on the top of Halidon Hill, with a great marsh before them. It would really appear as if the Scottish Regent had lost his senses, for he caused his heavily-armed knights to dismount, and set off floundering through this bog to charge up the hill, where the English archers could, perfectly at their ease, shoot them down long before they crossed the morass. The arrows flew 'like motes in the sunbeam,' and multitudes perished in the marsh ; and though the survivors struggled up the hill, and attacked the English with undaunted courage, they were breathless, exhausted, and easily overborne ; so that the account is by no means incredible which states, that the English lost fifteen men, and the Scots fourteen thousand, among them Archibald Douglas, the fourth Regent within four years ! The English began to say that the Scottish wars were at an end, since not a man was left fit to lead an army. Edward himself seems to have thought so, for it was here that he listened to Robert d'Artois, and turned his mind to France, as if Scotland were already subdued.

Several castles were still held out for David Bruce, and

served as rallying points to the adherents of his family, and the Scots swarmed out like hornets whenever any attack could be made upon the English ; but the main strength of the kingdom was in the hands of Balliol and his allies, and though every heart was for the Bruce, only children in their games dared to call their king David and not Edward.

Sir Andrew Murray and Sir William Douglas of Liddesdale had, however, been ransomed, and they were in themselves a host. They rescued Murray's wife, Christian Bruce, from being again taken in Kildrummie Castle, and they flitted before the cumbrous southern army, letting it exhaust itself as in the old days of the first Douglas and Moray. A story is told to illustrate the coolness of Sir Andrew. He was encamped in the wood of Stronkaltère, now entirely vanished, when tidings were brought that the whole English army was advancing on him. The Regent was hearing mass, and no one dared to interrupt him, but as soon as it was over, he was told that the enemy were coming. He only said there was no need of haste, and when his horse was brought, placidly tried the girths, and adjusted the furniture. His knights grew excessively impatient, but he proceeded, with provoking coolness, to put on his armour, and finding a strap which braced his thigh armour broken, he quietly called for a certain coffer, whence he took a skin of leather ; and then sitting down on a bank, cut off a strip, and with his own thrifty hands mended the brace, packed up his box, mounted his horse, and led off his men in perfect order, without the slightest loss, before the very faces of the English.

William Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, the early friend of Edward III., was in command of the English army, and laid siege to Dunbar Castle, which belonged to the Earl of March, but was defended by his wife, Agnes Randolph, the daughter of the great Earl of Moray, and

commonly called, from her dark complexion, Black Agnes of Dunbar. When Salisbury advanced his heavy balistæ, and rained heavy stones on the walls, she and her maidens came out on the battlements, and wiped the places where they struck with a white cloth, to the extreme provocation of the English. She did more real service by her presence than merely taunting the foe, for she directed her garrison like an able general, and was never wanting in resources to disconcert all attacks. When the huge machine called a Sow was brought near the walls, guarding with its sloping hog's-back-roof a multitude of miners, Agnes shouted to Salisbury that his sow should produce a brood, and at the same moment caused a large stone to be dropped, crushing the roof, and dispersing those beneath, while the lady cried out, 'See the litter of English pigs.' Salisbury was not behind in his retorts, for seeing one of his knights pierced through his treble-armour by an arrow from the walls, he exclaimed, 'There comes one of my lady's tirepins! Agnes's love-shafts go straight to the heart.' He was obliged to blockade the castle, and the brave lady was nearly starved out when Sir Alexander Ramsay of Dalhousie contrived to come by sea to her relief, and Salisbury was thus forced to relinquish the siege, which had lasted full five months.

Sir Alexander Ramsay and the Knight of Liddesdale were considered as the prime champions of the Scots, and when the Earl of Derby was at Berwick, he challenged the latter to a jousting match in all good will and courtesy. In the first course Douglas was wounded in the hand by a splinter of his own lance, and forced to desist, when the Earl proposed a tournament for three days of twenty English against twenty Scots, the English undertaking to award the prizes to the Scots, the Scots to the English. They seem to have been considered as having equally distinguished themselves, and the joust was chiefly remarkable for the bearing of William Ramsay, brother

to Sir Alexander, who was struck through the helmet with a lance so deeply, that it was thought he could not survive the removal of the weapon. A priest was sent for, and the wounded man confessed at once. 'Ah!' said Henry of Derby, 'it is a goodly sight to see a brave baron shrived in his helmet. May I have such an ending!' Thereupon Sir Alexander came up, and setting his foot upon his brother's helmet, (without asking his pardon for treading on his face, as the surgeon did of Guise on the occasion that made him *le balafré*,) pulled out the truncheon by main force, when William started to his feet, and declared nothing ailed him, and Derby exclaimed, 'What stout hearts these men have!' but the brave William sank and died ere he had gone many steps.

Terrible famine was produced by these perpetual wars, and the sufferings of the peasantry were dreadful; but the English army suffered even more than the Scots, and had only four castles left, Edinburgh, Jedburgh, Roxburgh, and Lochmaben, and the chief of all these they soon lost by a stratagem, cleverly carried out by a merchant named Walter Currie, who being admitted to supply provisions, introduced the Knight of Liddesdale's men, disguised as drivers of the wagons. They killed the warders, blew their horns, and admitted Douglas and the rest of his followers. These successes decided the Scots on fetching home their young king, and they sent messengers to France to invite him to assume the reins of government; but David had anticipated them. Learning the prosperity of his partizans, he decided on setting off before the English should have notice of his movements, so as to be able to intercept them, and taking counsel with his friend, King Philippe, orders were given for the building of 2,300 vessels for his escort, and for the embroidery of so many banners, that all the tailors in Paris were occupied with them for sixteen weeks, while

in the meantime King David, with his Queen Joan, slipped quietly across in a private vessel, and safely landed at Inverbervie in Kincardineshire on the 4th of June, 1341, after an absence of half his life-time. He was just eighteen, tall and handsome, 'well waxen up,' and fond of dancing, jesting, jousting, and all the accomplishments then in high esteem; while Joan

'Was sweet and debonnaire,
Courteous, homely, pleasant, and fair;'

so that their subjects were highly delighted with them at their first appearance, but it soon became evident that the talent of the great Robert had not descended to his son, and that David was a mere hot-headed, pleasure-loving youth. A skilful hand would have been needed to rule that most perplexing realm, surrounded by patriotic veterans, who had gallantly served their country, but had been utterly unused to restraint. Soon after David's arrival, the brave Sir Alexander Ramsay took Roxburgh Castle, and in the delight of such an acquisition, David bestowed on him the government of the castle, and the Sherifffdom of Teviotdale, forgetting that the latter office was already held by Douglas of Liddesdale. Deadly enmity was excited in the breast of the 'dark knight' against his old companion-in-arms. He led a band of armed men to Hawick, where Ramsay was holding his court in open church, and invited the former sheriff to seat himself by his side; but instead of being disarmed by his frank courtesy, Douglas wounded him, threw him across his horse, bore him off to the ill-omened Border Castle of Hermitage, and threw him into a dungeon to perish by famine. The vault was under a granary, and the corn which fell through the chinks of the floor enabled him to prolong his misery for seventeen days, when he died, and in recent times his sad history was confirmed by the discovery at Hermitage of the vault, containing several human bones, an ancient sword, a bridle-bit, and

a quantity of chaff and dust. What a country that must have been where the treacherous murderer of this gallant knight was not only pardoned, and put in possession of the coveted shrievalty, but was known as the Flower of Chivalry!

Froissart ascribes to David of Scotland an advance into England not long after his return, when he made a horrible devastation, and laid siege to Durham. A messenger rushed off to Chertsey, where Edward III. then was, and summoned him to the rescue, when he hastened northwards, collecting all the force of the country, but not in time to save the town from being pillaged. The Scots began to fall back, and drive off their booty, laying siege on the way to Wark Castle. This castle belonged to the king's friend, the William Montacute (or Montague,) who had assisted him in securing Mortimer, and had for that reason been created Earl of Salisbury. He had recently been made prisoner by the French, but his beautiful wife, Catharine Grandison, was in the Castle, which was defended by his nephew and namesake, Sir William Montacute. The countess did her part, she 'comforted much those within the castle, and from the sweetness of her looks, and the charm of being encouraged by such a beautiful lady, one man in time of need ought to be worth two.' The defence was bravely conducted, but the need of succour was great, and Sir William Montacute volunteered to carry the tidings to the King of England through the midst of the Scottish army.

He left the castle secretly on a dark wet night, which kept every Scot within his quarters, excepting two, whom he met at break-of-day, half a league beyond the camp, driving in three oxen. He killed the animals, and wounded the men, bidding them tell their king that William Montacute had passed through their army, and was gone to seek succour from the King of England. Thereupon the Scottish gentlemen came to the conclusion,

that 'the king often made his men to be killed and wounded without any reason,' and therefore they insisted on marching off to secure their plunder without waiting for the advance of the English, and David was forced to consent.

The Countess Catharine had only to prepare peacefully to receive King Edward, who brought up his army on the following day, and rode to the castle with ten or twelve knights. She caused the gates to be thrown open, and, richly attired, knelt on the threshold to thank her royal rescuer; then leading him in, and entertaining him with the utmost grace and decorum. So beautiful was the lady, that in the romance of the rescue, King Edward forgot his Philippa, and 'a spark of fine love struck upon his heart, and lasted a long time.' Noble Catharine, with her lord in prison, and her handsome young sovereign coming as her deliverer, after her heroic defence of her beleagued castle, might have been in greater peril than when the Scottish host thundered at her gates; but she was a faithful and true-hearted wife; and when the king forgot himself so far as to make known his admiration of her, she replied, 'Sweet Sir, do not amuse yourself with laughing at me, for I cannot believe you mean what you say. Your knights are waiting for you; come into the hall, for you have too long fasted.'

The king dared not refuse or delay, and the discreet dignity of the countess so kept him under restraint, that he pressed his suit no farther till he was taking leave on the following day, when he begged her to think of his love for her. 'Dear Lord,' answered the brave lady, 'God the Father glorious be your guide, and put you out of all villain thoughts. Sir, I am, and ever shall be, ready to do your Grace service to your honour and mine.'

This whole expedition with the consequences, rests on the sole authority of the Canon Froissart, and the inroad could hardly have been as formidable as he represents it.

The unrequited attachment of Edward to the fair and good Countess of Salisbury is, however, so universal a tradition, that it can hardly be doubted; and his later life shows, unfortunately, that his principles were not too high for such temptation. On the truce with France, the Earl of Salisbury was welcomed home by his wife; but shortly after Edward sent express orders, that the earl should bring her to a grand tournament which was to take place in London. 'The ladies and damsels were most superbly dressed and ornamented according to their different degrees, except the Countess of Salisbury, who came thither in as plain attire as possible, for she was not willing that the king should give up too much time to admire her. And while at his court, the gossiping legend narrates how, after one of the dances, a blue silken garter was found lying on the floor, and Edward, marking how the smiles of gallants, and the titter of ladies, were raising a blush on the fair cheek of Countess Catharine, himself raised it from the ground, bound it about his own knee, and, with a lion glance, silenced all by the words, '*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*' 'The shame is to him who thinks evil.' And, withal, the incident may have recalled to his mind the blue garter once worn round the left knee by the knights of Richard Cœur de Lion. Ideas of a brotherhood, like that of King Arthur of the Round Table, had been inspired by the chivalrous romances in which he delighted, and the project took shape. His Order were to be Knights of the Blue Garter, and their motto should be his own words, '*Honi soit qui mal y pense,*' the commemoration of the pure heart, that while her thoughts were innocent, could be touched by neither evil nor shame; and the patron should be the warrior saint, who trampled evil beneath his feet; and the chapel and home of the Order should be St. George's at Windsor Castle, then rising into glory and beauty under the hand of the skilful architect, William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester.

St. George's day, 1344,* was fixed for the institution, and first Chapter of the Order. Neither Queen Philippa nor the Earl of Salisbury were of those who thought evil of the good Countess, for Philippa led three hundred ladies attired in the blue velvet mantle and crimson kirtle of the Order, and the Earl stands as the sixth of the twenty-six knights chosen by the king as his Brethren of the Order. They are almost all names that thrill us with exultation. There, next after his father, stood Edward, Prince of Wales; then his cousin, the gallant Henry of Derby, now Earl of Lancaster; the bosom friend of the Black Prince, Sir Piers de Greilly, called by his strange Gascon title, Captal (or chieftain) de Buch; Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, redeeming by his fidelity his father's evil fame; Sir John Chandos, and Sir James Audley, whose right to their spurs was soon gallantly proved; and others of scarce less renown. Each wore the silken garter at his knee, the 'robe of heavenly blue,' a kirtle of crimson, and on the left shoulder the red cross of St. George; each was admitted by the king with solemn oaths, administered by the chaplain, to fight for God, St. George, and the king; and each hung his banner, rich with armorial bearings, over the stall in the chapel, where he knelt, and joined in the prayers day by day offered up for the 'Most Noble Order of the Garter.' And the broken, infirm, and poverty-stricken warriors, were provided for; twenty-six poor and indigent knights were added to the Order, to be lodged and fed close beside the castle walls, and constantly to serve God in prayer for their more brilliant brethren. At the death of each knight, his silken banner made way for another, but his place did not forget him. Enamelled in bright colours on brass, his arms remained on the back of the stall that had once been his, and rich and rare is the record that the heraldic lore of those dark oak

* There is some controversy whether this first chapter took place in 1344, or 1347.

stalls presents. The number of knights was raised to forty, and the Order continues to be the highest honour in the power of the English crown to bestow.* The rich collar, and jewel of St. George, were devised in the time of Henry VII.; and the ribbon, worn in comparative undress across one shoulder, was at first black, but was changed by Queen Elizabeth to light-blue, and as such was worn till the House of Hanover changed it to dark-blue, in order to mark the difference between their knights and those appointed by the exiled Stuarts. The star was a device of King Charles I. The Garter has in later times become a decoration conferred for high nobility rather than distinguished merit. Sir Robert Walpole was the last commoner admitted to the Order, and it has become rather a compliment than a badge of personal renown; but it is still the oldest existing secular Order of Knighthood in Europe, and no one can see St. George's Chapel, with its gorgeous perspective of silken banner behind banner, and its stalls encrusted with bright armorial bearings, hear the chanted supplication for the 'Most Noble the Order of the Garter,' or mayhap remember the blue ribbon on the breast of him whom we loved to call *the* Duke, without feeling that Edward III.'s institution is still undecayed. The Bishops of Winchester and Oxford are Prelate and Registrar of the Order, and, as such, wear the blue ribbon and jewel with their episcopal robes.

The king was not long in carrying his son Edward abroad to earn the spurs he had worn on St. George's day, and the campaign of 1346 was the most effective that had yet taken place in France. The regency was left nominally in the hands of the little Lionel, then only eight years old, but who was seated on the throne when parliaments were held, and whose councils were in reality governed by his mother, Queen Philippa.

* Perhaps the Victoria Cross is more what Edward's decoration originally was, the meed of personal prowess.

David Bruce thought the king's absence a fit opportunity for an invasion of England upon a large scale. He collected at Perth 3000 regular cavalry, and 30,000 other troops, many of them mounted on wild Scots ponies, and coming from all parts of Scotland; the fierce chieftains brought their enmities with them, and ere they set forth, the Lord of the Isles was murdered by the Earl of Ross, who thereupon led his men back to their own hills, while the Islesmen likewise dispersed in grief and indignation. Still, David advanced, and his first exploit was the siege of the peel or tower of Liddell, held by Walter Selby, one of the fierce brood of Border knights to whom the international hostility had given birth; ever on the side which promised the most plunder, and yet from mere force of personal courage held in honour as a good knight. After holding out for six days, the castle was stormed and taken, and Selby, holding out in vain the lure of some day joining David's party, was put to death.

Young Bruce was not the man to restrain the ravages of his savage forces, and the northern counties were horribly devastated; even the shrines of Lanercost and Hexham being not respected, although St. Cuthbert was said to have appeared in a dream to David, and warned him to spare his domain. Another more substantial adviser was the Knight of Liddesdale, who counselled a retreat, content with the spoil already gained, and the injury inflicted; but the younger men would not listen to the veteran. 'You have filled your own coffers with English gold,' they said, 'and secured your lands by our valour, and now you would restrain us from our share in the plunder, when there are no fighting-men in the country.'

The boasters little knew what English spirit could do. Queen Philippa herself came to Newcastle-upon-Tyne to assemble her forces, and all the Spears of the North, Percy, Neville, Musgrave, Scrope, and many another gallant name, encircled her crown, while the Archbishops

and Bishops summoned their tenants, and brought them in person to her standard, till 30,000 men, of whom 20,000 were yeomen archers, had mustered for the defence of the realm. David had meantime plundered and burnt his way to a place then called Beaurepair, now degraded into Bearpark, near Durham, where he lay encamped among hedges and ditches, without a thought of keeping watch, or of reconnoitring, and entirely unaware that he was but six miles from the English army. At daybreak the Knight of Liddesdale, coming in with some forage, found himself before the English army, and gained the camp with some loss and difficulty. He went at once to rouse his master with tidings that the English were upon them, but David laughed him to scorn. 'There are none left in England,' he said, 'but monks, swineherds, tailors, and tanners, who dare not look me in the face. I'll make martyrs of these confessors.' 'Sir King,' said Douglas, 'you will soon find it otherwise; they are right stout men, and will speedily be upon us.' 'Sir William,' said David, 'your brain is crazed with night watching, you are doubling their numbers. Begone, if you are uneasy. While I have my good right-hand, I fear no Englishman.' 'My Lords,' said the knight, looking round, 'I shall indeed stand firm this day, but many an unborn child will rue this battle. If thou trust me not, King David, my sword shall prove my words.'

They were interrupted by two poor monks from the citizens of Durham, who, little knowing that succour was so near, had sent them to make terms with the invader. David, irritated and violent, ordered them to be hung; but at that moment, other messengers hurried in with tidings that the English banners were close at hand, and in the ensuing confusion the monks were allowed to make their escape.

Philippa nobly did her part. Mounting on a white palfrey, she looked on while the four divisions got under

arms, each led by a bishop and a baron; and then riding in among them, entreated them to do their duty loyally, and defend the honour of their Lord the King. They promised her to fight as heartily as though the king had been present; and then commending them to the protection of God and St. George, the gentle lady withdrew, while the forces marched on to the spot called Neville's Cross, where they drew up, close in front of their enemies. David was marshalling them in haste and confusion, keeping the centre himself, giving the right to the Earl of Moray, and the left to the Knight of Liddesdale and his own nephew and heir, Robert the Stewart, neither of whom he greatly loved or trusted. Sir John Graham, an old knight, who remembered the tactics of Bannockburn, implored to be allowed with a hundred horse to take the formidable archery in flank, and cut them down, but David, resolved to endure no dictation, refused him hastily. Repentance could not have been long in being brought home to him by the hail of cloth-yard shafts, which came furiously from 20,000 long-bows, trying every joint in the armour of his host. The *melée* took place in the midst of the storm, and the hand-to-hand fight lasted three hours, David fighting most desperately, with one arrow in his head, and another in his nose, refusing to retire to have them extracted, longing to die as he found the day going against him, and calling on the English to slay him. A cool and determined Northumbrian squire, John Copeland, had marked him for his prey, and succeeded in mastering him after a fierce personal struggle, in which David with his own fist knocked out his captor's two front teeth, hoping to provoke the *coup de grace*; but Copeland was not to be irritated into destroying his prize, and setting his captive on horseback, carried him with six or eight men, to the Castle of Ogle, where the broken arrows were removed, not without great agony.

Robert Stewart drew off the remnant of the troops to Scotland, for which the rash and vindictive David always owed him a grudge, fancying he had left him to his fate. Philippa mounted her horse, and rode to rejoice with her brave defenders, and hear the roll of the slain and prisoners. Randolph of Moray was dead, the last of his line except his sister, Black Agnes, and so was many another brave chieftain ; and Douglas of Liddesdale stood among the goodly list of captives ; but where was the royal prize ? The queen was told that a squire had carried him off from the field to Ogle Castle, whither she accordingly sent letters to demand him.

‘I’ll not give up my prisoner to man or woman, save to my Lord the King!’ quoth the sturdy Copeland. ‘The Queen may depend on me for taking proper care of him.’

On obtaining such an answer, Philippa complained to her husband, who at once sent letters calling on Copeland to repair to Calais, where he was carrying on his blockade. Lodging David in Bamborough Castle, Copeland obeyed, and was received graciously by Edward, who took him by the hand, saying, ‘Ha ! welcome, my Squire, who by his valour has vanquished my adversary, the King of Scots.’

Copeland fell on his knees, saying, ‘If God, out of His great kindness, hath given me the King of Scotland, and permitted me to conquer him in arms, no one ought to be jealous of it, for God can, when He pleases, send His grace to a poor squire as well as to a great lord. Sir, do not take it amiss if I did not surrender him to my lady the queen, for I hold my lands of you, and my oath is to you, not to her.’

‘John,’ said the king, ‘your loyal service, and our esteem, may serve you as an excuse. Shame upon all who wish you evil. Now return home, and take your prisoner, the King of Scots, to my wife ; and by way of

equivalent, I assign you lands, as near your house as you can choose them, to the value of £500 a year, and retain you as a squire of my body.'

Highly satisfied, John made his way back to England, and delivered up the captive to Philippa at York, with apologies that perfectly satisfied her. This episode perhaps is one of the best explanations of the popularity of Edward III. A little resentment at the rude reply to his wife, a little less courtesy to the squire, and he would have given him a grievance for life, and very probably thrown him into the arms of his prisoner; whereas Copeland rose to be a Knight Banneret, sheriff of Northumberland, and a trusty servant of the crown.

David was sent to the Tower and closely guarded, and Edward Balliol hoped to recover the kingdom, but to this Edward III. gave no encouragement. He preferred acknowledging the claims of his brother-in-law, and keeping him in captivity, by means of demanding such a monstrous ransom as exceeded the Scottish resources; but Queen Joan was allowed to rejoin her husband, and for eleven years they continued at the English court, taking part in the various brilliant festivals that took place in the intervals of the campaigns of Edward III. Meantime Robert Stewart acted as Regent, and Scotland fared as best it might under war and pestilence.

(To be continued.)

CHRONICLES OF AN OAK.

CHAPTER IV.

HENRY II.

Boy. Well, I must say you were right. It is very pleasant this summer morning, and really, Mr. Oak, I think you yourself look particularly well.

Oak. Rather tired, however. The owls and owlets have been hooting all night, the squirrels have been scampering all over me, and, just before you came, a saucy

woodpecker had been bothering me to death with his incessant tapping at my door. Really, these creatures will wear me out before my time.

Boy. I am very sorry; shall I speak to the game-keeper to bring his gun and shoot them all?

Oak. Why no, thank you, then I should be so very lonely. I should not like to have no neighbours at all. I suppose I must bear with a little noise and trouble.

Boy. I should like you to have a quiet life, however. I want to hear a great deal more from you yet.

Oak. I doubt whether you will. I feel very old this morning; but come, we must talk about Henry the Second; Henry Plantagenet, I heard him called. I was in a great strait in the reign of Stephen, never knowing who was the real King of England. I had no such difficulty about Henry the Second, who was the Empress Matilda's son; and then it took me but a little time to find out that he was the sort of man the people wanted.

Boy. I thought you said the people were angry about his marriage.

Oak. Very true; but as soon as he came over, in the year 1154, on Stephen's death, he became popular. I have no doubt this was greatly owing to his freeing the people from the tyranny of the foreign soldiers, and pulling down the castles. You may judge what numbers there were, when I tell you that King Henry demolished eleven hundred of them.

Boy. I have heard about that; there are the ruins of two or three of these castles quite near where my uncle lives.

Oak. It was a terrible thing for a neighbourhood, when a bad man, whether a knight or a baron, had one of these strongholds. He did what he pleased all the country over: no one was safe. I could tell you such stories of the sufferings of the serfs and people round me!

Boy. Ah! I dare say you heard a great deal.

Oak. I often think that I used to hear more news *then*, than ever reaches me now. *Now*, the post carries it all away from me written or printed on paper; but *then*, the monks used to meet the cottagers and farmers, and sit under my boughs and talk of what was doing at court; and when pilgrims, after their long wanderings, were coming home, they often told their stories here; and sometimes squires had meetings with fair damsels. I must say, all this while that I myself had been growing into great beauty; I was admired by everyone. The Abbot had ordered the underwood to be cut away around me, and a road, called Pilgrim's Lane, was made through the wood, very near me, which brought me much company.

Boy. But what had become of the beech-tree?

Oak. It was gone, some time before; it had been broken and spoiled, as to shelter, in Henry the First's reign, so that I stood much alone, and many travellers were attracted to me. The monks, seeing this, put up a kind of rough seat under me. Of course this gave me an opportunity of gathering up more knowledge than before. I also observed upon the dresses and manners of those who came. In the reign of Henry the First the dresses were particularly ugly, the shoes especially. They were peaked at the toe, then pointed upwards, stuffed with tow, and sometimes they took the form of a scorpion's tail, and sometimes that of a ram's horn. The hair was allowed to grow very long; so also were the men's beards; and as at that time of day the habits of the people were very untidy, there was a good deal to complain of. The ladies' hair was worn in two long plaited tails hanging down behind. I have seen this fashion return again within a few years. When Henry the Second came, it was quite a comfort to see how nicely his hair was cut, and how neatly trimmed was his beard.

Boy. Altogether it is plain, Henry the Second was a favourite of yours.

Oak. No doubt he was: but some people are always ready to complain. In this reign, I heard a great deal of murmuring from the Priests. There happened to be a very just, and kind, and virtuous Abbot ruling over the abbey near me, and though his monks were not by any means equal to himself, some were good men, and I believe really good Christians also, but I used to hear one or two of them who seemed exceedingly contentious, discussing with great bitterness the king's contests with the clergy.

Boy. You mean with Thomas à Becket?

Oak. That was one contest, and a very sorrowful one it was, and cost King Henry many a bitter moment. But the real question between the clergy and the king was this;—whether a priest or monk, or anyone vowed to the Church, if he proved to be a wicked man, and committed crimes, should be judged by the Church, or by the common laws of the land. As *the Church* could not put a man to death for many crimes which *the state* punished by death, it seemed very right and reasonable that the law should prevail; and I used to hear the common people praise the king for his endeavours to give equal justice to all; but the worst part of the story was, that Henry wanted a good deal more. He wanted to have it in his power to appoint his favourites to the vacant offices, which the Church could not agree to. The king, receiving all the profits of the office till another election took place, might keep that office vacant for a long time. The people feared to trust him.

Boy. I don't much wonder at that. How did they settle it at last?

Oak. 'At last' is a long term. During a great part of King Henry's reign the *law* was settled as he wished it to be, but the *custom* was quite otherwise; for it was found impossible to treat Clergymen who had committed sin like Laymen. The people, inclined at first to think the king

right, could not bear, after all, to see a man to whom they had confessed their sins, and from whose hands they had received the Holy Sacrament, put to death ; and this feeling grew stronger after Becket's murder, so that, in spite of the barons, the Church carried its point about nine years before King Henry's death, and it was decreed that no clergyman should be brought to trial before the common law-courts, *except for breaches of the forest laws*, and every vacant benefice was to be filled up within a year after it became vacant.

Boy. Just tell me, did you ever see King Henry the Second ?

Oak. Yes. First when he was quite a young man, and afterwards when older. His hair was grey then ; but he was as active a man as ever, and indeed not *very* old, being only fifty-seven when he died. He almost lived on horse-back ; he would go on riding for four or five days together, and sometimes his subjects knew not where to find him. When at home he was always on his feet, except at meals and at mass. He would have been as stout as William the Conqueror, but for his temperance and activity. He was always busy, he read a great deal, he liked argument, and nothing pleased him better than the conversation of learned men. He understood building and ornamental art, he was really gentle to the poor and distressed, and *very* gallant to the ladies ; too much so, for that ' Fair Rosamond ' of his suffered deeply from his passion for her. She did not drink the poison, however ; she went into a nunnery, and when she died, the nuns, who had found her very gentle and humble, buried her in their choir, and hung a silken pall over her tomb. Some long time afterwards, a bishop caused her bones to be taken out of the coffin, and scattered abroad with dishonour, but the nuns did not choose to have it so. They said if she had been erring in early days, she had yet been long a penitent, and a devout and useful sister in the convent.

So they gathered up the poor bones, set at nought the harsh bishop, and laid them under a stone in their church with a cross over them, and a request to pilgrims to

'Pray for the soul of Rosamond.'

Boy. I suppose Queen Eleanor made Henry often unhappy?

Oak. I was told they made each other so. There must have been a great deal of wrong doing, when a mother could teach her sons to rebel against their father, and when the father saw no better course than that of keeping his wife shut up in prison for sixteen years. As to the sons, they were high-spirited troublesome boys, and it would seem that the king indulged and spoiled them early in life. He settled upon them different portions of his dominions while they were yet very young, but did not mean that they were to rule over them while he lived, but only after his death. This did not, however, please the young gentlemen, and Prince Henry, the eldest, who had just married the daughter of Louis of France, insisted upon sharing the English throne at once with his father. Of course this could not be permitted, but both the other sons, Richard and Geoffrey, took their brother's part against their father. It was very trying to hear of all the disobedient irreverent things these youths were constantly doing and saying, and really, although their father was of an irritable temper, he seems to have loved them through all their bad conduct, and to have been ever ready to forgive them. I shall never forget the account I heard of his terrible grief when Prince Henry, who had been the worst son of them all, fell ill and died. It was some comfort to know that on his deathbed the young man was contrite, and prayed fervently to be forgiven for his undutiful behaviour. But that bad man, Bertrand de Born, was a great mischief-maker.

Boy. I have heard of him; was he not a great poet as well as warrior?

Oak. Yes ; one of the sort they called Troubadours. When he was not stirring up war among friends and kindred, he was sure to be making verses. I have heard his verses sung by minstrels, they at least showed what sort of deeds delighted him. One of these songs is in my memory now. Will you hear a verse or two of it ?

‘ It pleases me, when the lancers bold,
Set men and horses flying :
And it pleases me, too, to hear around
The voice of the soldiers crying.
And joy is mine
When the castles strong besieged shake,
And walls uprooted, totter and crack,
And I see the foeman join
On the moated shore, all compass’d round
With the palisade and guarded mound.
I tell you that nothing my soul can cheer,
(Nor banquet, nor reposing,)
Like the onset cry of ‘ Charge them ’ rung
From each side, in battle closing.
Where the horses neigh,
And the call ‘ to aid ’ is echoing loud,
And there on the earth the lowly and proud,
In the fosse together lie ;
And yonder is piled the mangled heap
Of the brave that scaled the rampart steep.’

This, you will say, was fierce enough, but this was the tone of the time. Where Bertrand de Born was specially blameable, was in his bad influence over King Henry’s sons. Some people pretended that he set them against their father, from a wish to get back all those domains in France, which Henry had acquired by his marriage with Queen Eleanor, and so they call him patriotic. It would have been indeed a happy thing for Henry the Second had he reigned King of England only. From France came most of his troubles, and he left a legacy of trouble that was felt for many reigns afterwards. Nothing damaged our English kings half so much as their ambition to get

and to keep French possessions. I am glad you are all wiser now. It seems to me a happy land—this England—but then it is true I know nothing of other countries, and I dare say there are many wrong things still done here. Only, when I heard the bells ring out last January for the marriage of your good queen's eldest daughter, I do assure you, my boy, that in all my long memory I could not find a day and hour that made me feel more glad to be on English ground.

Boy. 'God save Victoria!' Oh, yes! you are quite right, good Old Oak. I was in London at the time, and how happy and proud of their queen and her family the people seemed to be! The ringing sound of their cheers might be heard above the bells. I am sure *I* shouted till I was quite hoarse.

Oak. Well, I am glad to have lived long enough to hear of all this: it puts away many sad scenes from my thoughts. But this has been a long talk, and I think you must be tired. Perhaps you will come again to-morrow.

Boy. I think I will, Mr. Oak. You are a good old fellow. Good day.

(To be continued.)

THE YOUNG STEP-MOTHER.

CHAPTER XXV.

COLONEL BURY was the most open-hearted old bachelor in the country. His imagination never could conceive the possibility of everybody not being glad to meet everybody; his house could never be too full, his dinner-parties of 'a few friends' overflowed the dining-room, and his 'nobody' meant always at least six bodies. Every season was fertile in occasions of gathering old and young together to be made happy; and little Mary Ferrars, at five years old, had told her mamma that 'the Colonel's parties made her quite dissipated.'

One bright summer day, his beaming face appeared at Willow Lawn, with a peremptory invitation. The nephew who was to be his heir had newly married a friend of Albinia's girlhood, and was about to pay his wedding-visit at Fairmead Park. Many degrees too happy to keep his guests to himself, the Colonel had fixed the next Thursday for a fête to exceed all former ones, and wanted all the world to come to it—the Kendals, every one of them—if they could only sleep there—but Albinia brought him to confession that he had promised to lodge five people more than the house would hold; and the aunts were at the parsonage, where nobody ventured to crowd their servants.

But there was a moon—and though Mr. Kendal would not allow that it was the harvest moon, the hospitable Colonel dilated on her as if she had been bed, board, and lodging, and he did not find much difficulty in his persuasions. Albinia was sparkling with eagerness, Lucy sat in demure anxiety, Sophy looked stern with suspense, Gilbert asseverated that he was proof against evening air, and Mr. Kendal smiled and consented. The kind Colonel, dissatisfied while any living creature was left behind, tried to persuade Albinia to bring her boy to meet his cousins, and had almost convinced Mrs. Meadows that it would be an easy little excursion, and that her presence would be essential to his enjoyment. 'A very pretty-mannered gentleman indeed,' said she on his departure, 'and as attentive as poor dear Captain Pringle. My dear, you must let me give each of the dear girls a new silk dress.'

Few invitations ever gave more delight; Albinia was just in the light-hearted mood, after long work, fit for appreciating a holiday to the utmost, and was enchanted at the notion of meeting her friends; and the whole family was happy at Sophy's chance of at length seeing Fairmead, and taking part in a little gaiety. Nothing but joy-

ous anticipations and histories of former fêtes flew about in conversation, and if Mr. Kendal's expectations of pleasure were less high, he submitted very well, smiled benignantly at the felicity around him, and was not once seen to shudder.

The dresses were made up; Gilbert had chosen a roomy carriage and a pair of stout horses at the King's Head; Sarah Anne Drury had been invited to enliven Grandmamma; and everyone augured a beautiful day and perfect enjoyment. And the morning was beautiful, but alas! Sophy was *hors de combat*, far too unwell to think of making one of the party. She bore the disappointment magnanimously, and even the pity. Everyone was heartily sorry, and Gilbert wanted her to go and wait at the parsonage for the chance of improving, promising to come and fetch her for any part of the entertainment; while her father told her that he had looked to her as his chief companion while the gay people were taking their pleasure. No one was uncomfortably generous enough to offer to stay at home with her; but Lucy suggested asking Geneviève to come and take care of her.

'Nay,' said Sophy, 'it would be much better if she were to go in my stead.'

Gilbert and Lucy both uttered an exclamation, as if it were an admirable proposal; and Sophy added, 'She would have so much more enjoyment than I could! O, it would quite make up for my missing it!'

'My dear,' said Grandmamma, 'you don't know what you are talking of. It would be taking such a liberty.'

'There need be no scruples on that score,' said Albinia; 'the Colonel would only thank me if I brought him half Bayford.'

'Then,' cried Sophy, 'you think we may ask her? O! I should like to run up myself;'—and a look of congratulation on the one hand, and gratitude on the other, passed between her and her brother.

'No, indeed you must not ; let me go,' said Lucy, 'I'll just finish this cup of tea—'

'My dear, my dear,' interposed Mrs. Meadows, 'pray consider. She is a very good little girl in her way, but it is only giving her a taste for things out of her station.'

'Oh ! don't say that, dear Grandmamma,' interposed Albinia ; 'one good festival does carry one so much better through days of toil !'

'Ah, well ! my dear, you will do as you think proper ; but considering who the poor child is, I should call it no kindness to bring her forward in company.'

Something passed between the indignant Gilbert and Sophy about French Counts and Marquises, but Lucy managed much better. 'Dear me, Grandmamma, nobody wishes to bring her forward. She will only play with the children, and see the fireworks, and no one will speak to her.'

Albinia averted further discussion till Grandmamma had left the breakfast-table, when all four appealed with one voice to Mr. Kendal, who saw no objection ; whereupon Lucy ran off in search of Geneviève, while Albinia finished her arrangements for the well-being of Grandmamma, Sophy, and Maurice, who were as difficult to manage as the celebrated fox, goose, and cabbage. At every turn she encountered Gilbert, touching up his toilette at each glass he approached, and seriously consulting her and Sophy upon the choice between lilac and lemon-coloured gloves, and upon the bows of his fringed neck-tie.

'My dear Gilbert,' said Albinia, on the fifth anxious alternative propounded to her, 'it is of no use at all. No living creature will be the wiser, and do what you will, you will never look half so well as your father.'

Gilbert flung aside, muttering something about 'fit to be seen,' but just then Lucy hurried in. 'Oh ! Mamma, she won't go—she is very much obliged, but she can't go.'

'Can't ? she must,' cried Albinia and Gilbert together.

'She says you are very kind, but that she cannot. I said everything I could ; I told her she should wear Sophy's muslin mantle, or my second best polka.'

'No doubt you went and made a great favour of it,' said Gilbert.

'No, I assure you I did not ; I persuaded her with all my might, I said Mamma wished it, and we all wished it ; and I am sure she would really have been very glad if she could have gone.'

'It can't be the school, it is holiday time,' said Gilbert.

'I'll go and see what is the matter.'

'No, I will go,' said Albinia, 'I will ask the old ladies to luncheon here, and that will make her happy, and make it easier for Sophy to get on with Sarah Anne Drury.'

Lucy had seen Geneviève alone ; Albinia took her by storm before Madame Belmarché, whose little black eyes became points of light at the idea of her grandchild having a treat. She assured Mrs. Kendal that the child merited that and every other pleasure, and when Geneviève lingered and attempted to whisper objections, silenced her with an embrace, saying, 'Ah ! my love, where is your gratitude to Madame ? Have no fears for us. Your pleasure will be ours for months to come.'

The liquid sweetness of Geneviève's eyes spoke of no want of gratitude, and with glee which she no longer strove to repress, she tripped away to equip herself, and Albinia heard her clear young voice upstairs, singing away like a lark the burthen of some queer old French ditty.

On coming home, Albinia found Gilbert and Sophy in some disgrace with Lucy for having gathered the choicest flowers, which they were eagerly and happily making up into bouquets ; but the amiable feeling and bright warmth of both brother and sister was so pretty, that Albinia would have forgiven them for stripping the whole garden,

and refrained from leaving the flowers presented to her safe at home in water. Geneviève's nosegay was ready just in time for her, as she arrived in the prettiest tremor of gratitude and anticipation, and presented to her by Gilbert, whilst Sophy looked on, and blushed crimson, face, neck, and all, as Geneviève smelt and admired the white roses that had so cruelly been reft from Lucy's beloved tree.

What should make Sophy blush so vehemently, and wear such a look of pleased meaning in her eyes? Albinia could not wait to ascribe it to anything but the pleasure of gratifying her friend; for Lucy began to press the question of arraying Geneviève in a borrowed mantle. Geneviève begged that it might not be, and Albinia felt that she was right; nothing that was not her own could have the peculiar fitness and grace of all she wore. The contrast was curious, and perfectly unconscious, but with every advantage of pretty features, good complexion, and nice figure, the English Lucy, in her blue and white checked silk, worked muslin mantle, and white chip bonnet with blue ribbons, was at once eclipsed by the small swarthy French girl, in that very old black silk dress, and white trimmed coarse straw bonnet, just enlivened by little pink bows at the neck and wrists. It had long been an acknowledged point that Geneviève was unrivalled in the art of tying bows, and those pink ones were paragons, redolent of all her own fresh sprightly archness and refinement. Albinia herself was the best representative of English good looks, and never had she been more brilliant, her rich chestnut hair waving so prettily on the rounded contour of her happy face, her fair cheek tinted with such a healthy fresh bloom, her grey eyes laughing with such merry softness under their dark setting, her whole person so alert and elastic with exuberant life and enjoyment, that Grandinamma was as happy in watching her as if she had been her own daughter, and stroked down

the broad flounces of her changeable silk, and admired her black lace, as if she felt the whole family exalted by Mrs. Kendal's appearance; while Sophy made her papa smile by telling him that she had seen the prettiest part of the show.

It was a merry journey, through the meadows and corn-fields, laughing in the summer sunshine; and in due time they saw the flag upon Fairmead Church steeple, and Albinia nodded to curtseying old friends at the cottage doors. The lodge gate swung open wide, and the well-known striped marquee was seen among the trees in the distance, as on they went up the carriage-road; but at the little iron gate leading to the shrubbery, there was a halt, Mr. Ferrars had called to the carriage to stop, and was opening the door. At the same moment Albinia gave a cry of wonder, and exclaimed, 'Why Fred! is William here?'

'No; at Montreal, but very well,' was the answer, with a hearty shake of the hand.

'Edmund, it is Fred Ferrars,' said Albinia. 'Why, Maurice, you never told us.'

'He took us by surprise yesterday.'

'Yes; I landed yesterday morning, went to the Family Office in May Fair, found Belraven was nowhere, and the aunts at Fairmead, and so came on here,' explained Fred, as he finished shaking hands with all the party, and walked on beside Albinia. He was tall, fresh-coloured, a good deal like her, with a long fair moustache, and light, handsome figure; and Lucy, though rather disconcerted at Geneviève being taken for one of themselves, began eagerly to whisper her conviction that he was Lord Belraven's brother, Mamma's first cousin, captain in the 25th Lancers, and aide-de-camp to General Ferrars.

It was the first meeting since an awkward parting. The only son of a foolish second marriage of the last Lord Belraven, and early left an orphan, Frederick Ferrars had

grown up under the good aunts' charge, somewhat neglected by his cold-hearted half-brother, by many years his senior. He was but a year older than Albinia, and a merry, bantering affection had always subsisted between them, till he had begun to give it the air of something more than friendship. Albinia, though so bright, active, and mirthful, was, however, of a nature always to seek for something of depth and repose, on which to rely for support and anchorage. Fred's vivacious disposition had never for a moment appeared to her fitted to win her serious attachment; she was 'very fond of him,' but no more; her heart was then set on sharing her brother's earnest life as a country pastor. She went to Fairmead, Fred was carried off by the General to Canada, and she presently heard of his hopeless attachment to a lovely Yankee, whom he met on board the steamer. All this was now cast behind the seven most eventful years of Albinia's life; and in the dignity of her matronhood, she looked more than ever on 'poor Fred' as a boy, and was delighted to see him again, and to hear of her brother William.

A few steps brought them to the shade of the large cedar-tree, where, looking slight and fragile, was seated Winifred. Mrs. Annesley was with her, and Willie and Mary presently ran up, delighted to meet their aunt. The greetings had hardly been exchanged before the Colonel came upon them in all his glory, with his pretty shy bride niece on his arm, looking very like the Alice Percy of the old, old times, when Fred used to tease the two girls for their friendship. Albinia had let her correspondence die away, except on great occasions, but they were exceedingly good friends for all that, and Mr. Ferrars thought he would hardly wish to see a prettier scene than their meeting, laughing, blushing, and happy, with the good old Colonel looking on exulting.

Geneviève was made heartily welcome, and Sophia's

absence deplored, and then the Colonel carried off the younger ones to the archery, giving his arm to the much flattered Lucy, and followed by Gilbert and Geneviève, with Willie and Mary adhering to them closely, and their governess keeping in sight.

Mr. Ferrars and Mr. Kendal fell into one of their discussions, and paced up and down the shady walk, while Albinia sat, in the most complete contentment, between Alice and Winifred, with Fred Ferrars on the turf at their feet, living over again the bygone days, laughing over ancient jokes, resuscitating past scrapes, tracing the lot of old companions, or telling mischievous anecdotes of each other, for the very purpose of being contradicted. They were much too light-hearted to note the lapse of time, till Maurice came to take his wife home, thinking she had had fatigue enough. Mrs. Annesley went with her, and Albinia would gladly have come too, but this was not permitted; and on looking for her husband, she was told that he had fallen in with some old Indian acquaintances; and Charles Bury presently came to find his wife, and conduct the party to luncheon. There was no formal meal, but a perpetual refection laid out in the dining-room, for relays of guests. Fred took care of Albinia, and infinitely did they talk, with frequent interruptions to greet old neighbours; and here they met Miss Ferrars, who had been with one of her old friends, to whom she was delighted to exhibit her nephew and niece in their prime of good looks.

‘But I must go,’ said Albinia; ‘having found the provisions, I must secure that Mr. Kendal and the children are not famished.’

Fred came with her, and she turned down the long alley leading to the archery-ground. He evidently felt old times so far renewed as to be able to resume their primary habits of confidence, and began, ‘I suppose the General has not told you what has brought me home?’

‘He has not so much as told me you were coming.’

‘Aye, aye, of course you know how he treats those things.’

‘Oh—h!’ said Albinia, perfectly understanding his heightened colour.

‘But,’ continued Frederick eagerly, ‘even he confesses that she is the very sweetest—I mean,’ as Albinia smiled at this evident embellishment, ‘even he has not a word of objection to make, except the old story, about married officers—I declare he is a military Queen Bess.’

‘And who is *she*, Fred?’

‘O Mamma, there you are!’ and Lucy suddenly joined them as they emerged on the bowling green, where stood the two bright targets, and the groups of archers, whose shafts, for the most part, flew far and wide.

‘Where are the rest, my dear? are they shooting?’

‘Yes; Gilbert has been teaching Geneviève—there, she is shooting now.’

The little light figure stood in advance, looking very graceful. Gilbert held her arrows, and another gentleman appeared to be counselling her. There seemed to be general exultation when one of her arrows touched the white ring outside the the target.

‘That has been her best shot,’ said Lucy. ‘I am sure I would not shoot in public unless I knew how!’

‘Do you not like shooting!’ asked Captain Ferrars, and Lucy smiled, and lost the discontented air that had been creeping over her.

‘It hurts my fingers,’ she said, ‘and I have always so much to do in the garden.’

Albinia asked if she had had anything to eat.

‘O yes; the Colonel asked Gilbert to carve in the tent there, for the children and governesses,’ said Lucy, ‘he and Geneviève were very busy there; but I found I was not of much use, so I came away with the Miss Bartons to look at the flowers, but now they are shooting, and I could not think what had become of you.’

And Lucy bestowed her company on Albinia and the Captain, reducing him to dashing disconnected talk about balls, pic-nics, the sleighing clubs, and fishing in Lake Ontario, to Lucy's extreme delight, though Albinia was longing all the time for a renewal of the confession commenced. They were interrupted by meeting Mr. Kendal, searching for them in the same fear that they were starving, and anxious to introduce his wife to his Indian friends. One of them, Mr. Winthrop, was a bright, agreeable man, with whom she straightway became excellent friends by the free-masonry of similar opinions. When, at the regular pause at the vista disclosing the Church tower, Albinia looked round, the Lancer had disappeared, and Lucy was walking by her father, trying to look serenely amused by a discussion on the annexation of the Punjab, between him and the other Indian.

The afternoon was spent in pleasant loitering, chiefly with Mr. Winthrop, or with Miss Ferrars, who asked much after Sophy, lamented greatly over Winifred's delicate health, and volunteered her opinion that Albinia ought never to have encumbered herself with Mrs. Meadows. She also was very anxious to know what could have brought Fred home, and was much afraid it was some fresh foolish attachment.

Ominous notes were heard from the band, and the Colonel came to tell them that there was to be dancing till it was dark enough for the fireworks, his little Alice had promised him her first country-dance. Fred Ferrars emerged again with a half-laughing, half-imploring, 'For the sake of old times, Albinia! We've been partners before!'

'You'll take care of Lucy,' said Albinia, turning to her Aunt, but Mr. Winthrop had already taken pity on her, and Albinia was led off by her cousin to her place in the fast lengthening rank. How she enjoyed it! She had cared little for London balls after the first novelty was

over, but these Fairmead dances on the turf had always had an Arcadian charm to her fancy, and were the more delightful after so long an interval, in the renewal of the old scene, and the recognition of so many familiar faces.

With bounding step and laughing lips, she flew down the middle, the more exhilarated every moment, exchanging merry scraps of talk with her partner or bright fragments as she pousetted with pair after pair, and when the dance was over, with glowing complexion and eyes still dancing, she took Fred's arm, and soon heard the renewal of his broken story—the praise of his Emily, the fairest of Canadians, whom even the General could not dislike, though, thorough soldier as he was, he would fain have had all military men as devoid of encumbrances as himself, and thought an officer's wife one of the most misplaced articles in the world. Poor Fred had been in love so often, that he laboured under the great vexation of not being able to persuade any of his friends to regard his passion seriously, but Albinia was quite sisterly enough to believe him heartily this time, and give full sympathy to his hopes and fears. Far less wealth had fallen to his lot than to that of his cousins, and his marriage must depend upon what his brother would 'do for him,' a point on which he tried to be sanguine, and Albinia encouraged him rather against probability, for Lord Belraven was never very liberal towards his relations, and had lately married an expensive wife, with whom he lived chiefly abroad.

This topic was not exhausted when Fred fell a prey to the Colonel, who insisted on his dancing again, and Albinia telling him to do his duty, he turned towards a group that had coalesced round Miss Ferrars, consisting of Lucy, Gilbert, Geneviève, and the children from the parsonage, and at once bore off the little Frenchwoman, leaving more than one countenance blank. Lucy and Willie did their best for mutual consolation, while Albinia undertook to

preside over her niece and a still smaller partner in red velvet, in a quadrille. It was amusing to watch the puzzled downright motions of the sturdy little bluff King Hal, and the earnest precision of the prim little damsel, and Albinia hovering round, now handing one, now pointing to the other, keeping lightly out of everyone's way, and looking up with her laughing face, so much more playful than either of the small performers in this solemn undertaking. As it concluded she found that Mr. Kendal had been watching her, with much entertainment, and she was glad to take his arm, and assure herself that he had not been by any means miserable, but had been down to the parsonage, where he had read the newspaper in peace, and had enjoyed a cup of tea in quiet with Winifred and Mrs. Annesley. Then they arranged that Maurice should be asked to bring Fred to spend a day at Bayford, since there was no possibility of asking him to stay there, and Albinia wished him to carry a report to her eldest brother of her home and her boy.

The dancing had been transferred to the brightly-lighted tent, which presented a very pretty scene from without, looking through the drooping festoons of evergreens, at the lamps and the figures flitting to and fro in their measured movements, while the shrubs and dark foliage of the trees fell into gloom around, and above the sky assumed the deep tranquil blue of night, the pale bright stars shining out one by one. The Kendals were alone in the terrace, far enough from the gay tumult to be sensible of the contrast.

'How beautiful!' said Albinia: 'it is like a poem.'

'I was just thinking so,' he answered.

'This is the best part of all,' she said, feeling, though hardly expressing to herself how his lofty silent serenity, standing aloof from gaiety and noise, gave the sense of being drawn up and supported; she could have compared him and her lively cousin to the evening stillness, in contrast

to the mirthful scene in the tent ; and though her nature seemed to belong to the busy world, her best enjoyment lay with what calmed and raised her above herself ; and she was perfectly happy, standing quite still with her arm upon that of her silent husband.

‘These things are well imagined,’ said he, shaking off his musing. ‘The freedom and absence of formality give space for being alone and quiet.’

‘Yes,’ said Albinia, saucily, ‘when that is what you go into society for.’

‘You have me there,’ he said, smiling ; ‘but I must own how much I enjoyed coming back from the Parsonage by myself.’

‘By the beech walk,’ said Albinia. ‘It never looks so well as when the sun is low, dear old place.’

‘I was not sorry to be alone there. Shall you esteem it a compliment that when I recollected the feelings with which I used to traverse it four years ago, I discovered that I was far from anticipating the happiness I have found.’

‘I know ! How glad you would have been if I had let you off to go back to your dearly beloved India !’

Another pleasant silence, whence he roused himself to ask her whether she would not go back to the tent and enjoy herself.

‘I am enjoying myself,’ she answered, from her heart.

‘I am glad we brought that little Geneviève,’ said Mr. Kendal, ‘she seems to be so perfectly in her element. I saw her amusing a set of little children in the prettiest, most animated way ; and afterwards, when the young people were playing at some game, her gestures were were so sprightly and graceful, that, as Winthrop said, no one could look at the English girls beside her. Indeed I think she was making quite a sensation among that party, your cousin seemed to admire her very much. If she were but in another station, she would shine anywhere, but that anomalous position is a great misfortune.’

‘How much you have seen, Edmund!’

‘I have been a spectator, you an actor,’ he said smiling.

Her quiescence did not long continue, for the poor people had begun to assemble on the gravel road before the front door to see the fireworks, and she hurried away to renew her acquaintance with her village friends, guessing at them in the dark, asking after old mothers and daughters at service, inquiring the names of new babies, and whether the old ones were at school, and excusing herself for having become ‘quite a stranger.’

In the midst—whish—hiss, with steady swiftness, up shot in the dark purple air, the first rocket, bursting and scattering a rain of stars. There was an audible gasp in the surrounding homely world, a few little cries, and a big boy clutched tight hold of Albinia’s arm, saying, ‘I be afeared.’ She was laughing at him and explaining away his fears, when she heard her brother’s voice, and found her arm drawn into his.

‘Here you are then,’ he said: ‘I thought I heard your voice.’

‘Oh! Maurice, I have hardly seen you. Let us have a nice quiet turn in the park together.’

He resisted, saying, ‘I don’t approve of parents and guardians losing themselves. What have you done with all your children?’

‘What have you done with yours?’ retorted she.

‘I left Willie and Mary at the window with their governess; I came to see that these other children of mine were orderly.’

‘Most proper, prudential and exemplary Maurice!’ his sister laughed. ‘Now I have an equally hearty belief in my children being somewhere, sure to turn up when wanted. Come, I want to get out from the trees to look for Colonel Bury’s harvest moon, for I believe she is an imposition.’

‘No, I’m not coming. You don’t understand your duties. Your young ladies ought always to know where to find you, and you where to find them.’

‘Oh! Maurice, what must you have suffered before you imported Winifred to chaperon me!’

‘You are in so mad a mood that I shall attempt only one moral maxim, Mrs. Kendal, and that is, that no one should set up for a chaperon, till she has retired from business on her own account.’

‘That’s a stroke at my dancing with poor Fred, but I assure you, Edmund highly approved, and it was his only chance of speaking to me.’

‘Not particularly at the dancing.’

‘Well then—’

‘You’ll see by-and-bye. It was not your fault if those girls were not in all sorts of predicaments.’

‘I believe you think life is made up of predicaments. And I want to hear whether William has told you anything about poor Fred.’

‘Only that he is more mad than ever, and that he let him go, thinking that there is no chance of Belraven helping him, but that it may wear itself out on the journey.’

‘I think it is good for something this time.’

A revolving circle shedding festoons of purple and crimson jets of fire made all their talk interjectional, and they had by this time reached the terrace, where all the company were assembled, the open windows at regular intervals casting bewildering lights on the heads and shoulders in front of them. Then out burst a grand wheat-sheaf of yellow flame with crimson ears and beards, by whose light Albinia recognized Gilbert standing close to her in the shadow, and asked him where the rest were.’

‘I can’t tell; Lucy and my father were here just now.’

‘Are you feeling the chill, Gilbert?’ asked Albinia, struck by something in his tone. ‘You had better look from the window.’

He neither moved nor made answer, but a great illumination of Colonel Bury’s coat-of-arms, with Roman candles and Chinese trees at the four corners engrossed every eye, and flashing on every face, enabled Albinia to join Mr. Kendal, who was with Lucy and Miss Ferrars. No one knew where Geneviève was, but Albinia was confident that she could take good care of herself, and was not too uneasy to enjoy the grand representation of Windsor Castle, and the finale of the interlaced cyphers C & A B, amidst a multitude of little fretful sputtering tongues of flame. Then it was, amid good nights, donning of shawls, and announcing of carriages, that Captain Ferrars and Miss Durand made their appearance together, having been ‘looking everywhere for Mrs. Kendal,’ and it was not in the nature of a brother not to look a little arch, though Albinia returned him as resolute and satisfied a glance as could express ‘Well, what of that?’

In consideration of the night air, Mr. Kendal put Gilbert inside the carriage, and mounted the box, to revel in the pleasures of silence. The four within talked incessantly and compared adventures. Lucy had been gratified by being patronized by Miss Ferrars, and likewise had much to say of the smaller fry, and went into raptures about many a ‘dear little thing,’ none of whom would, however, stand a comparison with Maurice; Gilbert was critical upon everyone’s beauty, and a great deal of fun thus arose, and Geneviève was more animated than all, telling anecdotes with great piquancy, and rehearsing the comical Yankee stories she had heard from Captain Ferrars. She had enjoyed the brilliance of the scene, the lively conversation, and the music and dancing, with the zest and intensity of a peculiarly congenial temperament, and she seemed not to be able to cease from working off

her excitement in repetitions of her thanks, and in discussing the endless delights the day had afforded.

But the day had begun early, and the way was long, so remarks became scanty, and answers were brief and went astray, and Albinia thought she was travelling for ever to Montreal, when she was startled by a pettish exclamation from Lucy: 'Is that all? It was not worth while to wake me only to see the moon.'

'I beg your pardon,' said Geneviève, 'but I thought Madame wished to see it rise.'

'Thank you, Geneviève,' said Albinia, opening her sleepy eyes, 'she is as little worth seeing as a moon can well be, a waning moon does well to keep untimely hours.'

'Why do you think she is so much more beautiful in the crescent, Mrs. Kendal?' said Geneviève, in the most wakeful manner.

'I'm sure I don't know,' said Albinia, subsiding into her corner.

'Is it from the situation of the mountains in the moon?' continued the pertinacious damsel.

'In Africa?' said Albinia, well nigh asleep, but Geneviève's laugh roused her again, partly because she thought it less mannerly than accorded with the girl's usual politeness. No more sleep was allowed her; an astronomical passion seemed to have possessed the young lady, and she dashed into the tides, and the causes of the harvest-moon, and volcanoes, and thunderbolts, and Lord Ross's telescope, forcing her tired friend to reply by direct appeals, till Albinia almost wished her in the moon herself; and was quite rejoiced when in the dim greyiness of the early summer dawn, the carriage drew up at Madame Belmarché's house. As the light from the weary maid's candle flashed on Geneviève's face, it revealed such a glow of deep crimson on each brown cheek, that Albinia perceived that the excitement must have been almost fever, and went to bed speculating on the strange effects

of the touch of gaiety on the hereditary French nature, startling her at once from her graceful propriety and humility of demeanour, into such extraordinary obtrusive talkativeness.

She heard more the next morning that vexed her. Lucy was seriously of opinion that Geneviève had not been sufficiently retiring. She herself had heedfully kept under the wing of Mary's governess, mamma, or Miss Ferrars, and nobody had paid her any particular attention, but Geneviève had been with Gilbert half the day, had had all the gentlemen round her at the archery, and in the games, had no end of partners in the dances, and had walked about in the dark with Captain Ferrars. Lucy was sure she was taken for her sister, and whenever she had told people the truth, they had said how pretty Miss Durand was! a new light to Lucy, and repeated in such a tone, that Sophy said 'You are jealous, Lucy.'

Lucy protested that it was quite the reverse. She was glad poor little Jenny should meet with any notice, there was no cause of jealousy of *her*, and she threw back her head in conscious beauty, 'only she was sorry for Jenny, for they were quite turning her head, and laughing at her all the time.'

Albinia's candour burst out as usual, 'Say no more about it, my dear, it was a mistake from beginning to end. I was too much taken up with my own diversion to attend to you, and now you are punishing me for it. I left you take care of yourselves, and exposed poor little Geneviève to get into the way of these unkind remarks.'

'I don't know what I said,' began Lucy, 'I don't mean to blame her; it was just as she always is with Gilbert, so very French.'

That word settled it—Lucy pronounced it with ineffable pity and contempt—she was one of the women far less able to forgive another for being attractive, than for trying to attract.

Sophy looked excessively hurt and grieved, and again in private asked her step-mother what she thought of Geneviève's behaviour.

'My dear, I cannot tell ; I think she was off her guard with excitement, but all was very new to her, and there was every excuse for her. I was too happy to be wise, so no wonder she was.'

'And do you think Captain Ferrars was laughing at her ? I wish you would tell her, Mamma. Gilbert says he is a fine flourishing officer in moustaches, who, he is sure, flirts with and breaks the heart of every girl he meets. If he is right, Mamma, it would cure Geneviève to tell her so, and you would not mind it though he is your cousin.'

'Poor Fred !' said Albinia, half laughing. 'I am sorry Gilbert conceived such a notion of him. But Geneviève's heart is too sensible to break in that way, Sophy, even if Fred wished it, and I can quite acquit him of such savage intentions. I never should have seen any harm in all that Geneviève did last night if she had not talked us all to death coming home, and that might have been only my sleepiness ! Still I think she was off her balance then, and I own I am disappointed. But we don't know what it is to be born French !'

(To be continued.)

ONE OF AUNT JUDY'S TALES.

RABBITS' TAILS.

'WELL then ; but you must remember that I have been ill, and cannot be expected to invent anything very entertaining.'

'Oh, we do remember, indeed, Aunt Judy ; we have been so miserable,' was the answer ; and the speaker added, shoving her little chair close up to her sister's

'I said if you were not to get better, I shouldn't want to get better either.'

'Hush, hush, No. 6!' exclaimed Aunt Judy, quite startled by the expression; 'it was not right to say or think that.'

'I couldn't help it,' persisted No. 6. 'We couldn't do without you, I'm sure.'

'We can do without anything which God chooses to take away,' was Aunt Judy's very serious answer.

'But I didn't want to do without,' murmured No. 6, with her eyes fixed on the floor.

'Dear No. 6, I know,' replied Aunt Judy, kindly; 'but that is just what you must try not to feel.'

'I can't help feeling it,' reiterated No. 6, still looking down.

'You have not tried, or thought about it yet,' suggested her sister; 'but do think. Think what poor ignorant infants we all are in the hands of God, not knowing what is either good or bad for us; and then you will see how glad and thankful you ought to be, to be chosen for by somebody wiser than yourself. We must always be contented with God's choice about whatever happens.'

No. 6 still looked down, as if she were studying the pattern of the rug, but she saw nothing of it, for her eyes were swimming over with the tears that had filled into them, and at last she said,

'I could, perhaps, about some things, but *only not that* about you. Aunt Judy, you know what I mean.'

Aunt Judy leant back in her chair. '*Only not that.*' It was, as she knew, the cry of the universal world, although it broke now from the lips of a child. And it was painful, though touching, to feel herself the treasure that could not be parted with.

So there was a silence of some minutes, during which the hand of the little sister lay in that of the elder one.

But the latter soon roused up and spoke.

'I'll tell you what, No. 6, there's nothing so foolish as talking of how we shall feel, and what we shall do, if so-and-so happens. Perhaps it never may happen, or if it does, perhaps we may be helped to bear it quite differently from what we have expected. So we won't say anything more about it now.'

'I'm so glad!' exclaimed No. 6, completely reassured and made comfortable by the cheerful tone of her sister's remark, though she had but a very imperfect idea of the meaning of it, as she forthwith proved by rambling off into a sort of self-defence and self-justification.

'And I'm not really a baby now, you know, Aunt Judy! And I do know a great many things that are good and bad for us. I know that *you* are good for us, even when you scold over sums.'

'That is a grand admission, I must own,' replied Aunt Judy, smiling; 'I shall remind you of it some day.'

'Well, you may,' cried No. 6 earnestly; and added, 'you see I'm not half as silly as you thought.'

Aunt Judy looked at her, wondering how she should get the child to understand what was passing through her own mind; wondering, too, whether it was right to make the attempt; and she decided that on the whole it was; so she answered,

'Aye, we grow wise enough among ourselves as we grow older, and get to know a few more things. You are certainly a little wiser than a baby in long petticoats, and I am a little wiser than you, and mamma wiser than us both. But towards God we remain ignorant infants all our lives. That was what I meant.'

'But surely, Aunt Judy,' interrupted No. 6, 'mamma and you know—' There she stopt.

'Nothing about God's dealings,' pursued Aunt Judy, 'but that they are sure to be good for us, even when we like them least, and cannot understand them at all. We

know so little what we ought really to like and dislike, dear No. 6, that we often fret and cry as foolishly as the two children who, while they were in mourning for their mother, broke their hearts over the loss of a set of rabbits' tails.'

No. 6 sprang up at the idea. She had never heard of those children before. Who were they? Had Aunt Judy read of them in a book, or were they real children? How could they have broken their hearts about rabbits' tails? It must be a very curious story, and No. 6 begged to hear it.

Aunt Judy had, however, a little hesitation about the matter. There was something sad about the story; and there was no exact teaching to be got out of it, though certainly if it helped to shake No. 6's faith in her own wisdom, a good effect would be produced by listening to it. Also it was not a bad thing now and then to hear of other people having to bear trials which have not fallen to our own lot. It must surely have a tendency to soften the heart, and make us feel more dependent upon the God who gives and takes away. On the whole, therefore, she would tell the story, so she made No. 6 sit quietly down again, and began as follows:

'There were once upon a time two little motherless girls.'

No. 6's excitement of expectation was hardly over, so she tightened her hand over Aunt Judy's, and ejaculated, 'Poor little things!'

'You may well say so,' continued Aunt Judy. 'It was just what everybody said who saw them at the time. When they went about with their widowed father in the country village where they lived, even the poor women who stood at their cottage door-steads, would look after them when they had passed, and say with a sigh,

"Poor little things!"

'When they went up to London in the winter to stay

with their grandmamma, and walked about in the Square in their little black frocks and crape-trimmed bonnets, the ladies who saw them,—even comparative strangers,—would turn round and say,

“Poor little things!”

‘If visitors came to call at the house, and the children were sent for into the room, there was sure to be a whispered exclamation directly among the grown-up people of, “Poor little things!” But oh, No. 6! the children themselves did not think about it at all. What did they know, poor little things, of the real misfortune which had befallen them! They were sorry, of course, at first, when they did not see their mamma as usual, and when she did not come back to them as soon as they expected. But some separation had taken place during her illness; and sometimes before she had been poorly and got well again; and sometimes she had gone out visiting, and they had had to do without her till she returned; and so, although the days and weeks of her absence went on to months, still it was only the same thing they had felt before continued rather longer; and meantime the little events of each day rose up to distract their attention. They got up, and dined, and went to bed as usual. They were sometimes merry, sometimes naughty, as usual. People made them nice presents, or sent for them to pleasant treats, as usual—perhaps more than usual; their father did all he could to supply the place of the lost one, but never could name her name; and soon they forgot that they had ever had a mamma at all. Soon? Aye, long before friends and strangers had left off saying “Poor little things” at sight of them, and long before the black frocks and crape-trimmed bonnets were laid aside, which indeed they wore double the usual length of time.’

‘And how old were they?’ asked No. 6 in a whisper.

‘Four and five,’ replied Aunt Judy; ‘old enough to

know what they liked and disliked from hour to hour. Old enough to miss what had pleased them, till something else pleased them as well. But not old enough to look forward and know how much a mother is wanted in life; and, therefore, what a terrible loss the loss of a mother is.'

'It's a very sad story I'm afraid,' remarked No. 6.

'Not altogether,' said Aunt Judy, smiling, 'as you shall hear. One day the two little motherless girls went hand in hand across one of the courts of the great Charity Institution in London, where their grandmamma lived, into the old archway entrance, and there they stood still, looking round them, as if waiting for something. The old archway entrance opened into a square, and underneath its shelter there was a bench on one side, and on the other the lodge of the porter, whose business it was to shut up the great gates at night.

'The porter had often before looked at the motherless children as they passed into the shadow of his archway, and said to himself, "Poor little things;" for just so, during many years of his life, he had watched their young mother pass through, and had exchanged words of friendly greeting with her.

'And even now, although it was at least a year and a half since her death, when he saw the waiting children seat themselves on the bench opposite his door, the old thought stole over his mind. How sad that she should have been taken away so early from those little ones! How sad for them to be left! No one—nothing—in this world, could supply the loss of her protecting care. Poor little things! and not the less so because they were so unconscious of their misfortune, and even with the mourning, casting a gloom over their fair young faces, were looking with the utmost eagerness and delight towards the doorway, now and then slipping down from their seats to take a peep into the Square, and see if what they expected was coming, now and then giggling to

each other about the grave face of the old man on the other side of the way.

'At last, one, who had been peeping a bit as before, exclaimed, with a smothered shout, "Here he is!" and then the other joined her, and the two rushed out together into the Square and stood on the pavement, stopping the way in front of a lad, who held over his arm a basket containing hares' and rabbits' skins, in which he carried on a small trade.

'They looked up with their smiling faces into his, and he grinned at them in return, and then they said, "Have you got any for us to-day?" on which he set down his basket before them, and told them they might have one or two if they pleased, and down they knelt upon the pavement, examining the contents of his basket, and talked in almost breathless whispers to each other of the respective merits, the softness, colour, and prettiness, of—what do you think?

At the first moment No. 6 being engrossed by the story, could not guess at all; but in another instant she recollected, and exclaimed,

'Oh, Aunt Judy, do you mean those were the rabbits' tails you told about?'

'They were indeed, No. 6,' replied Aunt Judy; 'their grandmamma's cook had given them one or two some time before, and there being but few entertaining games which two children can play at alone, and these poor little things being a good deal left to themselves, they invented a play of their own out of the rabbits' tails. I think the pleasant feel of the fur, which was so nice to cuddle and kiss, helped them to this odd liking; but whatever may have been the cause, certain it is they did get quite fond of them—pretended that they could feel, and were real living things, and talked of them, and to them, as if they were a party of children.

'They called them "Tods" and "Toddies," but they

had all sorts of names besides, to distinguish one from the other. There was "Whity," and "Brownny," and "Softy," and "Snuggy," and "Stripy," and many others. They knew almost every hair of each of them, and I believe could have told which was which, in the dark, merely by their feel.

'This sounds ridiculous enough, does it not, dear No. 6?' said Aunt Judy, interrupting herself.

No. 6 smiled, but she was too much interested to wish to talk; so the story proceeded.

'Now you must know that I have looked rather curiously at hares' and rabbits' tails myself since I first heard the story; and there actually is more variety in them than you would suppose. Some are nice little fat things—almost round, with the hair close and fine; others longer and more skinny, and with poor hair, although what there is may be of a handsome colour. And as to colour, even in rabbits' tails, which are white underneath, there are all shades from grey to dark brown on the upper side; and the patterns and markings differ, as you know they do on the fur of a cat. In short, there really is a choice even in hares' and rabbits' tails, and the more you look at them, the more delicate distinctions you will see.

'Well, the poor little girls knew all about this, and a great deal more, I daresay, than I have noticed, for they had played at fancy-life with them, till the Tods had become far more to them than any toys they possessed; actually, in fact, things to love; and I daresay if we could have watched them at night putting their Tods to bed, we should have seen every one of them kissed.

'It was a capital thing, as you may suppose, for keeping the children quiet as well as happy in the nursery, at the top of the London house, in one particular corner of which the basket of Tods was kept. But when grand-mamma's bell rang, which it did day by day as a sum-

mons, after the parlour breakfast was over, the 'Tods' were put away, and it was dolls, or reasonable toys of some description, which the motherless little girls took down with them to the drawing-room; and I doubt whether either grandmamma or aunt knew of the Tod family in the basket up-stairs.

'After the affair had gone on for a little time, the children were accidentally in the kitchen when the rabbit-skin dealer called, and the cook begged him to give them a tail or two; and thenceforth, of course, they looked upon him as one of their greatest friends; and if they wanted fresh 'Tods, they would lie in wait for him in the archway entrance, for fear he should go by without coming in to call at their grandmamma's house. And on the day I have described, two new brothers, "Furry" and "Buffy," were introduced to the Tod establishment, and the talking and delight that ensued, lasted for the whole afternoon.

'Nobody knew, I believe, but certainly if anybody had known how the hearts of those children were getting involved over the dead rabbits' tails, it would have been only right to have tried to lead their affection into some better direction. What a waste of good emotions it was when they cuddled up their 'Tods' in an evening; invented histories of what they had said and done during the day, and put them by at last with caresses something very nearly akin to human love!'

'Oh, dear Aunt Judy,' exclaimed No. 6, 'if their poor mamma had but been there!'

'All would have been right then, would it not, No. 6?'

No. 6 said 'Yes' from the very depths of her heart.

'*As it seems to us*, you should say,' continued Aunt Judy; 'but that is all. It could not have seemed so to the God who took their mother away.'

'Aunt Judy—'

'No. 6, I am telling you a very serious truth Had it

indeed been right for the children that their mother should have lived, she would *not* have been taken away. For some reason or other it was necessary that they should be without the comfort, and help, and protection, of her presence in this world. We cannot understand it, but a time may come when we may see it all as clearly as we now see the folly of those children who so doted upon senseless rabbits' tails.'

'Oh, Aunt Judy, but it was still very, very sad.'

'Yes, about that there cannot be a doubt, and I am as much inclined as anybody else to say, "Poor little things" every time I mention them. But now let me go on with the story, for it has a sort of end as well as beginning. The Tod affair came at last to their grandmamma's ears.'

'I am so glad,' cried No. 6.

'You will not say so when I tell you how it happened, was Aunt Judy's rejoinder. 'The fact was, that one unfortunate day one of the Tods disappeared. Whether it had been left out of the basket when grandmamma's bell rang, and so got swept away by the nurse and burnt, I cannot say ; but, at any rate, when the children went to their play one morning, "Softy," their dear little "Softy," was gone. He was the fattest-furred and finest-haired of all the Tod family, and the one about whom they invented the prettiest stories ; he was, in fact, the model, the out-of-the-way-amiable pattern Tod. They could not believe at first that he really was gone. They hunted for him in every hole and corner of their nursery and bedroom ; they looked for him all along the passages ; they tossed all the other Tods out of the basket to find him, as if they really were—even in their eyes—nothing but rabbits' tails ; they asked all the servants about him, till everybody's patience was exhausted, and they got angry ; and then at last the children's hope and temper were both exhausted too, and they broke out into passionate crying.

'This was vexatious to the nurse of course; but her method of consolation was not very judicious.

"Why, bless my heart," was her beginning, "what nonsense! Didn't the children know as well as she did, that hares' and rabbits' tails were not alive, and couldn't feel? and what could it signify if one of them was thrown away and lost? They'd a basket-full left besides, and it was plenty of such rubbish as that! They were all very well to play with up in the nursery, but they were not worth anything when all was said and done!"

'This was completely in vain of course. The children sat on the nursery floor and cried on just the same; and by-and-by went away to the corner of the room where the Tod-basket was kept, and bewailed the loss of poor Softy to his brothers and sisters inside.

'As the time approached, however, for grandmamma's summoning bell, the nurse began to wonder what she could do to stop this fretting, and cool the red eyes; so she tried the coaxing plan, by way of a change.

"If she was such nice little girls with beautiful dolls and toys, she never would fret so about a rabbit's tail, to be sure! And, besides, the boy was sure to be round again very soon with the hare and rabbit skins; and if they would only be good, and dry their eyes, she would get him to give them as many more as they pleased. Quite fresh new ones. She dared say they would be as pretty again as the one that was lost."

'If nurse had wished to hit upon an injudicious remark, she could not have succeeded better. What did they care for "fresh new" Tods instead of their dear "Softy?" And the mere suggestion that any others could be prettier, turned their regretful love into a sort of passionate indignation; yet the nurse had meant well, and was astonished when the conclusion of what was intended to be a kind harangue, was followed by a louder burst of crying than ever.

‘It must be owned that the little girls had by this time got out of grief into naughtiness; and there was now quite as much petted temper as sorrow in their tears; and lo! while they were in the midst of this fretful condition, grandmamma’s summoning bell was heard, and they were obliged to go down to her.

‘You can just imagine their appearance when they entered the drawing-room with their eyes red and swelled, their cheeks flushed, and anything but a pleasant expression over their faces. Of course grandmamma and aunt immediately made inquiries as to the reason of so much disturbance, but the children were scarcely able to utter the usual “good morning;” and when called upon to tell their cause of trouble, did nothing but begin to cry afresh.

‘Whereupon their aunt was despatched up-stairs to find out what was amiss; and then, for the first time, she heard from the nurse the history of the *Tod family*, the children’s devotion to them, and their present vexatious grief about the loss of a solitary one of what *she* called their stupid bits of nonsense.

‘Foolish as the whole affair sounds in looking back upon it, it certainly was one which required rather delicate handling, and I doubt whether anybody but a mother could have handled it properly. Grandmamma and aunt had every wish to do for the best, but they hardly took enough into consideration, either the bereaved condition of those motherless little ones, or their highly fanciful turn of mind. Yet nobody was to blame; the children spent all the summer with their father in the country, and all the winter with their grandmamma in London; and, therefore, no continued knowledge of their characters was possible, for they were always birds of passage everywhere. Certainly, however, it was a great mistake, under such circumstances, for grandmamma and aunt to have broken rudely into the one stronghold of childish comfort, which they had raised up for themselves.’

Aunt Judy paused, and No. 6 really looked frightened as to what was coming next, and asked what Aunt Judy could mean that they did. 'Were they very angry?'

'No, they were not very angry,' Aunt Judy said; 'perhaps if they had been only that, the whole thing would have passed over and been forgotten.'

'But they held grave consultation upon the subject, and made it too serious, in my opinion, and I dare say you will think so too. Meantime the naughty children were turned out of the room while they talked, and the mystery of this sobered their temper considerably; so that they made no further disturbance, but wandered up and down the stairs, and about the hall in silent discomfort.'

'At one time they thought they heard the drawing-room door open, and their aunt go up-stairs towards the nursery department again; but then for a long while they heard no more; and at last, childlike, began to amuse themselves by seeing how far along the oil-cloth pattern they could each step, as they walked the length of the hall, the great object being to stretch from one particular diamond to another, without touching any intermediate mark.'

'In the midst of the excitement of this, they heard their aunt's voice calling to them from the middle of the last flight of stairs. There was something in her face, composed as it was, which alarmed them directly, and there they stood quite still, gazing at her.'

"Grandmamma and I," she began, "think you have been very silly indeed in making such a fuss about those rabbits' tails; and you have been very naughty indeed to-day, *very naughty*, in crying so ridiculously, and teasing all the servants, because of one being lost. You can't play with them rationally, nurse is sure, and so we think you will be very much better without them. Grandmamma has sent me to tell you—*You will never see the Tods, as you call them, any more.*"'

'Aunt Judy, it was horrible!' cried No. 6; 'savage and horrible!' she repeated, and burst the next instant into a flood of tears.

'Oh, my darling old No. 6,' cried Aunt Judy, covering the sobbing child quite round with both her arms, 'surely *you* are not going into hysterics about the rabbits' tails too! I doubt if even their little mammas did that. Come! you must cheer up, or mamma will have to be sent for to say that if you are so unreasonable, you must never listen to Aunt Judy's stories any more.'

No. 6's emotion began to subside under the comfortable embrace, and Aunt Judy's joke provoked a smile.

'There now, that's good!' cried Aunt Judy; 'and now, if you won't be ridiculous, I will finish the story. I almost think the prettiest part is to come.'

This was consolation indeed; but No. 6 could not resist a remark.

'But, Aunt Judy, wasn't that Aunt—'

'Hush, hush,' interrupted Aunt Judy, 'I apologized for both aunt and grandmamma before I told you what they did. They meant to do for the best, and

"The best can do no more."

They cured the evil too, though in what you and I think rather a rough manner. And rough treatment is sometimes very effectual, however unpleasant. It was but a preparation for the much harder disappointments of older life.'

'Poor little things,' ejaculated No. 6 once more. 'Just tell me if they cried dreadfully.'

'I don't think I care to talk much about that, dear No. 6,' answered her sister. 'They had cried almost as much as they could do in one day, and were stupified by the new misfortune, besides which, they had a feeling all the time of having brought it on themselves by being dreadfully naughty. It was a sad muddle altogether, I must confess. The shock upon the poor children's minds at

the time must have been very great, for the memory of that bereavement clung to them through grown-up life, as a very unpleasant recollection, when a thousand more important things had passed away forgotten from their thoughts. In fact, as I said, the motherless little girls really broke their hearts over a parcel of rabbits' tails. But I must go on with the story. After a day or two of dull desolation, the children wearied even of their grief. And both grandmamma and aunt became very sorry for them, although the fatal subject of the Tods was never mentioned ; but they bought them several beautiful toys which no child could help looking at or being pleased with. Among these presents was a brown fur dog, with a very nice face and a pair of bright black eyes, and a curly tail hung over his back in a particularly graceful manner ; and this was, as you may suppose, in the children's eyes, the gem of all their new treasures. The feel of him reminded them of the lost Tods ; and in every respect, he was, of course, superior. They named him 'Carlo,' and in a quiet manner established him as the favourite creature of their play. And thus, by degrees, and as time went on, their grief for the loss of the Tods abated somewhat ; and at last they began to talk about them to each other, which was a sure sign their feelings were softened.

'But you will never guess what turn their conversation took. They did not begin to say how sorry they had been, or were ; nor did they make any angry remarks about their aunt's cruelty ; but one day as they were sitting playing with Carlo, in what may be called the Tod corner of the nursery, the eldest child said suddenly to her sister in a low voice,

"What do you think our aunt has *really* done with the Tods ?"

'A question which seemed not at all to surprise the other, for she answered in the same mysterious tone,

"I don't know, but I don't think she *could* burn them."

"And I don't, either," was the rejoinder. "Perhaps she has only put them somewhere where *we* cannot get at them."

'The next idea came from the younger child :

"Do you think she'll ever let us have them back again?"

'But the answer to this was a long shake of the head from the wiser elder sister. And then they began to play with Carlo again.

'But after that day they used often to exchange a few words together on the subject, although only to the same effect—their aunt *could* not have burnt them, they felt sure. She never said she had burnt them. She only said, "*You will never see the Tods any more.*"

'Perhaps she had only put them by; perhaps she had put them by in some comfortable place; perhaps they were in their little basket in some closet, or corner of the house, quite as snug as up in the nursery.

'And here the conversation would break off again. As to asking any questions of their aunt, *that* was a thing that never crossed their minds. It was impossible; the subject was so fatally serious. . . . But I believe there was an involuntary peeping about into closets and out-of-the-way places whenever opportunity offered; yet no result followed, and the Tods were not found.

'One night, two or three months later, and just before the little things were moved back from London to their country home; and when they were in bed in their sleeping room, as usual, and the nurse had left them, and had shut the door between them and the day nursery, where she sat at work, the elder child called out in a whisper to the younger one,

"Sister, are you asleep?"

"No. Why?"

"I'll tell you of a place where the Tods may be."

“Where?”

“The cellar.”

“Do you think so?”

“Yes. I think we’ve looked everywhere else. And I think perhaps it’s very nice down there with bits of saw-dust here and there on the ground. I saw some on the bottle to-day, and it was quite soft. Aunt would be quite sure we should never see them there. I dare say it’s very snug indeed all among the barrels and empty bottles in that cellar we once peeped into.”

‘The younger child here began to laugh in delighted amusement, but the elder one bade her “hush,” or the nurse would hear them, and then proceeded whispering as before:

“It’s a great big place, and they could each have a house, and visit each other, and hide, and make fun.”

“And I dare say Softy was put there first,” interposed the younger sister.

“Aye, and how pleased the others would be to find him there! Only think!”

‘And they *did* think. Poor little things, they lay and thought of that meeting when “the others” were put in the cellar where “Softy” already was ready to welcome them to his new home; and they talked of all that might have happened on such an occasion, and told each other that the Tods were much happier all together there, than if the others had remained in the nursery separated from dear little Softy. In short, they talked till the door opened, and the nurse, unsuspecting of the state of her young charges, went to bed herself, and sleep fell on the whole party.

‘But a new world had now opened before them out of the very midst of their sorrow itself. The fancy home of the Tods was almost a more available source of amusement, than even playing with the real things had been; and sometimes in the early morning, sometimes

for the precious half-hour at night, before sleep overtook them, the little wits went to work with fresh details and suppositions, and they related to each other, in turns, the imaginary events of the day in the cellar among the barrels. Each morning, when they went down-stairs, Carlo was put in the Tod corner of the nursery and instructed to slip away, as soon as he could manage it, to the Tods in the cellar, and hear all that they had been about.

‘And marvellous tales Mr. Carlo used to bring back, if the children’s accounts to each other were to be trusted. Such running about, to be sure, took place among those barrels and empty bottles. Such playing at bo-peep. Such visits of “Furry” and his family to “Buffy” and *his* family, when the little “Furrys” and “Buffy’s” could not be kept in order, but would go peeping into bungholes, and tumbling nearly through, and having to be picked out by Carlo, drabbled and chilled, but ready for a fresh frolic five minutes after!

‘Such comical disputes, too, they had, as to how far the grounds round each Tod’s house extended; such funny adventures of getting into their neighbour’s corner instead of their own, in the dim light that prevailed, and being mistaken for a thief; when Carlo had to come and act as judge among them, and make them kiss and be friends all round!

‘Such dinners, too, Carlo brought them, as he passed through the kitchen on his road to the cellar, and watched his opportunity to carry off a few unmissed little bits for his friends below. Dear me! his contrivances on that score were endless, and the odd things he got hold of sometimes by mistake, in his hurry, were enough to kill the Tods with laughing—to say nothing of the children who were inventing the history!

‘Then the care they took to save the little drops at the bottom of the bottles, for Carlo, in return for all the trou-

ble he had, was most praiseworthy ; and sometimes, when there was a rather larger quantity than usual, they would have *such* a feast !—and drink the healths of their dear little mistresses in the nursery up-stairs.

‘In short, it was as perfect a fancy as their love for the Tods, and their ideas of enjoyment could make it. Nothing uncomfortable, nothing sad, was ever heard of in that cellar-home of their lost pets. No quarrelling, no crying, no naughtiness, no unkindness, were supposed to trouble it. Nothing was known of there but comfort and fun, and innocent blunders and jokes, which ended in fun and comfort again. One thing, therefore, you see, was established as certain throughout the whole of the childish dream :—the departed favourites were all perfectly happy, as happy as it was possible to be ; and they sent loving messages by Carlo to their old friends to say so, and to beg them not to be sorry for *them*, for, excepting that they would like some day to see those old friends again, they had nothing left to wish for in their new home.

‘And here the Tod story ends!’ remarked Aunt Judy in conclusion, ‘and I beg you to observe, No. 6, that, like all my stories, it ends happily. The children had now got hold of an amusement which was safe from interference, and which lasted—I am really afraid to say how long ; for even after the fervour of their Tod love had abated, they found an endless source of invention and enjoyment in the cellar-home romance, and told each other anecdotes about it, from time to time, for more, I believe, than a year.’

When Aunt Judy paused here, as if expecting some remark, all that No. 6 could say, was,

‘Poor little things!’

‘Aye, they were still that,’ exclaimed Aunt Judy, ‘even in the midst of their new-found comfort. Oh, No. 6, when one thinks of the strange way in which they first of

all created a sorrow for themselves, and then devised for themselves its consolation, what a pity it seems that no good was got out of it!

It was not likely that No. 6 should guess what the good was which Aunt Judy thought might have been got out of it; and so she said; whereupon Aunt Judy explained,

‘Did it not offer a quite natural opportunity,—if any kind friend had but known of it,—of speaking to those children of some of the sacred hopes of our Christian faith?—of leading them through kind talk about their own pretty fancies, to the subject of *what really becomes* of the dear friends who are taken away from us by death?’

‘Had I been *their* Aunt Judy,’ she continued, ‘I should have thought it no cruelty, but kindness then, to have spoken to them about their lost mother, and told them that she was living now in a place where she was much, much happier, than she had ever been before, and where one of the very few things she had left to wish for, was, that one day she might see them again: not in this world, where people are so often uncomfortable and sad, but in that happy one where there is no more sorrow, or crying, for God Himself wipes away the tears from all eyes.

‘I should have told them besides,’ pursued Aunt Judy, ‘that it would not please their dear mother at all for them to fret for her, and *fancy they couldn’t do without her*, and be discontented because God had taken her away, and think it would have been much better for them if He had not done so—(as if He did not know a thousand times better than they could do:)—but that it would please her very much for them to pray to God to make them good, so that they might all meet together at last in that very happy place.

‘In short, No. 6, I would have led them, if possible, to make a comforting reality to themselves of the next

world, as they had already got a comforting fancy out of the cellar-dream of the Tods. And that is the good, dear child, which I meant might have been got out of the Tod adventure.'

Aunt Judy ceased, but there was no chance of seeing the effect of what she had said on No. 6's face, for it was laid on her sister's lap ; probably to hide the tears which would come into her eyes at Aunt Judy's allusion to what she had said about *her*.

At last a rather husky voice spoke :

'You can't expect people to like what is so very sad, even if it is—what you call—right—and all that.'

'No ! neither does God expect it !' was Aunt Judy's earnest reply. 'We are allowed to be sorry when trials come, for we feel the suffering, and cannot at present understand the blessing or necessity of it. But we are not allowed to "sorrow without hope ;" and we are not allowed, even when we are most sorry, to be rebellious, and fancy we could choose better for ourselves than God chooses for us.'

Aunt Judy's lesson, as well as story, was ended now, and she began talking over the entertaining part of the Tod history, and then went on to other things, till No. 6 was quite herself again, and wanted to know how much was true about the motherless little girls ; and when she found from Aunt Judy's answers that the account was by no means altogether an invention, she went into a fever-fidget to know who the children were, and what had become of them ; and finally settled that the one thing in the world she most wished for, was to see them.

Nor would she be persuaded that this was a foolish idea, until Aunt Judy asked her how she would like to be introduced to a couple of *very* old women, with huge hooked noses, and bearded, nut-cracker chins, and be told that *those* were the motherless little girls who had broken their hearts over rabbits' tails !—an inquiry which tickled

No. 6's fancy immensely, so that she began to laugh, and suggest a few additions of her own to the comical picture, in the course of doing which, she fortunately quite lost sight of the 'one thing' which a few minutes before she had 'most wished for in the world !'

RALPH WOLFFORD ; A ROMANCE IN LOW LIFE.

(BY THE AUTHOR OF 'LONG, LONG AGO,' AND 'MY THREE AUNTS.')

CHAPTER IV.

A VERY few days after Emily's first visit to the school, an accident occurred which invested Ralph with a permanent interest in her eyes, quite a little romantic incident, which, though very disagreeable at the moment, was a charming subject to dream about. The occurrence was produced by a row at a monster concert. Once every year at Whitford, a certain dealer and teacher of music, a Mr. Soper by name, got up what he placarded all over the old grey city walls as a people's concert, and which he went about beforehand soliciting the respectable inhabitants to patronize. The terms of admission were very low, and the performers, as advertised in the bills, were very good, and of course nothing but a very numerous audience could pay him.

But it had unfortunately happened more than once, that when the performance actually took place, either one of the great stars was declared to be too ill to appear, or sang only one of the songs to which his or her name was appended. The consequence was, that the populace felt itself cheated, and came to the conclusion that Mr. Soper, whilst inviting the public to a first-rate venison and turtle feast, prepared at most but one dish of those luxuries, and made up all the rest of roast mutton and

rabbit-pie, and so they resolved the very next opportunity to take summary vengeance on the unlucky caterer. On the evening of the particular concert to which my story refers, no sooner were the doors of the great room in which it was to take place thrown open, than there was such a rush for admission, as Mr. Soper had never before witnessed, all the riff-raff of the town seemed pouring in, and it soon became a matter of difficulty to find even a place to stand in. The gallery, which stretched across the lower end of the hall, was soon full to overflowing, and not an inch of the floor was unoccupied, save the reserved seats. In due course of time these also filled, Mr. and Mrs. Salford and their daughter occupying three of them, while their sons marched off to the lower end and mingled with the mob. Everybody seemed there, the very window seats, the very steps to the orchestra were full, and upon these latter Ralph Wolfford had secured a seat. For he was passionately fond of music, and rarely missed any one of the many concerts of some sort or other which took place in the town.

‘We are much too near,’ he said to Emily, to whom he found himself just opposite, ‘but there is such a riotous crowd at the lower end of the room, that though I went there at first, I could not stay. I suspect there is mischief brewing, and that if Mr. Soper’s fare does not agree with his bill, the public will manifest its displeasure by a grand display of hissing and hooting.’

‘And serve him right too,’ Mr. Salford exclaimed. ‘I would join in it myself with pleasure, if he tries to cheat us again.’ He had hardly concluded his sentence, when in marched the troop of performers with Mr. Soper at their head, and took their places in the orchestra, and the moment the rustling, and racketing, and the squeaking and groaning of the various instruments, had subsided, he stepped forward to address the audience. Cries of ‘hush, hush,’ stilled every movement, and in the silence that

ensued, the whole hall, large as it was, could hear him. He arose and began with the usual pleasant fiction, customary on such occasions, which I never hear without being reminded of Mr. Cobbett's well-known opening: 'I won't begin with a lie, and call you ladies and gentlemen, for ladies and gentlemen you are not, but I hope you are all something a great deal better, and that is, honest men and women.'

However, Mr. Soper did not depart from the ordinary mode. 'Ladies and gentlemen,' he said, 'I am extremely sorry to tell you that Mr. Pym Grieves—' But Mr. Pym Grieves being the great gun of the evening, no sooner did the public hear that ominous sentence, than shouts of 'shame, shame, cheat, cheat,' arose from the back benches, mingled with a volley of hisses and other sounds of disapproval. Over the uproar Mr. Soper endeavoured to make himself heard, and at last succeeded. 'Gentlemen,' he shouted, 'pray be quiet, Mr. Pym Grieves is here,' and by dint of repeating the words at every available pause, he at last succeeded in reducing the uproar to only a threatening murmur. 'Mr. Pym Grieves is here, gentlemen, I assure you, on my honour, and ready to fulfil, as far as he is able, his engagement to the public; but unfortunately he has such an exceedingly bad sore throat, that he can only sing one of the songs to which his name is appended. His doctor indeed absolutely forbids him to sing at all, but rather than disappoint us all, he is resolved to attempt one song.'

At this point the hisses and groans broke out with renewed vehemence, intermixed with cries of 'order, order,' from the more respectable inhabitants. Ralph raised his voice with all his might in aid of these latter, while Mr. Salford glared round behind him and said, 'Let them howl, the dogs, it will do that rascal Soper good.'

Mr. Soper, however, waved his hand, and the per-

formers struck up and drowned the murmuring of the malcontents, and after an unsuccessful attempt to whistle and shriek down the music, harmony and order seemed once more restored. The mob appeared to have recovered its good humour, vociferously encoring every song, and receiving Mr. Pym Grieves when he came forward with a perfect thunder of applause. He was obliged to pause a minute or two before he could commence, and it was only after having made two or three fruitless attempts, that he at last succeeded in persuading the people to listen to him. And excellently well he sang, and proved that the partiality with which the populace regarded him, was fully deserved ; but when he came to the end, he showed he had no intention of purchasing popularity at the expense of his own fatigue. In vain the encores grew louder and louder, lower and lower he bowed, and faster and faster he retreated. Clap and cheer as they would, he was not to be stopt. Again the clamour arose fierce and angry, and again the shouts of 'order, order,' 'quiet, quiet' prevailed, and the next performer was allowed to proceed with only the occasional interruption of a crow or a whistle. At last even that indication of popular feeling ceased, and everybody was profoundly still. In sullen silence each succeeding song was commenced and ended, not a sound of approval could be elicited from the mass of auditors. Even the lady singers came and went unnoticed. Even a comic song, sang with the broadest of smiles, and most lavish display of eyes and dimples, fell flat on the indignant people, not a laugh was heard, not a clap or a cheer was given.

At last they reached the point of the concert where Mr. Pym Grieves was put down to appear again, and then a kind of rustle, as if every head were turned to see who was coming to perform the piece, announced the angry watchfulness of the mob. There was a moment's pause, perhaps from Mr. Soper's being really afraid of the

consequences, and then he brought forward as a substitute, a total stranger. But the instant the unfortunate singer took the music in his hand, he was assailed by a perfect storm of abuse. Cries of 'No, no, we won't hear him—Pym Grieves, Pym Grieves!' drowned his voice, and still above the groans, hisses, shrieks, barkings, and bel-lowings, with which the mass chose to express its fury, rose those two magical words, 'Pym Grieves.' Pym Grieves had been promised them, and Pym Grieves they would have.

Mr. Soper affected to smile, and spoke cheerfully to the rejected performer, and sat down as if to wait until the hubbub had subsided. But the hurricane rose wilder and wilder, stamps, and kicks, and shaken fists gave warning of the coming outbreak. The respectable part of the audience began to put on their coats and shawls, preparatory to departing, and those who were so fortunate as to be near the door, were glad to make their escape. Mr. Soper caught the movement, and thoroughly alarmed, stepped forward, and in an accent of remonstrance screamed, 'Ladies and gentlemen, pray keep your seats ;' then raising his voice to a yet shriller key, he yelled out to the back benches, 'You cannot have Pym Grieves, for I give you my most sacred word of honour, that Pym Grieves is gone.'

The words were hardly out of his mouth, ere a concert book came flying across the room and struck him on the shoulder. And the moment after was heard a fearful sound, as of the people rushing down from the gallery into the body of the hall. The fragile staircase creaked and shook beneath the burden, and many disdaining to wait, swung themselves over the balustrade utterly regardless of the heads of those beneath. Ralph, who had been watching every movement with intense interest, sprang upon the steps of the orchestra, and roared out to all quiet and respectable people to help him in maintain-

ing order. But he called in vain. In one compact overpowering stream, the rioters were crushing their way forward to reach the object of their wrath ; and shrieks of women soon showed that bruises and broken bones were likely to fall to the lot of many. Unhappily there was but one door to the room, and the pressure around that was awful. Ralph, when he found that no one would aid him in making a stand, bounded down to Emily's side, and hastily assured her father that he would take care of her ; and old Salford was so thoroughly frightened, that he not only made no objection, but would have been thankful would he have offered to take care of them all. The whole party were standing huddled together just in the very way of the mob. Ralph put one arm round Emily, and by main force pushed his way through the struggling crowd to the side of the room.

The noise, the heat, the dust, the swaying backwards and forwards of the dense hot mass that were packed together like slaves in the hold of a slave ship, terrified her out of her senses. Still she clung to him, and clasped his shoulder with a strength which nothing but her panic would have given her.

'Cling tight,' Ralph said, as a fiercer and hotter struggle seemed raging around, and someone appeared bent on pressing forward between them. 'If we are parted, you are lost,' he exclaimed.

But it was a needless exclamation, Emily was perfectly aware of the fact. He looked anxiously for some mode, if not of escape, at least of more moderate danger, and as he glanced through and over the crowd, he saw a woman knocked down, and benches broken up, and the railing of the balustrade torn away, and hurled piecemeal at the unfortunate performers ; and amongst the most active of the assailants, he recognized Emily's brothers encouraging the mob, and fighting their way to the orchestra, which they were the first to reach, much too excited by the fray

to have a thought for father, or mother, or sister. But as for getting out of the room, Ralph soon perceived it to be impossible, for the shrieks around the door pointed it out as the place of sorest strife. Step by step he fought his way back to the opposite wall, the difficulty being so great, that it was more like being beaten about by a mill stream than anything else. It was gained, however, at last, and so successfully had Ralph steered his course, as to find themselves with a vacant window-seat behind them. Emily had almost lost her consciousness ere they reached it. She would have quite done so had not he sternly rebuked her when she threatened to faint. In the very midst of the hottest pressure she had cried out, 'Oh! I shall faint! I shall faint! I cannot bear it! I *must* faint!' and almost slipped from his arm; but Ralph set her angrily on her feet again, and said savagely, 'And if you do, I will let you fall and leave you. Stand up and do your share as best you can.' And his eye flashed down such fire, that hers seemed to rekindle at his glance, and she once more stood firmly on her feet, and pushed when he pushed, and with some presence of mind followed and aided his efforts for her safety. 'Now,' he said, when at last the window-seat was gained, 'up into it, and crouch down behind me, for they are throwing those rails about in all directions. Ah, there goes poor Soper down at last!' and Ralph made a movement as if he would have sprung forward to his assistance.

Emily caught hold of his arm and cried out, 'Don't leave me!'

'I cannot,' he replied, 'I am pinned here, and, besides, have not breath enough left in me to fight any more just yet. Open the window if you can, and shout for the police.'

The moment, however, Emily's hand was raised to obey his orders, the fragment of a bench was hurled at them, that went crash through the glass just above her head.

But at that instant the police pushed their way into the room, and all those who had hitherto been actively engaged in maltreating the performers, and destroying their instruments, were the first to endeavour to escape. The crush about the door became worse than ever, and Ralph found that he and Emily must wait until it had in some measure subsided. It was not, however, the object of the constabulary to make many captives. Two were seized who were caught in the very act of mischief, but the rest were allowed to leave the room as quickly as they could. But when at last the orchestra was cleared of its assailants, it presented a pitiable picture of prostrate men, broken instruments, and shreds of music, mingled with the wreck of the balustrades and benches. The damage, however, to the human beings was less than might have been expected. Poor Mr. Soper was picked up with a wounded head, and a frightfully black eye, but he was the most hurt. The others were more or less bruised, but otherwise uninjured, and perhaps had really not suffered as much as some of the unfortunate spectators who had been jostled about by the crowd for so many minutes. At last the room was sufficiently clear to allow of Emily's leaving it, but she was so shaken and tearful, that Ralph could hardly persuade her it was safe to move. 'She was sure there would be a fight in the street, and she should die if she saw any more uproar.' Now that the danger was passed, he could afford to be compassionate, and it was in the gentlest of accents that he endeavoured to give her courage. Her fears were not now met by stern rebuke, she was pitied, reassured, and told he would not leave her until he had seen her safely home, or had, at least, consigned her into the hands of some of her own family. The latter he was enabled to do sooner than they had anticipated, for they had hardly reached the street when they met Emily's eldest brother in search of her, who unceremoniously took possession of her, and was marching

her off home when she stopt him, declaring her utter inability to walk so far. 'I am trembling so, I can hardly stand,' she said; 'and, Tom, I won't walk, get a fly, and I will wait here till you come back.'

He answered her roughly, but did as she told him, and left her leaning against a lamp-post, with Ralph standing beside her.

They remained in silence for some time. Emily felt her obligation to him, and longed to express it, but between her desire to be especially ladylike and dignified, and yet eloquent and grateful, to mark her sense of his services, and yet the difference between them, could think of nothing to say. She looked up at him as he stood before her, so grave, and quiet, and composed, and she looked down from fancying that he was waiting there for the thanks which were so much his due, and which she was so slow to offer. It was not, indeed, until she heard her brother returning that she spoke, but then her dislike to speaking before him, brought her ungracious hesitation to an abrupt close, and she said abruptly, but not ungracefully, because she was driven simply to express the natural emotion of her heart, 'I shall never forget the care you have taken of me, never.' She did not look up as she spoke, for she felt that the blood was rushing too warmly into her face, but few as her words were, they were so gratefully spoken, as to do full justice to her feelings.

'Nor I either,' Ralph replied; 'I shall always recollect it. Will you shake hands with me?'

Emily put her hand in his, wondering a little at his answer; why should he recollect it always? She had thought he would have said something more, something about his happiness in having been of use to her, of its being the proudest hour of his life. She was disappointed, and fancied that the simplicity of her few words had disappointed him.

The fly came up whilst they were shaking hands, and she had only time to add quickly, 'I have given you very poor and imperfect thanks, I know, and not such as your kindness deserves.'

'I am perfectly satisfied,' he replied earnestly; and if he added anything more, she did not hear it, for her brother hurried her into the carriage, and they drove off.

'Perfectly satisfied!' His answers were so strange, and yet the more she thought of them, the better she liked them, and the better they satisfied her vanity. By the time she had recovered from the fright of her adventure, she was so pleased with it, that she would not have parted with the recollection for any consideration. It had thrown a halo of romance over herself in her own eyes. She felt like a heroine, and how could she help making a hero of Ralph? Not that she meant ever to meet him on terms of equality; oh! no, he was only to worship her at a distance, and stand by and watch with indescribable misery, while she drew some much more brilliant lot. She only intended to reward his services by allowing him to waste as much adoration and affection upon her as he chose. They were not to be on one atom more familiar terms for all he had done. She meant to be condescendingly sweet and captivating, but if ever he presumed on her kindness, and forgot himself so far as to treat her as an equal, she should soon show him by the severe dignity of her manner, that he was overstepping the barrier which she had set between them. It required only for the execution of her plan, that she should have what she had not, perfect command over her own feelings, and that equality of mood and composure of manner, which is sometimes a natural gift, and sometimes the result of careful training, and the habit of good society. But Emily was excitable, nervous, and inconsistent, her resolves, whether wise or silly, were always forgotten just at the moment they would have been of most use to her, or when she had previously in-

tended to have acted upon them. Her two ruling passions were vanity and self-indulgence, nothing that mortified the one, or was painful to the other, was ever done. But, on the contrary, whatever could gratify either, though even for a moment, and at the cost of after mortification, was eagerly sought. So miserably shortsighted is the petty selfishness of a weak heart.

(To be continued.)

THE WHALER'S DAUGHTER.

(BY LOUISA STUART.)

CHAPTER I.

THE town of Eastport, on the north-east coast of Scotland, sends out annually a number of large and well-built ships for the whale fishery ; and the crews engaged at that port are amongst the most skilful and experienced seamen employed in this interesting and adventurous service.

At the period of the commencement of our story, the harbour and the roads presented a scene of unusual animation. It was near the end of the month of March, and several ships belonging to the port were ready for their departure, and only waited for a change of wind, which had been for some days blowing steadily from the north-east, to enable them to put to sea. Many vessels belonging to other ports had put into Eastport, in order to complete their complement of men, and the boats constantly passing to and from the ships, the groups of strange sailors, chatting and laughing in the streets or on the quay, and the traffic carried on by the captains and seamen of the newly-arrived whalers with the inhabitants, altogether made the usually quiet town quite a scene of bustle and excitement.

In a street a little removed from the busy part of the town, which of course was that lying nearest to the pier,

stood a small, but neat-looking house, belonging to one of the most prudent and energetic among the many captains of tried sagacity, and long experience, that the northern whale fishery could boast of. His name was James Melville; he was captain and part owner of a first-class whaler called the William Wallace, which was lying, quite ready for sea, outside the harbour, and was now anxiously waiting for the long-expected change of wind, to take the command of his ship, and to proceed on his voyage.

He was sitting by the fire, his wife, Janet, opposite to him, busily employed in completing some warm stockings which she had been knitting, to add to the store her anxious care had already prepared for her husband's use. His two little daughters, Lillas and Amy, were seated on his knees.

'Cheer up, Janet, woman!' said Melville, observing the tears silently chasing each other down his wife's pale cheeks. 'Cheer up, we shall have a prosperous voyage, please God! and I have promised that, if it be so, it shall be my last. I shall be rich enough to enter into business in some way or other, and will never leave you and my bairns more, till it pleases Him to separate us.'

'But this long, long summer!' sighed Janet; 'and the dreadful ice, and storms, and—'

'Hush, hush, Janet,' said Melville, 'we must put our trust in Him. Remember who it was who said to the waves, "Peace, be still."'

'But, Papa,' said Lillas, who loved her father more than anything in the world, not excepting her kind mother. 'But, Papa, you know I am going with you, and I shall see that the cabin is kept tidy!'

'You, Lily!' said Melville, laughing; 'you will be a good girl, and learn your book, and I shall see how much you are improved when I come back.'

'I shall go with you, Papa,' repeated Lillas, nodding her curly little head confidently, 'you will see that I shall.'

‘Do not talk such nonsense, Lily,’ said her father.

‘Oh! but I want to see the whales, and the ice, and the beautiful Aurora; and I shall take care of you; I know you will take me, Papa!’

‘My dear child, how could you bear such a voyage? Silly little girl, you are getting sleepy, and talk nonsense,’ continued Melville, gently putting the little girls off his knee. ‘It is time for you and Amy to go to bed, and your mother and I have much to talk about.’

The little family party were at dinner on the following day, when a loud knocking was heard at the door. Melville started up to open it, and found two of the owners of the William Wallace standing there.

‘Make haste, captain!’ said they, ‘the wind has changed, and you may yet get round the Scaur Head before nightfall, if no time is lost.’

Melville was quite ready; he snatched up a bundle of pea-jackets and blankets; Janet flung her plaid over her head, and with blanched cheeks and tearful eyes, prepared to walk with her husband to the pier.

Melville’s partners seemed quite afraid of losing sight of him, lest any delay should occur in his going on board, and the favourable opportunity of rounding the formidable Scaur Head by daylight, be thus lost. They had so much to say to him respecting the arrangements of the ship, her equipments and her voyage, that poor Janet had nothing else to do but to follow in silence, with the sad consolation of being able to weep unreprieved. The William Wallace, a fine well-built ship of 350 tons, had been warped out of the harbour, and now lay moored to the end of the pier, awaiting her commander.

‘Farewell, Janet,’ ‘Farewell, Jamie!’ said the husband and wife. ‘Farewell, Amy,’ said Melville, kissing his little daughter affectionately. ‘Now, Lily,’ but Lily was nowhere to be seen. ‘Where can she be?’ said Melville; ‘I cannot wait for her,’ he added, as he caught the anxious

eyes of his two partners fixed upon him, 'give her her father's blessing, Janet dear !'

In another moment he was on board ; but a heavier weight lay on his heart than was even usual with him, when he parted with his excellent wife, to go to sea ; and his kind yet earnest eyes were slightly shaded with moisture, for he had not taken leave of his dear, loving little Liliass.

With much care, and no little difficulty, owing to the light and variable winds, the William Wallace got round the Scaur Head before nightfall ; but before she was fairly clear of the rocks that lie to the northwards of that dangerous promontory, the breeze suddenly increased, and began to blow so violently, yet steadily, from the east, that all the skill and energy of her master and the whole crew were required to keep her from driving on shore, or striking on some of the hidden dangers of those stormy seas.

It was not till the evening of the second day that Melville, wet, weary, and exhausted, considered the ship sufficiently safe to admit of his going to his cabin to take some rest. Having taken off his wet pilot coat, he was about to spread it out to dry, when he fancied he saw a heap of pea-jackets, blankets, and buffalo robes which lay in one corner of his cabin, move, and raise itself.

'Halloo!' cried he, starting back, 'halloo, what is that?'

In a moment, to his utter astonishment, a bright young head with its shining curls of flaxen hair ; a rosy face, with its large, loving, blue eyes, rose from amidst the heap of dark clothing, like the early sun of morning breaking through a dense mass of purple cloud ; and the little truant Liliass flung herself into her father's outstretched arms.

'Oh, Lily! oh, my child! what have you done?' exclaimed Melville. 'Your poor, poor mother! oh, what will she think has become of you! how wretched she

must be ! Naughty Lily,' continued he, covering her little head with kisses. 'Naughty Lily, but I will send you back by the very first ship we fall in with !'

But day after day passed, and many ships were seen, and some were spoken with, but not one that was bound southward, not one that was not bound on the same errand as themselves.

A comfortable cot was soon provided for the captain's little daughter, and a thick pea-jacket cut up to make her a large coat, which the ship's tailor adorned with buttons all down the front, nearly as large as a half-crown piece. A fur cap was altered so as to fit her, with lappets to cover her ears, and a strap to fasten under her chin. She was also provided with a pair of long fur boots, and a large pair of gloves of the same material were fitted to her little hands, and covered her arms up to the elbows.

Lilias had brought, together with a little basket containing oatcakes and a bottle of water, which had formed her means of subsistence during the time she was concealed in her father's cabin, a few articles of clothing packed up in a small bundle, but as it became every day more and more evident that no opportunity was likely to occur of sending her back to Scotland, the tailor's rough but skilful hands speedily converted a portion of her father's linen to her use. And thus, comfortably equipped, and delighted with the novelty of her situation, Lilias, from infancy a capital sailor, ran about the ship, the pet and amusement of the crew, but the subject of the most profound anxiety to her good father.

'Miss Lily's like a gude fairy among us,' said one of the seamen to Alan Fairford, the chief mate. 'We'll hae a prosperous voyage, I dinna doubt, wi' sic a sweet little birdie on board.'

'I doubt it,' said Alan, gravely. 'Lily's old enough to know that she did an evil deed in leaving her good mother to suffer for so many months a horrible uncertainty'

as to her fate. Evil deeds do not bring prosperity with them.'

In the meantime, Liliás was perfectly happy, and if she thought of her mother and Amy, it was only to wish that they could see how strange was the appearance of the ice, how beautiful the *Aurora Borealis* looked, even now, though the sun sunk but a little way below the horizon; and that they could share the excitement felt by everyone on board, when a whale came to the surface of the water to breathe.

The William Wallace was fortunate enough to secure two large and valuable fish before she met the ice, which she encountered about the middle of May, in the form of a loose pack, intersected by broad lanes of water, through which it required all Melville's skill, and the combined energy and watchfulness of his crew, to steer the ship in safety. Beyond the pack, however, they found the water clear; and soon afterwards, the man in the crow's-nest, a sort of tiny chamber, or screen, formed of canvas or leather, and wood, fixed to the main-top-mast, in order to form a shelter to a person on the look-out, gave notice that a large whale was blowing at the distance of about a quarter of a mile from the ship.

Two boats were manned instantly; each contained a man to steer, a harpooner, a line manager, and three or four other men to row, and was furnished with harpoons, lines, lances, and other necessary articles.

'Oh, Papa,' cried Liliás, as Melville was entering one of the boats, 'let me go with you; oh, pray let me!'

'Quick, then, Lily,' cried Melville; and in another minute Liliás was seated beside him, and the two boats were rapidly approaching the whale.

The fish, after remaining about two minutes above the surface of the water, sunk underneath it, but not to any great depth, for the sailors were able to trace its course by a kind of current which was visible to a considerable dis-

tance. In about ten minutes the monster rose to breathe, and the boat was rowed towards it with as little noise as possible, and reached it without having alarmed it. The harpooner then buried his weapon, which was attached to a line fastened to the boat, in the body of the whale, which sunk rapidly, drawing the line round the bollard or post, fixed in the bows of the boat, and around which some turns of the line were thrown, with such rapidity, that the harpooner was enveloped in smoke. Soon the whale rose again, and the sea was lashed into foam by the furious blows of its gigantic tail. Then it swam away for some distance under the water, but the seamen having calculated the spot and the time of its probable reappearance, were ready to plunge their lances and harpoons into its body. Again it rose, sunk, and again rose to the surface, when on each occasion the attack was renewed, and after a considerable length of time, it rolled on its side, and expired with a fearful convulsion, dyeing the sea, and drenching the boats, with its blood.

Lilias, who had been very much interested and excited by the chase at its commencement, was so exceedingly shocked at this spectacle, that Melville much regretted having permitted her to witness the capture of the whale. Never afterwards did she express the slightest wish to be present on such an occasion.

Two days only elapsed after this adventure, when a second whale was discovered at some little distance from the ship. It was not, however, captured without the occurrence of a disaster which might have proved fatal to a part of the ship's crew, for the fish dived down with such rapidity, after the first stroke of the harpoon which the strong arm of James Ross, the first harpooner, struck deeply into its body, as to draw the boat under water, by its strain upon the line attached to the harpoon. Six men who were in the boat were floating, and endeavouring to swim in the water, which was intensely cold. Fortunately

the second boat was near at hand, and the men were picked up, but were obliged to be taken immediately to the ship, where great exertions and much care were necessary before they entirely recovered from the excessive chill of those bitterly cold northern waters. The whale and the boat were both considered to be entirely lost. The next morning, however, the whale was discovered, floating, and quite dead. The water round it was much discoloured by its blood, and a black speck was observable at some distance, which the crews of the boats which were sent to bring in the whale, discovered to be the boat, which was still attached to the whale, in whose body the harpoon was found, by the length of the line. This fish, and the one whose capture Lilius had witnessed, were both very valuable, each of them being worth about a thousand pounds.

And so the William Wallace passed the months of May and June, sometimes amidst the ice, sometimes in clear water, passing from the Greenland Seas into Davis's Strait, and thence into Baffin's Bay.

Her voyage had been a singularly successful one, and she was now so nearly full, that Melville, after a consultation with his officers, and after having particularly ascertained the opinions of his chief mate, Alan Fairford, and of James Ross, the chief harpooner, both men of sagacity and great experience in the whale fishery, determined to remain one week longer on the whaling ground, and then, whether successful or not in filling the ship, to return homewards, as that period would bring them beyond the middle of July.

(To be continued.)

THE SOUTH-WEST WINDS.

CHAPTER IV.

THE breeze of the Saturday evening had become a gale, strong, steady, and persevering, from the south west. Large greyish white clouds were drifting rapidly up from the adjacent coast, discharging themselves as they went in heavy driving rains. You might have known by the sound that it was a south-west wind. It had such a different voice from that of the hard, dry, north-easter. Even when no rain accompanies it, its tone is peculiar to itself, and distinguishes it at once to the ear of one who is accustomed to discriminate. The way in which this comes about it may not be quite easy to describe, but it is not unlikely that the sounds which result from the movements of air which is cold and dry, and at the same time comparatively dense, compact, and heavy, may be necessarily diverse from the thinner notes produced by the passing of a current consisting of air which is more soft and moist, less heavy, and less dense. But be the reason what it may, we feel that there is an individuality even in the *sounds* of the separate winds, just as there is in their several functions, and in their other marked and obvious characteristics.

Mrs. H. No out-door amusement for us to-day, Francis.

Uncle F. No. The winds and clouds will yet keep us prisoners for some hours at least. Shall we finish the subject we were discussing on Saturday in your summer-house?

Mrs. H. I shall be very glad if you will continue your subject. To me it is very interesting, and to the boys I am sure it is thoroughly valuable. The knowledge you have been giving them is in itself important, and I set no small store by it; but you are doing more for

them than merely giving them information. Your explanations are teaching them ways of thinking, which will be useful to them in a thousand other matters of every-day life.

Uncle F. I believe you are right, Margaret. And no one can go on long in such paths of careful thought, without having his *character* improved by it, as well as his mind ; unless, indeed, there be something peculiar in his case which we do not usually meet with. I wish our forward talkative educationalists of the present day could be made to understand how by such means they may really be training the character in soberness, and caution, and self-distrusting circumspection, without once *preaching* humility.

Mrs. H. True. And so train the character in habits which prepare the ground for the spiritual sower of religious principle. Even already I can see how you have brought into exercise the self-control which will not rush after tempting and pleasing conclusions ; the watchfulness lest our eagerness to prove a favourite theory should blind us to facts ; the self-doubting and waiting for further evidence, lest in thinking we embrace *truth*, we are but taking up with the creation of our own imagination, or fancy, or self-opinion.

Uncle F. And at the same time we train the character in courage ; in the courage I mean which is never afraid to face a new form of truth, or an unexpected deduction from facts. Most people are so wedded to old prejudice, or their own private and particular ways of looking at a truth, that they are frightened, and shut their eyes at whatever does not chime in with their own private edition of the truth. Now the real seeker after truth believes that no matter how startling the particular idea may be, it will soon come to nothing if it be unreal ; and so he opens his eyes wide to it, examines it calmly and quietly, and will not allow it to grow into a bug-bear.

Mrs. H. I have noticed this, too, in other cases than the present. It all forms part of the same character and spirit. The character to which truth is all, self-opinion nothing. The spirit bold to forsake all favourite fancies, to follow truth, timid only lest it mistake the worship of its own private theories for the following of reality.

Uncle F. The spirit of the true philosopher.

Mrs. H. The spirit of the Christian.

Uncle F. They are akin. God and the works of God must both be sought in the same unselfish spirit. The philosopher must never love or defend his own conclusions *because they are his own*. The wisest philosopher is ever making mistakes ; so that unless he is alive to them, ever owning them, ever retracing his steps, and starting afresh, he is but a false light to others, a delusion to himself, a failure.

Mrs. H. His motto, then, is like the Christian's : ' Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy ; when I fall, I shall arise.'

Uncle F. It is so. But now let us go into the library, and send for Lewis and William. How different those two boys are !

* * * * *

William. Now for the monsoons, Uncle. We have never come to a hurricane yet.

Lewis. William is all for hurricanes and storms.

Uncle F. You would soon have too much of them, William, if you were to go to sea ; but what am I to talk about to-day ?

William. Why, according to your plan, Uncle, you ought to come to the winds of the Indian Ocean, where the regular winds are most interfered with by local circumstances. I sat up late last night, and read all about them in the Encyclopædia, under the article of 'monsoons.'

Lewis. I hope we shall hear about the monsoons ; but

still I think Uncle Francis has hardly finished all we shall like to hear about the south-west winds coming from the other side of the Equator. You know, William, he told us they brought rain as well as dust, only there was not time enough to explain it, as it was growing late.

William. Oh, but we can believe it all, as Uncle Francis says so ; and then we can go on to the monsoons.

Mrs. H. I give my voice for another talk about the south-west wind. We have been hearing so much about him, that he is becoming quite an old friend now, and I should like to perfect our acquaintance before we leave him. Besides which, I do not wish to lose one single thread of the arguments for the theory which your uncle is explaining.

Uncle F. I bow to the will of the majority, with which fortunately in this case I am able to agree, for in my opinion the south-west wind is more interesting than all the monsoons, whether of the Indian, or any other ocean. To begin then, I must ask for the terrestrial globe. Can you tell, William, in which hemisphere there is the most land, and in which there is most water ?

William. O yes, easily ; the difference is so great. The Northern Hemisphere seems almost all land, and the Southern Hemisphere almost all water.*

Uncle F. At any rate there is vastly less water in the Northern Hemisphere than there is in the Southern.

William. What has this to do with the rain and the south-west wind ?

Uncle F. Perhaps I shall be some time in making my way towards a full answer to the question. In the meantime let me ask you how you suppose a wind becomes

* The exact facts are as follows :

Land in Northern Hemisphere	38, 000 000 square miles.
..... Southern	13, 500 000.....
Ocean in Northern	60, 500 000.....
..... Southern	85, 000 000.....

rainy at all? Some winds are rainy, other winds are dry. How do you account for the difference?

William. Why, when winds bring clouds they are rainy, and when they do not bring clouds they are dry. That is the reason of the difference.

Lewis. I wonder what a *cloud* really *is*. I often watch the clouds.

Uncle F. But, William, what is the *reason* why some winds bring clouds, and others do not? And, as Lewis says, what do you suppose a cloud *is*?

Mrs. H. Driven into a corner, eh, William? Well, I cannot help you, for if I were to say anything, I should only be driven into a corner too, and Uncle Francis would keep me there just as long as it would *suit him*. Come, Francis, you must help William out of the difficulty.

Uncle F. Let us clearly see the points of which the difficulty consists, and we shall soon make it clear and easy. First of all, William does not know what a cloud *is*; then he cannot tell where the winds find the clouds, or why it is only *some* winds which find clouds to bring us, while others find comparatively few or none. These are the points, are they not?

William. Yes, I think so.

Mrs. H. You began, I think, by including all under one question—how does a wind become rainy?

Uncle F. Very well, I will take up the matter there. It is plain a wind cannot be rainy unless the air, of which the wind is composed, contains rain; that is, water, for rain is water. Now air, even when moderately cool, can hold a considerable quantity of water *without letting it fall*. When it is *warm* the air can hold *very much more*; and not only can air thus hold water *without letting it fall*, but even *without showing it*. When air is *very hot* it can hold a *very large* amount of water *without even showing it at all*. When *very cold*, it can scarcely hold

any water at all. Thus, then, suppose we have some very warm air very full of water, without even showing any of it ; let it be cooled a little ; then, first of all, some of the water in the air will become *visible*, *i. e.* the air will *not* be able to hold all the water in it *without showing it*, and we shall *see the cloud*. Next, let it become cooler still, then still more of the water will become visible ; we shall have more cloud, and also if the air is cooled far enough, it will *no longer be able* to hold the water *without letting some of it fall*, and we shall then have *rain*. So the question becomes, where does the air find the water ?

Lewis. May I ask another question first ? I do not quite understand what you mean when you say that the air *holds* water. A bucket *holds* water, but the air is not like a bucket.

William. No ; it must be in a different way to that. And we always *see* the water in a bucket.

Uncle F. I do not think that I can tell you of anything which holds water in exactly the same way as air does. Certainly air does not hold water in the same way in which a bucket, or such like vessel, holds it. But I can describe the facts in some measure, if you will try to attend. When *dry* air passes over the surface of water, or over anything which is wet, then in some way or other the water is sucked up by the air. If the air is coolish, then the water which it sucks up appears visibly, as vapour, or fog, or mist, or cloud, for these are all different names for one thing, namely, water held visibly in the air. If the air be warm enough, then you will not be able to see the water which it has sucked up, but it holds it all the same.

Mrs. H. So that for a dry wind to blow upon the surface of water, is like putting a dry sponge upon a wet plate. It sucks up the water of itself.

Uncle F. That is perhaps the best illustration which

you could have found. And then cooling the air is like squeezing the sponge. Now for the old question, where does the air get the water of which the rains are made?

Lewis. Is it out of the sea?

William. I was thinking of that some time ago, but I did not like to say it, for then would it not rain salt water instead of fresh? And then, what would mamma do for our tea?

Uncle F. Lewis is right, nevertheless; for when the air sucks up the water from the ocean, it sucks up the pure water only, and leaves the salt behind.

William. Just as if I fill a saucer with muddy water and let it dry; the water dries up, and leaves the mud behind as a sediment at the bottom of the saucer.

Uncle F. Yes; and what is the drying up, as you call it, of the water in your saucer but another example of what I say, that *air* is *always* sucking up water wherever it can find it, if only it is warm and dry enough. You would not find your saucer dried up so soon in winter, when the air is *cold*, or in damp weather, when the air is already as full of water as it can hold.

Lewis. But, Uncle, in that case would not the sea be dried up at last, or at least become continually more and more *salt*, as the water is sucked up by the air, and the salt left behind?

Uncle F. No; for all the water which is sucked up comes down again somewhere or other in the shape of rain. If it rains over the sea, then, of course, the water returns to the sea at once. If the rain falls upon the land, then it goes to make up the rivers, and so reaches the sea again in that way. Thus there is always the same quantity of water in the sea after all.

Lewis. And the sea is always equally salt?

Uncle F. Ah, there you have hit upon a curious fact. You see, of course, that most water will be sucked up out of the sea where the air is hottest, and least where the air

is coolest ; the consequence is, that in the hot tropical climates, where more water is sucked up from the ocean than comes down again in rain, the water is very salt indeed ; in the northern climates, where more fresh water falls into the sea, by way of rain and rivers, than is evaporated out of it by the air, the water is much less salt. Our northern seas are nothing like so salt as those about the equator.

Mrs. H. What we have come to, then, thus far, is this, that rain consists of water which the air has sucked up, that is, evaporated, or dried up, out of some sea or ocean ?

Uncle F. Yes ; and as the air is always in motion, you might have said that rain consists of water which the *winds* have gathered from the oceans as they blew over them. In the regions where the air, or wind, is very warm, the winds are continually taking up large quantities of water ; loaded with this water they go forward on their tracks, and come into cooler regions ; then the winds themselves grow cooler than they were ; they can no longer contain all the water which they carry, it becomes visible as *cloud*, it falls down as *rain*.

William. Again I ask what has all this to do with our south-west wind ?

Uncle F. Tell me, William, once more, what are the two chief winds which prevail in our latitudes ?

William. The north-east and south-west winds.

Uncle F. And which of these winds usually brings the rain ?

William. The south-west wind I know you mean ; but I do not see why the north-east wind should not be rainy too, upon the plan you have been explaining to us.

Uncle F. How so ?

William. The north-east wind must have passed over the German or the Northern Ocean, at least, before it reaches us. And why should it not bring the rain from thence ?

Uncle F. True, it passes over some amount of ocean in this manner. But consider ; it will not have passed over any very extensive surface of water ; and, therefore, will not have had time to take up very much moisture. And then again, a wind, however moist it may be, must in general be *cooled* before it can let its moisture fall as rain. Hence it will follow, first of all, that our north-east wind can never have *much* moisture in it ; and next, that even if it had, it could hardly be a rainy wind, since the wind itself is cooler than our usual temperature, and so becomes the *warmer* for coming here, not *cooler*. For a wind to be *rainy*, it should, as a rule, come *from a warmer to a cooler climate*, whereas this wind came *from a cooler to a warmer* region.

William. After what you have said, I can understand how it is that this will be the case ; so that on the whole, it will be the south-west wind that brings us our rains.

Uncle F. Yes ; and whenever rain is falling, in whatever direction the wind may be blowing at the moment, in the great majority of cases, you may be sure that the clouds from which the rain comes are composed of water which has been sucked up, and carried hither by the south-west return winds. These are the great water-carrying winds.

Mrs. H. So that now we have to consider where the south-west winds have found the water which they carry.

Uncle F. In doing this we have to observe the amount of the rain which we find them bring, and then compare it with what we know of their paths. If a wind brings *much* rain, you know for certain that it must some time or other have crossed over a great surface of ocean. Now in the case of the south-west return winds of the northern hemisphere, I think I shall be able to satisfy you that they bring with them more water, or rain, than can be accounted for, unless we suppose that they have come from the further side of the equator. But there

are several different considerations to be taken into account.

Mrs. H. You are intending, I suppose, to show us that the rains which the south-west winds bring into the northern hemisphere, must, in part at least, have been taken up in the southern, in the same way as the sea-dust was taken up in South America?

Uncle F. Yes; the reasons are very satisfactory, if you will attend to them in detail. And first of all, remember for a moment the fact which William remarked upon the terrestrial globe a little time ago.

Lewis. You mean that there is so much more water in the southern, than in the northern hemisphere? What has that to do with it?

Uncle F. It would not have so much to do with it, if it were not for the curious fact, that while there is *most sea* in the *southern*, there is *most rain* in the *northern* hemisphere.

Mrs. H. Do you mean to say that it rains more here, on the north side of the equator, than it does on the south side of it?

Uncle F. Yes, I do. Here we have *least sea*, so that our winds have *least opportunity* of sucking up water to make rain of, and yet we have the *most rain*. And what is the most curious and interesting is this, that we have about half* as much rain again here as they have in the same zone south of the equator, and that there is just half as much sea again there as we have here.

William. How can anyone know this about the rain?

Uncle F. Of course, at best, it can only be what men of science call an 'approximation,' (*i. e.* a tolerably fair approach) to accuracy. But observations have been continually taken now for a very large number of years in

*The annual average amount of rain in the *North Temperate Zone* is thirty-seven inches, while it is only twenty-six inches in the *South Temperate Zone*.

a great number of different places, and this, so far as we have yet gone, is the general result.

Mrs. H. And how do these facts serve the purpose you have in view ?

Uncle F. In this way. We see that there is very much more ocean in the southern hemisphere than there is in the northern. The trade-winds, therefore, as they cross the southern hemisphere have so much the greater opportunity of sucking up moisture before they reach the equator, than the northern trade-winds have. The two trade-winds, therefore, the north-east and the south-east, reach the equator differently laden, we may suppose, with moisture.

Lewis. The south-east wind much more full of water than the north-east wind ?

Uncle F. Yes. It is quite reasonable and natural to suppose so ; and as all the water which is taken up by the winds must come down, the rains from these southern trade-winds will naturally be much more in the course of a year than those from the north-east trades. Now where do the heavier rains fall, in the southern or the northern hemisphere ?

William. In the northern, you have just told us.

Uncle F. But the southern winds took up most water. What, then, do we conclude ?

Mrs. H. That the wind which took up the water in the south, and the wind which rains it down again in the north, are really the same wind. Is it not so ?

Uncle F. I do not see how to avoid this conclusion ; and in this way you see we again come to the old idea of the trade-winds crossing each other at the equator. The south-east trade winds rise up with their *larger* quantity of water, they cross over the back of the northern trade winds, they come down again in our Temperate Zone, and give us our *larger* amount of rain. The northern trade wind with its *smaller* amount of moisture, does

the same by the southern hemisphere, and gives it its *smaller* amount of rain.

William. So the canny north cheats the south out of its rains. Is that fair?

Uncle F. Which wants the rain most, William?

William. How should I know? I suppose they both want it alike.

Uncle F. I am not sure of that. What do you suppose the rain is wanted for?

Mrs. H. The farmers and gardeners will answer that question. What should we do for our vegetables, and corn, and fruits? And what would the cattle do for their pasturage, were it not for the rains?

Uncle F. And corn, and fruits, and pasture, are to be found ashore, not at sea. So that it is *on land* that most rain is *wanted*. Now which hemisphere has most land?

Lewis. The one where there is least amount of ocean, I should think.

Uncle F. That is the northern hemisphere. So the northern, which has *most use for rain*, receives most. The southern hemisphere, which has less land, has *less use for rain*, and *receives less*.

Mrs. H. So we might say, that each of the trade winds takes up rain for the opposite hemisphere; that the southern trade wind crosses *most sea*, takes up *most rain*, and brings it over to us who want rain the *most*; and the northern trade wind crosses *least sea*, takes up *least* rain, and carries it over to regions which want it *least*.

Uncle F. And here again you have a new way of distinguishing between the characters of the trade winds, and the return winds. The trade winds are composed of air coming from the cool polar regions; and, therefore, are composed of air which cannot hold much water, and so is *dry*. As they approach the equator, they grow *warmer*, their power of holding water is increased at

every step, and so they go on continually sucking up more and more water from the oceans which they cross. In this way the trade winds of the tropics are both of them *water-gathering* winds ; the southern more so than the northern, because it crosses more ocean. Then, when each trade wind has risen up, and crossed over the back of its opposite fellow, it comes down again as a return wind, and journeying continually towards cooler regions, it is continually compelled to let fall more and more of the water which it carries, so that the return winds of the Temperate Zones are always *water-distributing* winds. When at last they have actually reached the poles, they are cooled down to the uttermost, and so are also *drained of their moisture* to the uttermost, and then they turn round again, as we have seen, to enter once more as dry cold winds into those currents which go to supply the trade winds. Then in their course they again grow warm, again suck up more and more moisture in their path, until again they bring it back in their return to water the Temperate Zones which need it, and so on round and round for ever. The trade winds *draw the water*, then, as return winds, they *distribute* it.

Lewis. How very beautiful !

Uncle F. And now, too, you see how the greater quantity of rain in our hemisphere, together with the greater quantity of ocean in the other, gives us an additional reason for believing that our theory of the circuits of the winds is the true one, seeing that almost all our rains come from the south-west.

Mrs. H. Yes ; a broad, large view, and one which we can never forget. But, Francis, may not this be one of those seducing views of things whose very largeness carries away our imagination, and overcomes the cooler judgment ? May it not require to be *tested* and *proved* by some of those smaller examples of actual facts, which come more within our *own* observation ?

Uncle F. I know what you mean. You want to know if there is any actual example of the working of this theory on a smaller scale, where there can be no risk of mistake.

Mrs. H. Yes; I want something more within my range of understanding.

Uncle F. Always cautious, my dear Margaret. You should have been a Lord Chief Justice. But I am prepared for you. Let us see what we can learn from our own rainy winds. They are of course the south-west.

Lewis. I have been looking at the map, my dear Uncle, and I see that *our* south-western winds, those I mean which bring the rains to the English coasts, will have had to cross over a great extent of ocean, since they came down again to the earth as *return* winds. From latitude 30° to us in latitude 50° they have been crossing the ocean. Why may they not have drawn up their moisture thence, *i. e.* from the Atlantic, instead of bringing it from the other side of the equator?

Uncle F. For anything that we can see *in them* it may have been so. I do not know of anything in our English and European rains which serves to tell us that the winds which bring them come from beyond the equator. But there are other south-western rains in the world which serve better to tell us where the winds which bring them come from. Let us go to North America. There I think I can make you see that the *rains* will tell the path of the winds on *that* side of the Atlantic, as plainly as the *red dust* does on *ours*.

Mrs. H. Yes, that sea dust. That was a fact which, in all its points, would, I should think, satisfy the most scrupulous inquirer.

Uncle F. It may well do so. But the circumstance of the North American westerly rains are quite as conclusive. I have kept my strongest battery to the last. It is my favourite argument.

Mrs. H. Let us all listen then.

Uncle F. You all know, or have read, of the vast North American rivers of the Mississippi and the Missouri. What gigantic rivers they are ! beyond anything which we in the old world have seen, or can easily imagine. Now these rivers consist almost exclusively of water which is let fall as rain from the south-west return wind. It is no trifling amount of water we are talking of. The Mississippi is a river 4,400 miles in length ; it receives all the waters which drain away from the hills and slopes of a region twenty-seven times as large as England ; and when in spring it overflows its banks, it spreads out right and left for miles, making a vast muddy sea over a country as large as Wales and Scotland put together.

William. What a river !

Uncle F. And the first thing for you to notice is, that all the water is brought by this south-west return wind alone, and then we will consider where the wind has been that it should gather all this water. Now a few years ago, circular letters were sent from the American National Observatory at Washington to the farmers and planters through all this huge Mississippi valley, to inquire if any other winds besides the south-western wind brought them any rain. The answers left the fact as we have stated it beyond a doubt, so that we have here a clear, well-marked particular case which we can discuss. Where, then, did the south-western wind suck up these particular waters which it rains down in this region ? It can only have obtained them in one of two ways. *Either* it must have sucked them up *before* it went up with the great ascending currents near the equator ; or, *if not then*, it must have sucked them up *since* it has come down to the earth again. Now these winds, as you know, come down again to the earth about north latitude 30°, or little further to the northward, so that until they have travelled a considerable distance to the northward

of 30° they have had no opportunity of taking up water at all since crossing the equator, for they have been high in air, and not passing over the surface of either earth or ocean. Now look at your map again. You will see that the region in which the rains fall which feed the Mississippi and Missouri, is so little to the northward of 30°, that the south-west return wind has had no space for water-gathering since it descended from the upper air, and ceased to be an upper current. Here, in England and in Europe, we are so much further north, that *our* return westerly winds have had a vast area of ocean to cross before they reach us, since they descended. We cannot, therefore, say for *certain* but what they have gathered their waters *since* they came into our hemisphere. It is not so with the North American winds. They have had no sea to cross. They *must* have come down upon the America coasts *already* laden with whatever rain they shed, so that whatever rain they bring, they must have carried with them over the back of the north-eastern trade winds, and must, therefore, have taken it up with them when they ascended in this region of the equator.

Mrs. H. Very good. But still why may it not be the north-eastern trade wind which is turned back, which brings down the rains, instead of being the southern trade wind which has crossed the equator? It *need* not be the wind from the other hemisphere, need it?

Uncle F. Consider the *amount* of rain deposited, and then consider what opportunity the portion of the north-eastern trade wind, which would be turned back in this particular region, (if it did turn back) has had of sucking up moisture. First, as to the amount which is deposited. Not only is it sufficient to supply the waters of the Mississippi valley as I have described, but it probably pours an even greater mass of waters upon the western coasts of North America, in California, and on the western

slope of the Rocky Mountains. Next, as to the track of the north-easterly winds. Those which would be the winds to turn back over this district, would be the winds which, as north-easterly currents, had crossed the eastern, or *driest* side of the North American continent, and also whatever land is interposed between the tropic and the equator ; that is, they would be winds which, although water-gathering winds, have to cross *more land than is usual* with trade winds, and so will gather *less rain* than usual, *instead of more*. Once suppose that the American western wind is really the prolongation of the south-eastern trade wind, and all is explained. That wind has hardly touched land from the moment when it set out on its career from the southern pole, until it strikes the Californian mountains. It has been ever traversing ocean, ever gathering water, and so is laden with rain to the highest degree possible with any wind which blows ; while the reverse is the case with the north-easterly trade-wind of that region. Thus you see the rains are made to indicate the path of the wind ; and as the sea dust on the European side, so the Californian rains, and Mississippi waters on the American side, serve to show that the trade winds do *not turn back* again into *their own*, but *cross over* into the *other* hemisphere.

Mrs. H. You certainly seem to have very strong probability, if not absolute certainty, on your side.

Uncle F. You might have said, *several very strong probabilities*. It is the *union*, the concurrent testimony of many probabilities, combined with the *absence* of opposite probabilities, which constitutes the strength of our case. Thus does probability rise from a mere slender chance, towards a *practical* certainty. I do not say an *absolute* certainty ; I say a *practical* certainty, by which I mean certainty *enough* for our direction ; certainty *sufficient* to justify a cautious man in deciding his course of action. Thus 'probability is the very guide of life,'

where *fact* cannot be had, or where *authority* has not spoken.

Lewis. Thank you, Uncle.

William. And the monsoons, you will come to them soon.

Uncle. F. Yes, next time. I have now finished as much as I can make you clearly understand about the general rules of the regular circuits of the winds; about those winds which we call the 'constant winds,' meaning thereby the winds which are *always*, or *constantly* blowing. We will next go on with those winds which are *not* constant, but which, owing to peculiar local circumstances, blow *part* of the year *one way*, and *part* of the year *the other way*, and which are therefore called '*periodical winds*,' or '*monsoons*.' But I will explain both the *name* and the *thing* next time.

Mrs. H. And until next time, let us think too of the example which these winds and rains set us. The southern hemisphere does not keep to itself the rains which it does not require, but sends them over by the carrier winds to the northern lands, which would be parched and fruitless if they depended upon their own northern winds for rain. There is no *grudging* in nature, no talking of '*mine*' and '*my own*,' but all is held in trust for those whose need is greatest.

'In God's great universe
Nought lives for self. All, all, from crown to footstool;
The Lamb before the world's foundation slain;
The angels, ministers to God's elect;
The sun, who only shines to light a world;
The clouds, whose glory is to die in showers;
The fleeting streams, who in their ocean graves,
Flee the decay of stagnant self-content,
* * * * *
All spend themselves for others.'

This is the testimony of nature, and her silent reproof to man.

(To be continued.)

NOTES ON INSECTS.

CHAPTER XII.

NEUROPTERA. DRAGON-FLIES.

'To-day I saw the dragon-fly,
Come from the walls where he did lie ;
An inner impulse rent the veil
Of his old husk ; from head to tail
Came out clear plates of sapphire mail,
He dried his wings, like gauze he grew,
Through crofts and pastures wet with dew
A living flash of light he flew.'

AMONGST the various singular water-grubs which the collector's net brings from the depths of a pool, is sometimes found one of a greenish grey colour, which on being put into an aquarium, begins to swim rapidly, by means of a kind of pumping apparatus within its body, using its six feet very little. Any loose leaves of duckweed that there may be will float towards its tail, as it sucks in the water, and then all move in the contrary direction again as the stream is expelled. It uses precisely the same means of locomotion as among fishes does the scallop. Presently, if there be a tadpole in the aquarium, the grub will be seen advancing upon it, extending a great pair of jaws, which have been hitherto folded over its face like a mask, and are armed with sharp teeth ; if those teeth once seize the tadpole, he is very unlikely to escape ; fate has destined him as a prey to the larva of the dragon-fly. For this ugly grub will one day be a dragon-fly ; it will creep out of the water, where it has passed its larva and pupa state, in both voracious and active, stick the little sharp claws on its feet into a rush or the stem of some water plant and remain motionless, till suddenly its dull eyes become brilliant ; a slit appears down the middle of its back, a head is protruded from the slit, the body and

wings of a 'beautiful damsel-fly' appear, looking soft and shapeless, but soon the wings assume their strong, stiff net-work appearance, like the colours of the body grow bright, and it flies away. If it be the species called *Calypteryx Virgo*, it will not fly far, for that lovely insect is a very lazy one; the male has a glossy purple body, and wings of a deeper shade of the same colour; the female is green with brown wings: but if it turn into *Libellula Depressa*, one of our commonest dragon-flies, it will lose no time in hunting for a caddis or butterfly; it is the most rapid and tyrannical of its species; the male has a dull blue body and transparent wings, spotted at the base with brown; the female is rich yellow brown. In 'Letters from Alabama,' Mr. Gosse gives an interesting account of a walk through the woods in search of insects, in which a description of an American dragon-fly occurs. 'Many romantic little spots,' he says, 'occurred in the course of my walk, especially where some little brook crossed the road, making where it emerged from, and again entered the forest, pretty shady glens, so sombre with the bushes, whose over-arching tops touched each other overhead, and whose verdant and leafy branches seemed like an impenetrable wall, that the rays of an almost vertical sun were effectually shut out. In these cool retreats, the emerald virgin dragon-fly (*agrion virginica*) delights to dwell. All the dragon-fly tribe, being water insects in their first stages, are observed to prefer hawking in the vicinity of water, as affording in abundance the prey which they pursue, but the open pond or broad river is most generally their resort. But he who would see the emerald virgin, must go to some such hidden brook as I have described, over which as it flows silently in a deep soft bed of moss of the richest green, or brawls over a pebbly bottom with impotent rage, three or four of these lovely insects may be seen at almost any hour on any summer day.' The male has a long, slim, elegant body, looking

vivid blue or green, according to the light in which it is seen ; the female might easily be supposed to be of a different species, so much duller is she in colour. Dragon-flies have generally been supposed to feed exclusively on insects, caught in the air, but Mr. Gosse saw one of the large kinds dash into the midst of a shoal of young fish, making a little splash, and carrying off his prey to a bough, where he devoured it comfortably.

The dragon-fly is too conspicuous an insect not to have many popular names ; the Germans call it Water-Nymph ; the French, Demoiselle, a far less appropriate name for such a fierce rapacious Amazon-like creature than ours ; the Bretons, ever poetical, have bestowed that of *Nadoyaër*, or Needle of the Air, upon it ; and in Sussex it is known as Spear-fly. I do not know any book, easily obtained, with a description of dragon-flies in it, so I shall give one of a few of the commonest kinds.

Agrion furcatum. Sky-blue body, ringed with black, wings gauzy.

A. Minium. Red body.

A. Zonatum (very common and pretty.) Small, body almost black, one blue band near the tail.

Libellula Quadrumacula (rare and local.) Reddish brown, wings with four large brown spots upon them.

Æshna Grandis. The wings of both *Æshna* and *Libellula* are held horizontally when at rest, which distinguishes them from the Genus *Agrion*, and *Æshna* is known from *Libellula* by the long slender body, not nearly as wide as the thorax. *Æshna* contains our four largest native dragon-flies ; *Æshna Grandis* being two inches and a half in length, of a reddish brown colour, with two yellow stripes on each side of the thorax, the body being variegated with green or yellow.

The dragon-flies are among the fiercest duellists in the insect world ; a writer in the Magazine of Natural History describes a combat which he saw between two of the

Ceshna Varia, a couple of which were flying over a pond when a third intruded on them. A fight between the two males instantly took place ; they darted repeatedly at each other, their wings rustling in the air, their bodies glittering, till at the end of ten minutes one fell into the water. The conqueror instantly pounced on his back, bit off his wings, left him struggling, and rejoined the female, who had been in search of prey all the time, and showed not the least interest in the combat.

(To be continued.)

THE LITTLE PATIENT.

(A real case from a London Hospital.)

THOSE who are in London only for a short time, whose haunts are then Belgravia, Regent's Street, and the parks, have seen only the crust of that great city, the small outside which hides within it so much of misery, poverty, and sin ; they may have wondered even where the poor do live, if they thought about them at all. There are others who, as they saw the groups of squalid children scattered through St. Giles, or rushing from back courts into the dull streets of Bloomsbury, have turned away from the faces marked thus early by the stains of sin, with a heart-sickening dread. Could these, indeed, have had the same privileges granted them with their own darlings, or had they already refused the blessings offered them ? And a sense of despair makes them feel that efforts to stem such a current of evil were almost hopeless. Will such listen to the unvarnished account of one whom the writer knew well ?

On the iron crib in the ——— Hospital, there lay a little girl, supported by pillows to ease the struggling gasping breath. She was nearly nine years old, but the clustering chestnut hair round the ivory brow, and shading the crimson cheek, made her look younger than she really

was. Perhaps, too, the look of purity and innocence, which added tenfold to her beauty, and reminded one of Sir J. Reynolds's pictures, increased this impression. She was one of those before whom one shrinks from mention of sin, lest it should sully the purity of one who it seemed could know little of evil.

Such, at least, was the impression of the writer. Yet it was not so, for little Mary H—— had lived in a home where she heard the name of God only to be blasphemed. To use her own words, as tears stole down her cheek after, at her own request, we had been reading 'Bessie the Blackberry-gatherer,'* 'that is just like my home, only Mother is alive, and she and Father drink, and then they beat us, and fight, and Father used to love us.' Yet the little face told the truth, for, though in the midst of sin, she had learned better things. She had never been to school, and could not read, and yet there are few, perhaps, of the best taught in our schools who might not learn lessons of holy truth as well as of simple, earnest, loving faith, from this neglected child. One day I asked her how she had learned about our Saviour.

'A long time ago Father used to read the Bible sometimes, and before I was ill I used to go to church.'

And I found that, whenever not wanted at home, she used to steal out to go to some church—she could not tell me to which.

'And what did you go there for, Mary?'

I shall never forget the look of strange wonder in the little face as she raised her eyes to mine, and reverently answered, 'To pray to God.' And it was there that she had learned, what had almost startled me at our first interview, that when (as I had been requested,) I told her that death was very near, that soon she must pass from all things earthly, the look of joy with which she had greeted my tidings; or that, when given a book, she had

* Published by S. P. C. K.

asked, 'Is it prayers? There is nothing like that. Oh, but these are hymns, and that is next best.' Or that when Nurse asked her if she were afraid to die, answered with perfect simplicity, 'Afraid! Dying means going to be with the Lord Jesus, and I do so long to be with Him.' But He who had taught her to love Him, had another lesson yet for her to learn before He granted that longing.

Contrary to all expectation, she began to rally, and though there was no prospect of recovery, yet she might live a few months or even years longer. At first it was very painful to watch the sorrow with which she marked any improvement, she had so dwelt upon the hope that, as in the book she loved best, next to 'A few Prayers, and a few Words about Prayer,' namely, 'Bessie,'* Polly's death had made her father try and be better, so it might be with her own. She had, when very ill, sent both the books home to him, and had won a promise that if her father would read it, her mother would listen, for she said, 'What Polly says to her father is what I should like to say to mine, only I can't.'

In time, however, before her return home, she begun to understand that she must submit to the will of God, and to hope that 'perhaps father will read the Bible to me if I ask him.'

Much more could I tell of her; the loving, gentle ways, the blessed example she set to others, as well as of her own words, which I shall never forget. She went, but only for a few months, to come back the same holy, loving child who had left us. Her home was little happier, and she had, from the change in their lodgings, lost the power of slipping into the church, but the father had sometimes read to her.

Many months she remained at the hospital, and often I longed to be near her, but it was otherwise ordered;

* Published by Masters.

and though many months have passed, we have never met again. She has returned home, and her friends cannot be traced. I believe and hope that ere this her longing has been fulfilled, and that the little hands which clung so tightly round my neck as we parted, are resting in the grave, and the loving spirit with Him who gave it. Or she may yet be lingering on in that sad home ; and if so, we can but trust her to that Love who led her to Himself, and will without doubt keep her His own.

CHILDREN'S PLAY-PLACES.

(A DIALOGUE.)

Father. She's a curious child, that little girl of ours ! I cannot quite understand her, so open, and frank, and gay, so ready to laugh and be merry. Yet do (if you can without letting her see that you watch her,) look at her, and tell me, did you ever see such a thoughtful face as it is ?

Mother. I see ; she has knitted her brows as if solving the hardest problem ever put before mortal. That little wise head is busy enough, but I am much mistaken if the *heart* did not first set it to work. Well, we shall soon know.

F. I hope so. So long as there is no mystery, the thoughts won't hurt that little brain, I trust ; otherwise I should tremble for her.

Child (half aloud.) Write to the queen ! perhaps that might do. I wonder what she would say.

F. What is that about the queen, Mary ? Come, tell us—don't be frightened.

C. Frightened ! No, Papa ; I was only wondering whether a child might write to the queen.

F. That depends, I imagine, on the child, and what she has to write about. The queen has a great deal to think

of, a great deal to do ; nobody should wish to waste the queen's time.

C. But, Papa, this would not be a waste, indeed ; and it would take up very little time. I only wanted to say one thing, just one, and then, 'I am your Majesty's affectionate child, Mary'—or perhaps 'dutiful' would be better.

F. And how do you mean to begin, Mary ?

C. Papa, that was what I was thinking of. I don't think it will do to say 'My dear Queen.' I thought 'Please your Majesty' might be more proper.

F. I think so, indeed. Well !

C. 'Please your Majesty, I am a little girl.' You know, Papa, I ought to tell her that at once.

F. Well, go on.

C. 'I have a kind papa and mamma, and a nice garden to play in, and a swing, and a hoop, and a ball and bat, and all sorts of pretty things.' Don't be in a hurry, Papa, I am coming to it. The reason I say all this *first*, is because I don't wish the queen to think I want anything for *myself*.

F. I understand.

C. 'But, please your Majesty, when I go but a little way from our own house into the streets, I see a number of poor little children *trying* to play, but they cannot, because there is no room for them. They try to get into small corners and play battledore and shuttlecock, but *that* can only be done in fine weather ; and in winter, and when it rains, I am very much afraid they have no play at all.' Don't you think I might tell the queen that. Mamma ?

M. I had rather not give any opinion, dear, yet. Have you any plan to propose, or do you mean to let the queen find out what to do ?

C. Why, Mamma, I thought perhaps she might not have time, so I was thinking it over, and I thought I

would say this : ‘Please your Majesty, sometimes an old house tumbles down, and sometimes several are pulled down, for fear they should tumble, and I thought perhaps among them all there might be one found which could be turned into a large, large room for winter, where there might be swings, and balls, and battledores and shuttle-cocks, and where poor children might play. And perhaps among the *very* rich people in London, there might be found some who would help to pay for these rooms, as they did for the baths and wash-houses.’

F. Yes ; but, my little woman, I believe the baths and wash-houses now pay for themselves. You will not find poor children able to pay for a game of play ; and there must be somebody always there to see what happens, otherwise your poor children might be ill-treated.

C. Then perhaps I had better not talk about the baths and wash-houses ; but I do believe, Papa, there might be a good many children who could pay a penny a week for play, and there must be some kind people who would pay for them. Then I thought of saying, ‘But besides play-rooms, I want the children to have play-grounds. I do not think it is fair that richer people should have all the spare places to build upon ; and please your Majesty, it is a sad thing that when the old houses tumble down, somebody cannot be found to buy two or three and make a play-ground there. I have heard that the houses stand too close for health in many places. Sometimes I should think the play-ground might be in the middle, and a sort of cloister covered round it for bad weather ; then that would be play-ground and play-room all in one.’ There, I believe that is all, only about hoping she will think about it, and not be angry with me.

F. No, she would not be angry, she knows children’s hearts ; and I think she will be very glad to know there is a little girl who is longing to make other children happy. ‘But I believe she would say that she can only do a very

small part of the work herself, and that you, and I, and everybody else, must try and do the rest.

C. I, Papa! Oh! what can I do?

F. Not much, perhaps. Let me see, there are my coach-house and stables; I do not want them, because I keep no carriage or horses, but I let them every year, and the money they bring pays for our sea-side time in the summer. We might give that up, and make the room fit for a play-place, perhaps.

M. What! give up the sea, after living in London the greater part of the year! That will never do, my dear. We must think of something that is less important to health than that.

F. (*musings.*) It is difficult; but I will try and spare in some other way.

C. Papa, I don't feel certain, but you and mamma pay for two lessons a week for me in music, and two in drawing. Now if I were to work very hard by myself in practising, don't you think it possible that one a week would do, and then you would save that money? I don't want to be more idle, Papa, only I think I could get on nearly as fast as now.

F. That might do, perhaps; but *I* must give up something. You would not like me to part with the poor boy who cleans our shoes?

C. Oh! dear no, Papa; that would be doing quite a wrong thing.

F. I will drop my two reviews, and only see them from the library. That is a very small sacrifice; and besides, the binding is spared.

M. But the set will be cut short—will you like that?

F. Not at all; but never mind, the thing shall be done. Now, Mamma, what will you do?

M. Do without the French lamp you promised me; and I am pretty sure I can make my bonnet serve for another year.

F. Bravo! we very nearly have it. There must be expenses, to be sure, but I think we can manage. And now, my little girl, about this letter to the queen.

C. Papa, if you please, I think perhaps we had better do all we can ourselves first.

F. And then tell her, Mary?

C. Oh no, I did not mean *that*—only it will be more *comfortable*, won't it, Papa?

F. To be sure it will. I don't know a safer rule than this, if you want a good done, try first of all to do it yourself; if you cannot do all, do a part; and never fancy you are very kind and very charitable because you have written a begging letter either to the queen, or to anybody else.

T.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Thanks to a Shetlander for a pound's worth, and to another correspondent for 2s. 2d. worth of stamps, for the Auckland bells.

THE MONTHLY PACKET

OF
EVENING READINGS

for Younger Members of the English Church.

PART 95.

NOVEMBER, 1858.

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COMMENTS ON THE PRAYER-BOOK.

PRAYER.

THE priest has hitherto been engaged in fixing upon his congregation the benefit of the Redeemer's sacrifice, he now proceeds to offer the sacrifice of prayer, which being the breath of life in the soul, proves it to have been quickened by the touch of the Spirit, for no man hath quickened his own soul; and it is written, the first man Adam was made a living soul, the second a quickening spirit. This spirit is represented in the Word as incense accompanying the prayers of the saints, by which we learn that prayer is not the condescension of God to us, as all His other dealings with us are, but the exaltation of our lives to Him, and our restoration to the Divine Image by which we are rendered capable of holding communion with our Maker. In the prophecy of Zechariah, xii. 10, Isaiah, lxvi. 23, Malachi, i. 11, we read that prayer in its perfect meaning was to descend upon men when the great change in the law should take place, and if we regard the words of our Saviour upon the same subject, this was to be the fulness of His House, and the one great struggle of the Militant Church. 'The hour cometh when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth,' and the manner of the change He left His Apostles to declare, 'We must with one mind and one mouth glorify

God,' in the same unity of Spirit that pervaded His courts before His coming, 2 Chronicles, v. 13, 14. This we shall acknowledge when we remember that no part of the service can benefit us, unless the heart be lifted up in fervent desire, that its blessedness may become ours. Moreover, Jesus called His House the House of Prayer, thus the temple was regarded as the House of Prayer. Jesus and all His finished work is regarded as our Advocate, and the service of the Church is directed and comprised in that form of sound words, called *The Book of Common Prayer*. We all know that it was not the Temple made with hands, nor the Book compiled by the Wisdom of the Church, but the one and self-same Spirit that dwelt within that gave the glory and the living sanctity, and it is by the perfect substance of the Son of Man that the Church before and since is holy, and He identified them with His own person, when He said, 'Destroy this Temple, and in three days I will raise it again,' and gave the Apostles further to declare, 'Ye are built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief Corner Stone.'

All devoutly kneel, because we, being many members, are one body, seeking the spirit of adoption whereby we cry Abba, Father, with Jesus as members of His Body; but He was prostrate and engaged in the devoted work of prayer, when He made this appeal to the Father, and yielded Himself wholly to His supreme will. By His Apostle He has taught us our fellowship herein, saying, 'Because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts, whereby ye cry Abba, Father,' thus declaring that that cry was ours, and ascends in one unbroken column, not to be exhausted till the perfect man be delivered from the bondage of corruption, into the glorious liberty of the Sons of God. By which we cannot but perceive that if any refuse to kneel at the time of prayer, they belong not to Him, who in this attitude pre-

veiled, for it is written, 'If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His.' For if the Spirit be in our hearts that maketh intercession for the Saints with groanings that cannot be uttered, the tabernacle containing such an emotion, must be affected by it according to the measure of the gift, and the only suitable posture to testify to such compassion, is prostrate self-renunciation. Because though the real sacrifice of Christ was the offering up of the soul, yet that offering was not received until the testimony was sealed by His Blood; when this was done, the imprisoned spirits were set free; so the body is dead because of sin, while the spirit is life because of righteousness.

'*The Lord be with you,*' is said by the priest with a loud voice, to startle all sleepy and forgetful members into a sense of the communion to which they are called, the spirit of slumber being a device of Satan to keep the world bound by the chain which enslaved it at the fall, and destroyed its confidence to come to God as the Father. Our Lord, prophesying of the days of evil to come upon the Church, said, 'Except those days be shortened, no flesh could be saved.' He who knew the strength of the Spirit, even of evil when set in array against the flesh, came down in the likeness of men to restore the power of access to God, and with strong crying and tears was heard in that He feared. How mysteriously He partook of the weakness of the flesh, is here pourtrayed, and how the Spirit that then descended upon Him has availed for its salvation is also manifest, and for this purpose He stood alone and forsaken of God. If the Blood of Christ, who through the eternal Spirit offered Himself without spot to God, does purge our conscience from dead works to serve the living God, we believe that He by His Omniscient Power saw clearly every sin of every man, and uttered once for all the whole desire of the human heart; so being made perfect He became the author of eternal salvation to

all them that obey Him, being called of God a High Priest after the order of Melchizedec, and having entered into rest, His presence at the right hand of God, is an everliving intercession for us. Whilst He dwelt on earth, His agency was manifest, but on His removal He prepared the twelve to receive of that Spirit which still dwells in the Church. If then there be one Spirit of access to the Father, and we know not what to pray for as we ought, there must be some way by which our united approach shall conform to the desire of Him who expressed before the mercy-seat the anguish of the human soul. This can only be done by Him who searcheth the heart, and knoweth the mind of the Spirit, and has given to His Church authority and power to arrange a form by which the whole human race may with one mind and one mouth glorify God, and by which the wrestling of the Spirit with the flesh may be made by Him who maketh intercession for the Saints according to the will of God. Herein is the order of the priesthood changed, not done away with; they offer now by the power of an endless life, not by the pleadings of a passing death which had not the preparation of a struggling soul to present. Further, if we follow the argument of St. Paul to the Hebrews, in which he enters at large upon this sacred theme, we shall acknowledge that congregational worship through our great High Priest is not the isolated action of individual aspirations, but an entire sacrifice, which while it satisfies each, embraces the whole, therefore no man can collect a congregation and pray in their name, unless he has by the appointed medium obtained the Spirit by which it is done, neither can an appointed priest, but in the authorized way, Leviticus, x. 1-7. This constitutes the difference between public and private prayer, in which latter case each is offering in his own name; in this sense all are holy, all are priests. But that order of which our Lord is the High Priest, is as one member of a mystical

body, being as the mouth of one man having one strength of desire. If we can truly find that the word bears witness to what is here advanced, we shall see the propriety of the Church in requiring her priests to commend the congregation to the Spirit of the Lord, and by unity of purpose their response shall give again to him of that Spirit so spread abroad, agreeing with the blessing upon Levi, where it is said, 'bless, Lord, his substance, and accept the work of his hands.' Of his substance it is written, 'the Lord is his inheritance,' and of the work of his hands it is recorded, 'Phineas stood up and prayed, and executed judgment in his zeal for the Lord, and obtained for his family the covenant of peace' and attendance upon the altar. Thus receiving from the Lord, those who went before and those who follow after, dispense the riches of His fulness upon the nations of the earth, bringing forth increase in the fruits of righteousness. The Apostles constantly required the prayers of the Saints, because there is abundant evidence to show that a man may receive of the Spirit to perform the functions of his office, while yet He entereth not in nor dwelleth in his heart to his salvation, so that while he is the servant of others, himself is cast away.

'*Lord, have mercy upon us.*' God's mercy was first restored to men in the sacrifices, when He met them and signified His grace towards them, saying, 'If thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted? if not, behold sin lieth at the door,' which intimation shows that the mercy-seat had been prepared, and confirms the word of the prophet, 'A glorious high throne from the beginning is the place of our sanctuary.' God said, 'Mercy shall be set up for ever, and not to disgrace the Throne of His Glory,' when sin abounded, He withdrew into the family of Abraham, then into the sanctuary, and at length rested behind the veil of the Temple, which contracted the approach to His presence within the narrowest compass. The power, the

majesty, and the thrice-repeated holiness of the footstool of God, are simply and reverently expressed in the 99th Psalm, where the people are invited to worship and exalt Him upon His holy hill. All the light and perfection this Mercy-Seat gave to the Temple was finally lost, even to the chosen race, but at the rebuilding the promise was made, that the glory of the latter house should exceed the glory of the former, because in it the true light shone. Now the reverence due to the tabernacle He has sanctified and cleansed with His own Blood is double, as we see from Hebrews, x. 21-29; also the patterns of heavenly things, especially of the Mercy-Seat, were seen by St. John in their reality in his Revelations, which can only have reference to this present Church, for the Saints will cease to pray when they cease from their work, as God did from His. The approach to this Mercy-Seat by the humiliation of Jesus, is the subject of the new song of the Lamb for ever and ever, and by it we are advanced to the Throne of God, angels, and authorities, and powers being made subject unto us in Him. But the honour of His mercy He conferreth not upon all, therefore does He speak by a parable in the Church, manifesting Himself to those to whom it is given to know the mystery of the Kingdom, for though when Jesus said 'It is finished,' the veil of the Temple was rent in twain, discovering the way into the holiest, yet the Church would have us still remember that we see as yet in a glass darkly, therefore she retains a screen before her Mercy-Seat, until there shall be no need for a Temple, for we shall see face to face, for it is written, upon all the glory shall be a defence. So our Lord dwells upon His Mercy-Seat, a pillar of cloud by day, lest the sun should smite us, and a pillar of fire by night, that we may go on from strength to strength, while His loving correction maketh us great. Thus by our Lord we have access by the Spirit, to the Father, therefore, we address the Holy Trinity for mercy, and with the disciples we beseech

the Lord to teach us to pray. His reply is set here as the living coal to kindle all the rest, and the sweet incense that ascends is the prayer of His bruised Heart, which He sent up with acceptance to the Father. During its ascent the whole assembly came to pass before the Lord the subject of the following prayers, as Solomon at the dedication presented the subjects of prayer for acceptance, while the cloud of God's favour yet filled the Tabernacle.

(To be continued.)

CHRONICLES OF AN OAK.

CHAPTER V.

THE CRUSADER AND THE LADY.

Oak. Glad to see you—you put me in spirits last time.

Boy. Did I? Oh! I remember—about Queen Victoria, and about the world improving.

Oak. True; but how is this?—you look dull yourself to-day.

Boy. I am going to school next week, and then there must be an end of our talks for some time to come.

Oak. Going to school! What a quantity of thoughts those words bring before me! Going to school at one time here in England must have been a very different thing from going to school at another; and yet perhaps you are going to one of the old, old places, where English boys learnt their Latin hundreds of years ago.

Boy. I believe I am; and in time I shall go to Oxford, and there I shall be among old things too.

Oak. Yes, King Stephen made an end of Oxford for a time, but it soon revived again. Well, though you love your holidays like other boys, you would not be a true English lad if you did not love school too. What fine

bright boys I have seen coming out with their masters from the abbey yonder, playing their games under the trees.

Boy. Had the abbey a school ?

Oak. To be sure it had ; that was one benefit which the Church conferred on the land. The Churchmen were the great schoolmasters. In every monastery was a library and a scriptorium, where, before any printed books were known, the monks and their scholars used to write copies of valuable works, and adorn them with pictures. In the nunneries, too, the abbess and nuns taught the ladies of noble families their different accomplishments.

Boy. And what did the boys learn ?

Oak. Latin and French, grammar, rhetoric, arithmetic, and music ; of course they learned to repeat the prayers and hymns of the Church. In some of the larger monasteries they taught Greek and Hebrew, and also philosophy and physic. And besides these, there were large schools in the towns. There were three famous ones in London in Henry the Second's time ; and I have heard those who had been there say, that even the younger boys contended against each other in verse about the principles of grammar, and the preterites and supines of verbs.

Boy. Stuff ! I hope they had something better to do besides. I wonder whether they played cricket.

Oak. Why, that I do not know, but they had a good many sports ; they wrestled, ran races, threw stones, practised archery ; but the schoolboys' greatest delight, I am sorry to say, was cock-fighting. On Shrove Tuesday every boy was allowed to bring a cock to school, and the school-room was turned into a cock-pit. This was cruel pastime. They were very capital players at football. They played at a game like our nine-pins, too, which they called kayles, and at bob-apple, and at bowls. One thing, however, I must tell you, that as these boys grew up, they did not all continue to play at different

games in common. There were some sports which none but noblemen were allowed to engage in—neither the quentain, nor the tournament, nor hunting, nor hawking, were allowed to the common people.

Boy. You spoke of the nobler-born boys learning Latin and French—did not they learn English?

Oak. Not till nearly sixty years after the time we are talking of. The laws of the realm were all written, and causes pleaded, in Latin. The nobles spoke Norman French, and the Church services were in Latin. The common people spoke Anglo-Saxon; but, after a time, I found a language coming in which was neither Norman, nor Saxon, nor Latin, but a mixture of all three; and this mixture it is which forms the English you hear. I must own I dislike some of the new words I hear—but then I am an old oak.

Boy. I want to hear about Cœur de Lion.

Oak. And I have been making up my mind to say little or nothing about him.

Boy. Not about Cœur de Lion! Why not, pray?

Oak. First, because I really knew so little concerning him. You know he spent nearly all his time abroad, and of course *I* stood still.

Boy. But surely people came and told you about him.

Oak. One said he had a great black horse, and had the strongest arm of any man living; and another said, the mothers used to frighten children out of their senses by telling them ‘King Richard was coming;’ and some told of a generous deed or two—but—I see you look vexed.

Boy. No wonder. You might well say you knew little about King Richard.

Oak. And you think you know a great deal. Well, I may be mistaken; but I belong to the country, and it seemed to me that King Richard hardly did so. The people were proud of him, no doubt, but there was such a love of adventure in those days, that they forgot all

their oppressions when they heard the story of his wars, and his captivity, and his faithful page, Blondel.

Boy. Then you really think he *was* oppressive in government?

Oak. I am sure of it. There never was a time when a poor man's earnings were more certain to be taken from him, and when even rich men, both Church and lay, were more unjustly fined and taxed. King Richard was not at all a lover of the Church; many people thought him scarcely a believer, with his profane language, and violent, passionate deeds. But he was as eager as any one could be to rescue the Holy Land from unbelievers; and the notion of this being his grand duty, so pushed aside other duties, that he cared little how his people were made to suffer, so long as he could get money for his great expedition to Palestine.

Boy. But surely it was a great object to Christian people to preserve the Holy Land, and protect the Pilgrims.

Oak. I used to feel much for the pilgrims. I could not but love those hardy, pious men and women who left their happy homes to visit the scenes so dear and sacred to them; and then, since you ask me, I must say too that what I heard made me feel that it was just and right to defend these pilgrims, and prevent their being shut out from the Holy Places; but you could not help seeing that a great many knights, nobles, and kings, and I fear King Richard among them, had neither a religious nor a compassionate feeling, but were as ambitious and as cruel as many heathens.

Boy. I suppose you often saw the crusading pilgrims returning home?

Oak. Yes; for they were sometimes still bound by vows, and the lord of a castle would not enter his house, nor see his dear lady, who had led her lonely life so long in his absence, till he had gone to the abbey and offered

some relics at the shrine, and confessed his sins, and received absolution from the abbot. Many a noble knight has sat down under my shade and told his tale of war and adventure to the listening countrymen, and questioned them in return about the deeds done in his absence, for you know few letters passed between the dearest friends in those days, and the pilgrim had everything to learn about his home and his dear ones. One could not always know the man again when he returned from the East, he looked so aged and worn.

Boy. Happy old oak! What a number of noble things you must have seen.

Oak. O yes, I certainly have. I am vexed when I think that I remember so much that was evil, and not nearly enough of the good. Now, about the women. For instance, how can I ever forget the dear Lady Constance, whose lord spent years in the Holy Land, leaving her to defend his castle, and take care of his children, and the poor all around. What a blessing she was to the country!

Boy. What! Lady Constance de Bourg—the lady whose effigy is on the great tomb in our church?

Oak. Beside her lord's, is it not? The very same.

Boy. And the same on which those verses were written.

Oak. What verses?

Boy. Those by Mrs. Hemans. I cannot say them all, but I liked those upon the woman the best. After speaking of the warrior who did such wonderful deeds, and is talked of in history to this day, how beautifully she turns one's thoughts on the lady left at home:

‘Woman! whose sculptur'd form at rest
By the arm'd knight is laid,
With meek hands folded o'er a breast
In matron robes array'd.
What was *thy* tale? Oh! gentle mate
Of him, the bold, the free,
Bound unto his victorious fate,
What bard hath sung of thee?

*He wooed a bright and burning star,
 Thine was the void, the gloom,
 The straining eye that follow'd far
 His fast receding plume—
 The heart-sick listening while his steed
 Sent echoes to the breeze ;
 The pang—but when did Fame take heed
 Of griefs obscure as these ?*

*Thy silent and secluded hours
 Through many a lonely day,
 While bending o'er thy broider'd flow'rs
 With spirit far away :
 Thy weeping midnight prayers for him
 Who fought on Syrian plains,
 Thy watchings till the torch grew dim—
 These fill no minstrel strains.*

*A still sad life was thine—long years
 With tasks unguerdon'd fraught
 Deep, quiet love, submissive tears,
 Vigils of anxious thought ;
 Prayer at the Cross in fervour pour'd,
 Alms to the pilgrim given ;
 Oh ! happy, happier than thy lord,
 In that lone path to Heaven.'*

Oak. Thank you, dear boy. Yes, that is Lady Constance exactly. How beautiful she was, and how good ! It was not an easy part that was given her, for many false reports were brought to the castle about her lord, and there were several very bad men belonging to Prince John's court who wanted to get Lady Constance's vassals into their power, and wished to make it appear that the baron himself was false to King Richard. No letter came from him, and the lady had to bear all the troublesome persuasions of these men. Sometimes they went so far as to tell her she was false to him in remaining so firmly on the king's side. But though her heart ached, and she could not *prove* the falsehood of their words, she did not alter her conduct in the least, and even refused to admit

Prince John into the castle. I own I was frightened when I heard that, and *he* was terribly enraged.

Boy. And what happened then ?

Oak. Most happily, King Richard himself returned to England just when they were in the utmost alarm, and he sent a kind message to Lady Constance, telling her of her husband's welfare and great deeds in the Holy Land, and it was clearly shown that he remained loyal and true to his king. After some time he returned himself, and one of his first acts was to assemble all the vassals and countrymen round, and thank them for not having allowed themselves to be drawn from their duty. It would have done you good to see how happy he looked beside his lady and his children, surrounded by his troops of faithful men.

Boy. Did he live long after that ?

Oak. Long enough to see Magna Charta signed by King John, and to put his own name to it. He was a true patriot, was that Baron, and did all he could to help the people as well as his fellow-nobles. He was a very religious man, too. I have been told that not only did he bestow gifts on the abbey, but that when he went to Mass, his prayers seemed to come from out of the depth of his heart, and he trained his children and servants carefully in the right way. Then he was tender to the poor and sick, and confessed himself humbly before the abbot at stated times ; and he was reverend towards all the fathers, even to those who were of low degree. This pleased the people most of all, perhaps, for you may suppose that when people are kept down, and made to feel themselves of little consequence, it must be very pleasant to find that there is one course by which a man, however poor, may rise ; and that one way, in these times, was by becoming a priest or monk. If a poor hind's son went into an abbey or cathedral school, and learnt steadily, and gave tokens of sense and talent, he was as likely to be made a

a clergyman as a richer man, and when once he was so, he was thought fit company for the highest noble in the land. But the nobles by no means relished this. One cannot wonder at it in general ; they did not like to see one born in poverty set above them. Yet some there were, like our Baron De Bourg, who said ‘Why not ? If a young scholar be learned and pious, and wish to serve God by ministering at the altar and among the poor, who am I that I should not thankfully give him honour and reverence?’ and, for myself, I deemed him right.

Boy. Was there not a Pope much about this time who was an Englishman ?

Oak. Yes, Nicholas Breakspear ; not a good specimen, while I knew him, of an Englishman. A stupid boy he was, going up and down between the abbey and the castle. His father, a monk, used to be grievously provoked with him, and, as to the Abbot, he utterly rejected him for his dulness and clownish ways. He could clean shoes and milk the kine, but was too lazy to apply to learning. However, all on a sudden, the youth took a start. Not being able to make his way into the Church *here*, he went to Paris, as many English did, and there he studied in earnest. Thence he went to an abbey in Provence, was made a monk, and so pleased the brethren, that when the Abbot died, he was chosen in his stead. After that he reached a higher station, through the Pope’s favour ; was made a Bishop, then a Cardinal, and, in November, 1154, our Nicholas Breakspear, the abbot’s errand-boy, became Pope Adrian the XIVth., which mightily pleased King Henry the Second. So in this manner it was that the people might hope to gain some portion of the power and consequence denied them in other ways.

Boy. That was fair ; but then papa says it was not right that the abbots and bishops should have *both sorts*

of power. He says they were barons and knights as well as clergymen.

Oak. Yes, that is true—that was settled at the Conquest. King William thought to bring the clergy more under his power by making them hold their broad lands under military tenure. An abbot or bishop was forced to furnish men for the king's service, like any other noblemen, and they were liable to be summoned to the parliaments or to the defence of the nation themselves. They did not like this, however, and as time went on, got dispensations from the service. I believe the share they had in *the land* was a very great good; no lands were better cultivated, and no vassals so comfortable; but as they grew rich they became indolent and luxurious. They were under odd government sometimes.

Boy. How do you mean?

Oak. What think you of a monastery consisting of both monks and nuns, but all under the control of a lady abbess? It was a curious thing to put the men thus under the orders of the women; but it was, I am told, much more usual in the earliest times. There were in many of the monasteries both men and women, and when this was the case, the government was generally a woman's. But the rich abbeys in time had among their members many wealthy married people. When a rich noble or knight desired to obtain a place in one of these fraternities, he generally bought it by some benefaction, and being free of the monastery or abbey, afterwards he was supposed to partake of all the religious privileges of the house. In this way, I fancy, however, the monasteries were spoiled, and the people used to talk in King John's reign, and still more in his son's, Henry the Third, of the quantity of money which went into them in various ways, and was spent not always for the good of the Church or the nation, but often went to Rome to enrich the Pope and the Cardinals. And our English livings

were often given to Italians. You can fancy what a sore matter it was to the Englishmen to have priests set over them who knew nothing of their language, and could do nothing for them, sick or well.

Boy. But what was the king thinking of when he let all these foreign clergymen come here? Our kings were English themselves.

Oak. Indeed, I think they were hardly half English. You know that a great part of France belonged to Henry the Second, and it would seem that his sons and his grandson and great-grandsons, thought to the full as much of their foreign dominions as of England. Then they almost all went abroad for wives, and in order to maintain their claims to France, both John and his son Henry were willing to bestow livings and money without end upon the Pope's favourites. It was the barons at last who took the matter into their own hands, and sent the Pope's legate out of England. They clearly showed King Henry the Third, that the revenues of Italian priests in England amounted to *more* than his own revenues; but though he was startled to find this, he was a feeble man, and would always let things take their course.

Boy. I like those barons—we should have fared ill but for them.

Oak. I am glad you see *that*. I heard much about their faults. They and the clergy and the people used to abuse each other in turn, but I thought each party would have done worse but for the other, and I wished, and I dare say so did everybody, that they were all better *men*. It was a sad thing to see them fighting like so many children for power and wealth, while one generation after another dropped off, and I saw them no more. *One* good man! *One* good woman! One like Baron de Bourg and Lady Constance, cheered me up for an age. I was glad, of course, to see good coming even out of evil, but it was nothing like *that*—nothing like the pleasure of

seeing a true man or woman working on with heart and soul, because it was his duty, and because he loved his great Master's service.

But how I have been talking ! and you have said very little to me this time, and you are going to school, dear boy, and now nobody will have leisure to come and listen to my story as you have done.

Boy. Keep a good heart, old fellow, I mean to have much to do with you yet—that is, if I may, but I am not my own master, you know.

Oak. I *do* know it, and am very glad of it, and whatever you may think now, you will be glad too, by-and-by, that you were not treated as a man when you were but a boy. Trust an old oak for a truth like that. I have seen many a mushroom in my day, and I have seen men and women springing up in a hurry just like those mushrooms, but they did little or no good in the world. I shall like you the better for growing slowly, so when you are in great haste to be a man and your own master, just think for a moment of your old friend of the forest—think of his eight hundred years, and the orderly obedient way in which he has been made to spend them, and do not fancy for a moment that you can do yourself any good by getting out of the order of growth which the same kind Providence has assigned to you as much as to me.

Boy. I will remember what you say, but I shall come again before I go to school.

(To be continued.)

THE YOUNG STEP-MOTHER.

CHAPTER XXVI.

'MRS. KENDAL, dear Madame, a great favour, could you spare me a few moments?'

Albinia was leaving a cottage when a blushing face

was imploringly raised to her with such an expression of 'contrite timidity, that she felt sure that the poor little Frenchwoman had recovered from her brief intoxication, and wanted to apologize and be comforted, so she said kindly,

'I was wishing to see you, my dear; I was afraid the day had been too much for you; I was certain you were feverish.'

'Ah! you were so good to make excuses for me. I am so ashamed when I think how tedious, how disagreeable I must have been. It was why I wished to speak to you,' murmured Geneviève, much flurried and distressed.

'Never mind apologies, my dear; I have felt and done the like many a time—it is the worst of enjoying oneself.'

'Oh! that was not all—I could not help it—enjoyment—no!' stammered Geneviève. 'If you would be kind enough to come this way.'

She opened her grandmother's back gate, the entrance to a slip of garden smothered in laurels, and led the way to a small green arbour, containing a round table, transformed by calico hangings into what the embroidered inscription called '*Autel à l'Amour filial et maternel*,' and bearing a plaster vase full of fresh flowers; but ere Albinia had time to admire this achievement of French sentiment, Geneviève exclaimed, clasping her hands, 'O Madame, pardon me, you who are so good! You will tell no one, you will bring on him no trouble, but you will tell him it is too foolish—you will give him back this billet, and forbid him ever to send another.'

Spite of the confidence about Emily, spite of all unreason, such was the family opinion of Fred's propensities to fall in love, that Albinia's first shock of suspicion lighted upon him; but as her eye fell on the pink envelope that Geneviève held out with averted face, the handwriting concerned her even more nearly.

‘Gilbert!’ she cried. ‘My dear, what is this? Do you wish me to read it?’

‘Yes, for I cannot.’ Geneviève turned away, cut short by a burst of tears, as in his best hand, and bad it was, Albinia read,

“‘My hope, my joy, my Geneviève!’ O precious words of the poet, how I thank him for them! No, Geneviève, hard and cruel as you may be, neither you nor any power on earth can hinder me from making you my hope, my joy, even by the very fact of your existence.’

In mute astonishment Albinia looked up, and met Geneviève’s eyes. ‘O Madame, you are displeased with me!’ she cried in despair, misinterpreting the look, ‘but indeed I could not help it.’

‘My dear child,’ said Albinia, affectionately putting her arm round her waist, and drawing the trembling figure down on the seat beside her, ‘indeed I am not displeased with you; you are doing the very best thing possible by us all. Think I am your sister, and tell me what is the meaning of all this, and then I will try to help you.’

‘O Madame, you are too good,’ said Geneviève, weeping bitterly though silently; and kindly holding the trembling hand, Albinia finished the letter, the words as well as the matter of which compelled her to whisper to herself with some sharpness, ‘Silly boy! Geneviève, dear girl, you must set my mind at rest,’ she continued, affectionately; ‘this is too childish—this is not the kind of thing that would touch your affections, I am sure.’

‘*Oh! pour cela non,*’ said Geneviève, raising her head a moment, but letting it drop again. ‘Oh! no, I am grateful to Mr. Gilbert Kendal, for, even as a little boy, he was always kind to me; but for the rest—he is so young, Madame, even if I could forget—’

‘I see,’ said Albinia. ‘I am sure that you are much too good and sensible at your age to waste a moment’s

thought or pain on such a foolish boy, as he certainly is, Geneviève, though not so foolish in liking you, whatever he may be in the way of expressing it. 'Though of course—' Albinia had floundered into a dreadful bewilderment between her sense of Geneviève's merits, and of the incompatibility of their station, and she plunged out by asking, 'And how long have you had any idea that this was in his mind?'

Geneviève hesitated. 'To speak the truth, Madame, I have long seen that, like many other youths, he would be—very attentive if one were not reserved and guarded, but I had known him so long, that perhaps I did not soon enough begin to treat him *en jeune kounne*.'

'And this is his first letter?'

'Oh! yes, Madame.'

'He complains that you will not hear him? Do you dislike to tell me if anything had past previously?'

'Thursday,' was slightly whispered.

'Thursday! Ah! now I begin to understand the cause of your being suddenly moon-struck.'

'Ah! Madame, pardon me!'

'I see—it was the only way to avoid a *tête-à-tête*!' said Albinia, amused in spite of herself. 'Well done, Geneviève. What had he been saying to you, my dear?'

Poor Geneviève cast about for a word, and finally faltered out, '*Des sottises, Madame*.'

'That I can well believe, by the style of his letter, poor fellow,' said Albinia. 'Well, my dear—'

'I think,' pursued Geneviève, 'that he was vexed because I would not let him absorb me exclusively at Fairmead; and truly, Madame, I thought, as you were engaged, it was more *convenable* to be with many than with him alone; but he would have it that a rival had engrossed me from him; and when I laughed at him, and told him it was all nonsense, he began to reproach me, and protest—'

'And like a wise woman you waked the sleeping dragon,' said Albinia. 'Was this all?'

'No, Madame; so little had passed, that I hoped it was only the excitement, and that he would forget, but on Saturday he met me in the flagged path, and oh! he said a great deal, though I did my best to convince him that I was too far beneath him, and he could only make himself—be laughed at. I hoped even then that he was silenced, and that I need not mention it, but I found he had been watching me, and I dare not go out alone lest I should meet him. He called this morning, and not seeing me, left this note.'

'Do your grandmother and aunt know of this?'

'Oh, no! I would far rather not tell them. Need I? Oh! Madame, surely you can speak to him, and no one need ever hear of it?' cried Geneviève imploringly. 'You have promised me that no one shall be told!'

'No one shall, my dear. I hope soon to tell you that he is heartily ashamed of having teased you. No one need be ashamed of thinking you very dear and good—you can't help being loveable, my Geneviève, but Master Gibbie is not exactly the gentleman you would like to tell you so, and we'll put an end to it. He will soon be in India out of your way. Good-bye!'

Albinia kissed the confused and blushing maiden at the gate, and walked rapidly away, provoked and yet diverted at the novelty and absurdity of Gilbert in love!

She found him alone in the drawing-room, and was not slow in coming to the point, endeavouring to model her treatment on that of her brother, the General, towards his aide-de-camp in the like predicaments.

'Gilbert, I want to speak to you. I am afraid you have been making yourself troublesome to Miss Durand. You are old enough to know better than to write such a note as this.'

He was all one blush, made an inarticulate exclamation,

and burst out, 'That abominable treacherous old wooden doll of a Mademoiselle.'

'No, Miss Belmarché knows nothing of it. No one ever shall if you will promise to drive this nonsense out of your head.'

'Nonsense! Mrs. Kendal!' with such a gesture of misery, that it was impossible to help laughing.

'Gilbert, you are making yourself very absurd.'

He turned about, and would have marched out of the room, but she pursued him. 'You must listen to me. It is not fit that you should carry on this silly importunity. It is exceedingly distressing to her, and might lead to very unpleasant and hurtful remarks upon her.' Seeing him look sullen, she took breath, and considered. 'She came to me in great trouble, and begged me to restore your letter, and tell you never to repeat the liberty.'

He struck his hand on his brow, crying vehemently, 'Cruel girl! She little knows me—you little know me if you think I am to be silenced thus, I who love her like my own life. I tell you I will never cease! I am not bound by your pride, which has sneered down and crushed the loveliest—'

'Not mine,' said Albinia quietly, disconcerted at his unexpected violence.

'Yes!' he exclaimed. 'I know you could patronize! but a step beyond, and it is all the same with you as with the rest—you despise the jewel without the setting.'

'No,' said Albinia, 'so far from depreciating her, I want to convince you that it is an insult to her to pursue her in this ridiculous underhand way.'

'You do me no justice,' said Gilbert loftily; 'you little understand what you are pleased to make game of;' and with one of his sudden alternations, he dropped into a chair, calling himself the most miserable fellow in the world, unpitied where he would gladly offer his life, and his tenderest feelings derided, and he was so nearly ready

to cry, that Albinia pitied him, and said, 'I'll laugh no more if I can help it, Gibbie, but indeed you are too young for all this misery to be real, whatever you may imagine. I don't mean that you are pretending, but only that all this is your own fancy.'

'Fancy!' said the boy solemnly. 'The happiness of my life is at stake. Geneviève shall be the sharer of all that is mine, the moment my property is in my own hands.'

'And do you think so high-minded and excellent a girl would listen to you, and take advantage of a fancy in a boy so much younger, and of a higher class?'

'It would be ecstasy to raise her, and lay all at her feet!'

'So it might, if it were worthy of her to accept it. Gilbert, if you knew what love is, you would never wish her to lower herself by encouraging you now. She would be called artful—designing—she would deserve it.'

'If she loved me—', he said disconsolately.

'I wish I could bring you to see how unlikely it is that a sensible, superior woman could really attach herself to such a mere lad as you are. An unprincipled person might pretend it for the sake of your property—a silly one might like you because you are tolerably good-looking, and well-mannered ; but neither would be Geneviève.'

'All I wish!' he cried, 'is one glance, one word of pity! But I see how it is—greater attractions. Ever since one of higher pretensions crossed my path—'

'What do you mean?' and not getting an answer, she pursued, 'So you are vexed because poor Geneviève tried to elude your folly by keeping near my cousin! Oh! Gilbert, I promised not to laugh!'

'There is no use in saying any more,' he said, rising in offended dignity.

'No, I cannot let you go till you have given me your word never to obtrude your folly on Miss Durand again.'

‘Have you anything else to ask me?’ cried Gilbert in a melo-dramatic tone.

‘Yes, how you would like your father to know of this? It is her secret, and I shall keep it, unless you are so selfish as to continue the pursuit, and if so, I must have recourse to his authority.’

‘Oh! Mrs. Kendal,’ he said, actually weeping, ‘you have always pitied me hitherto.’

‘A man should not ask for pity,’ said Albinia; ‘but I am sorry for you, for she is an admirable person, and I see you are very unhappy; but I will do all I can to help you, and you will get over it, if you are reasonable. Now understand me, I will and must protect Geneviève, and I shall appeal to your father unless you promise me to desist from this persecution.’

The debate might have been endless, if Mr. Kendal had not been heard coming in. ‘You promise?’ she said. ‘Yes,’ was the faint reply, in the nervous terror of immediate reference to his father; and they hurried different ways, trying to look unconcerned.

‘Never mind,’ said Albinia to herself. ‘Was not Fred quite as bad about me, and look at him now! Yes, Gilbert must go to India now, it will cure him; or if it should not, then his affection would be respectable, and worth consideration. If he were but older, and this were the genuine article, I would fight for him, but—’ And she sat down to write a loving note to Geneviève to tell her of the promise, and beg her not to fancy it displeasure if she were less frequently asked to Willow Lawn. Her sanguine disposition made her trust that all would blow over, but her experience of the cheerful buoyant Ferrars’ temperament was no guide to the morbid Kendal disposition; Gilbert lay on the grass limp and doleful till the fall of the dew, when he betook himself to a sofa; and in the morning, he turned up his eyes reproachfully at her instead of eating his breakfast.

About eleven o'clock the Fairmead pony-carriage stopped at the door, containing Mr. Ferrars, the Captain, Aunt Gertrude, and little Willie. Albinia, her husband, and Lucy, were soon in the drawing-room welcoming them; and Lucy fetched her little brother, who had been vociferous for three days about Cousin Fred, the real soldier, but now struck with awe at the mighty personage, stood by his mamma, profoundly silent, and staring with wide-stretched eyes. He was ungracious to his aunt, and still more so to Willie, the latter of whom was despatched under Lucy's charge to find Gilbert, but they came back unsuccessful. Nor did Sophy make her appearance; she was reported to be reading to grandmamma—Mrs. Meadows preferred to Miss Ferrars! there was more in this than Albinia could make out, and she sat uneasily till she could exchange a few words in private with Lucy. 'My dear, what is become of the other two?'

'I am sure I don't know what is the matter with them,' said Lucy. 'Gilbert is gone out—nobody knows where—and when I told Sophy who was here, she said she should be very glad to see Miss Ferrars, but that she knew Captain Ferrars was an empty-headed coxcomb, and she did not want to see him!'

'Oh! the geese!' murmured Albinia to herself, slightly hurt, till the comical suspicion crossed her mind that Gilbert was jealous, and that Sophy was afraid of falling a victim to the redoubtable lady killer, but she rejected the latter notion as unjustly absurd.

Luncheon-time produced Sophy, very grave and silent, but no Gilbert, and Mr. Kendal, receiving no satisfactory account of his absence, said, 'Very strange,' and looked annoyed.

Captain Ferrars seemed to have expected to see his bright little partner of Thursday, for he inquired for her, and Willie then imparted the information that Fred had taken her for Sophy all the time! Fred laughed, and

owned it, but asked if she were not really the governess? 'A governess,' said Albinia, 'but not ours;' and an explanation followed, during which Sophy blushed violently, and held up her head as if she had an iron bar in her neck.

'A pity,' said the Lancer, when he had heard her real position, and under his moustache he murmured aside to Albinia, 'She is rather in Emily's style.'

'O Fred,' thought Albinia, 'after all, it may be lucky for Emily that you aren't going to stay here!'

When Albinia was alone with her brother for a few minutes, she could not help saying, 'Maurice, you were right to scold me; I reproached you with thinking life made up of predicaments—I think mine is made of blunders!'

'Ah! I saw you were harassed to-day,' said her brother kindly.

'Whenever one is happy, one does something wrong!'

'It is not Lucy, I see.'

'No, she is exemplary. But—'

'I guess—'

'You are generous not to say you warned me months ago. Mind, it is no fault of her's, she is behaving beautifully; but oh! the absurdity, and the worst of it is, I have promised not to tell Edmund.'

'Then don't tell me. You have a judgment quite good enough for use.'

'No, I have not. I have only sense, and that only serves me for what other people ought to do.'

'Then ask Albinia what Mrs. Kendal ought to do.'

She laughed, but the concealment from her husband gave her a sense of insincerity which weighed on her conscience, and rendered her manner restless, constrained, and flighty, so that it was another 'long day;' and when Mr. Ferrars took his party home, he had hard work in fighting the battles of Willow Lawn with his aunt and cousin.

Gilbert came in soon after their departure, with an odd, dishevelled, abstracted look, and muttering something inaudible about losing his way, and not knowing the time, in reply to Mr. Kendal's stern question why he had absented himself when he knew Mrs. Kendal's relations were in the house. His depression absolutely courted notice, but as a slight cough would at any time reduce him to despair, he obtained no particular observation, except from Sophy, who made much of him, flushed at Geneviève's name, and looked so reproachfully at Albinia, that it was evident that she was his confidante. Several times did Albinia try to lead her to enter on the subject, but she set up her screen of silence, and would not be forced into what she no doubt considered to be a betrayal. It was disappointing, for Albinia had believed better things of her sense, and hardly made allowance for the different aspect of the love-sorrows of eighteen, viewed from fifteen or twenty-six—vexatious, too, to be treated with dry reserve, and probably viewed as a rock in the course of true love; and provoking to see perpetual *tête-à-têtes* that could hardly fail to fill Sophy's romantic head with folly. Yet a word of warning would produce nothing but ill-humour, and after all it was nothing but guess work. It was droll enough to see poor Sophy's awkward *empressement* whenever she met Geneviève, her blushes, her uncongenial effort at showing great affection, and her incapacity of saying a word, for the great secret beneath seemed to take away all power of entering on the common affairs of life, and her manner might have often been taken for direful offence and scorn.

Suddenly a change came over her, a great deal of moodiness towards everyone, and chiefly towards her brother; and on his side a blunt, resentful manner, alternating with piteous demonstrations, as if to excite the compassion which she would not give; though what the quarrel could have been was impenetrable.

At the end of another week, Albinia received the following note:—

‘Dear and most kind Madame,

‘I would not trouble you again, but this is the third within four days. I returned the two former ones to himself, but he continues to write. May I ask your permission to speak to my relatives, for I feel that I ought to hide this no longer from them, and that we must take some measures for ending it. He does me the honour to wait near the house, and I never dare go out, since—for I will confess all to you, Madame—he met me by the river on Monday, and said much to me. I am beginning to fear that his assiduities have been observed, and I should be much obliged if you would tell me how to act. Your kind perseverance in your goodness towards me is my greatest comfort, and I hope that you will still continue it, for indeed it is most unwillingly that I am a cause of perplexity and vexation to you. Entreating your pardon,

‘Your most faithful and obliged servant,

‘GENEVIEVE CELESTE DURAND.’

What was to be done? That broken pledge seemed to overpower Albinia with a personal sense of shame, and though it set her free to tell all to her husband, she shrank from provoking his stern displeasure towards his son, and feared he might involve Geneviève in his anger. She dashed off a note to her poor little friend, telling her to do as she thought fit as to her aunt and grandmother, and then sought another interview with the reluctant Gilbert, to whom she returned the letter, saying, ‘O Gilbert, at least I thought you would keep your word.’

‘I think,’ he said, angrily, and trying for dignity, though bewrayed by his restless eyes and hands. ‘I think it is too much to accuse me of—of—when I never said— What word did I ever give?’

‘You promised never to persecute her again.’

‘There may be two opinions as to what persecution means,’ said Gilbert, with a sudden look of cunning that almost sickened her.

‘I little thought of subterfuges. I trusted you,’ she said, in grief and shame.

'Mrs. Kendal! hear me,' he passionately cried. 'You knew not the misery you imposed. To live so near, and not a word, not a look! I bore it as long as I could; but when Sophy would not so much as take one message, human nature could not endure.'

The dispute was explained, and to Sophy's honour—one ray of comfort at least—and Albinia answered, 'Well, if you cannot restrain yourself like a rational creature, some means must be taken to free Miss Durand from this injurious and disagreeable pursuit.'

'How do you know it is disagreeable to her?'

'I have her own word for it.'

'Aye,' he cried, 'you have filled her with your own prejudices, and inspired her with such a dread of the hateful fences of society, that she does not dare to confess—'

'For shame, Gilbert, you are accusing her of acting a part.'

'No!' he exclaimed, 'all I say is, that she has been so thrust down and forced back, that she cannot venture to avow her feelings even to herself!'

'Oh!' said Albinia, 'you conceited person!'

'Well!' cried the boy, so much nettled by her sarcasm that he did not know what he said, 'I think—considering—considering our situations, I might be worth her consideration!'

'Who put that in your head?' asked Albinia. 'You are too much a gentleman for it to have come there of its own accord.'

He blushed excessively, and retracted. 'No, no! I did not mean that! No, I only mean I have no fair play—she will not even think. Oh! if I had but been born in the same station of life!'

Gilbert making entrechats with a little fiddle! It had nearly overthrown her gravity, and she made no direct answer, only saying, 'Well, Gilbert, these talks are use-

less. I only thought it right to give you notice that you have released me from my engagement not to make your father aware of your folly.'

He went into an agony of entreaties, and proffers of promises, but no more treaties of secrecy could he obtain; she would only say that she should not speak immediately, she should wait and see how things turned out. By which she meant, how soon it might be hoped that he would be safe in the Calcutta bank, where she now most heartily wished him.

She sought a conference with Geneviève, and took her out walking in the meadows, for the poor child really needed change and exercise; the fear of Gilbert had made her imprison herself within the little garden, till she looked quite sallow and worn. She was soon led to the subject, and she blushing told Mrs. Kendal that her grandmother and aunt had decided that she should go in a couple of days to the Convent at Hadminster, to remain there till Mr. Gilbert went to India—the Prioress was a dear old friend of her aunt, and had promised to receive her most kindly, and Geneviève had often been there, and knew all the nuns very well.

Albinia was considerably startled by this project. 'My dear, I had much rather send you to stay at my brother's, or—anywhere. Are you sure you are not running into temptation? May you not be exposing yourself to attempts?'

'Not of that kind,' said Geneviève calmly. 'The priest, Mr. O'Hara, is a good-natured, fat old gentleman, not in the least disposed to trouble himself about my conversion.'

'And the sisters?'

'Good old ladies, they have always been very kind to me, and have petted me exceedingly when I was a little child; but for the rest—' still seeing Albinia's anxious look—'Oh! they would not think of it; I don't believe they

could argue ; they are not like the new-fashioned Roman Catholics of whom you are thinking, Madame.'

'And are there no enthusiastic young novices ?'

'I should think no one would ever be a novice *there*,' said Geneviève quietly, in a tone that made Albinia exclaim,

'You seem to be bent on destroying all the romance of convents, Geneviève !'

'I never thought of anything romantic connected with the reverend mothers,' rejoined Geneviève ; 'and yet when I recollect how they came to Hadminster, I think you will be interested, Madame. You know the family at Hadminster Hall in the last century were Roman Catholics, and a daughter had professed at a convent in France. At the time of the Revolution, her brother, the esquire, wrote to offer her an asylum at his house. The day of her arrival was fixed—behold ! a stage-coach draws up to the door—black veils inside—black veils clustered on the roof—a black veil even beside the coachman on the box—eighteen nuns alight, and the poor old infirm abbess is lifted out—all sure of a welcome. They had not even figured to themselves that the invitation could be to one without the whole sisterhood !'

'And what,' said Albinia, laughing, 'did the esquire do with the good ladies ?'

'He took them as a gift from Providence,' said Geneviève ; 'he raised a subscription among his friends, and they were lodged in the house at Hadminster, where something like a sisterhood had striven to exist ever since the days of James II.'

'Are any of these sisters living still ?'

'Only poor old Mother Therèse, who was a little pensionnaire when they came, and now is blind, and never quits her bed. There are only seven sisters at present, and none of them are less than five-and-forty.'

'And what shall you do there, Geneviève ?'

'If they have any pupils from the town, perhaps I may

help to teach them French. And I shall have plenty of time for my music. Oh! Madame, would you lend me a little of your music to copy?

‘With all my heart. Any books?’

‘Oh! that would be the greatest kindness of all! And if it were not presuming too much, if Madame would let me take the pattern of that beautiful point lace that she sometimes wears in the evening, then I should make myself welcome!’

‘And put out your eyes, my dear! But you may turn out my whole lace-drawer if you think anything there will be a pleasure to the old ladies.’

‘Ah! you do not guess the pleasure, Madame. Needlework and embroidery is their excitement and delight. They will ask me closely about all I have seen and done for months past, and the history of the day at Fairmead will be a fête in itself.’

‘Then, Geneviève, tell me, does it strike you that their seclusion leads to gossip, or helps them to live a more spiritual and self-denying life?’

‘They are very good, very good,’ repeated Geneviève, thoughtfully; ‘they do all that is enjoined them; they are most kind; I never heard a hasty or unkind word from anyone of them. But I cannot tell how it may be with stricter orders, who have more new life, and do more active works of charity. To me it is as if these ladies were like old children, they seem—I would not judge them, for they live far holier lives than I—to go through their devotions by rote, and then to be occupied about the merest trifles.’

‘I think you are to be trusted there,’ said Albinia. ‘You don’t seem to have any illusions or prejudices to make it dangerous to you.’

‘I will confess to you, Madame, that when I was thirteen or fourteen, before Mr. Dusautoy came—when I could hardly hear our service, and did not understand it—

when I had no one to teach me, and no books, I used to read my aunt's books of devotion, and I never could find things contrary to the Bible in them; and I used to fancy no one I ever saw in this place cared for religion as my dear relations and their friends did, or were so self-denying and charitable. Then I used to grieve and wonder what to do, for my dear father, when he gave me my precious French Bible, had held me by the hand, and taken my solemn promise that they never should make a Papist of me, as he said. And he had made Grandmamma promise him too, so she always said that unless I were grown up, or unless I should be at the point of death, she would never allow me to join her Church.'

'That is far more than many Roman Catholics would have done!' said Albinia.

'Yes; but Grandmamma respects her honour—she loved my father!' said Geneviève earnestly. 'And when Mr. Dusautoy was so good as to teach me, and lend me books, then I saw all in a new light; I learnt how we have the Church and the Bible too; and I learnt to know him, and Mrs. Dusautoy, and I could no longer fancy our religion cold and unfruitful. And then you came, Madame, and—' she broke off, but continued, 'Ah! the schism is very mournful, but it is better not to be in outward union here with my dearest, than to embrace the errors they have learnt to believe, and to give up what our Church has so precious! Oh! Madame, what joy to know that there will be no difference of Rome and England in the kingdom that is to come!'

'Yes, Geneviève! Dear child, I am so glad you have said all this,' said Albinia, much moved. 'If you were a girl running wilfully into this convent out of curiosity, or discontent with our own Church, I would strenuously oppose it; but I see it is your most natural and independent refuge from my silly boy, and I suppose it is the best thing you can do.'

‘I think it is,’ said Geneviève thoughtfully. ‘I am glad you are of that opinion, for I don’t like to ask Mr. Dusautoy.’

‘No, better not just now,’ said Albinia. ‘The only evil I can see is, that I am afraid Madame and Made-moiselle will miss you sadly, and that you will be very dull!’

Geneviève laughed, and said, ‘I shall have time to instruct myself a little. Oh! how often I wish I knew more, I could be of so much more use to our pupils here.’

‘Well! my dear, it is very right of you; and I do feel very thankful to you for treating the matter thus. Pray tell your grandmamma and aunt to pardon the *sad* revolution we have made in their comfort, and that I hope it will soon be over!’

Geneviève took no leave. Albinia sent her a goodly parcel of books and work-patterns, and she returned a little affectionate note; but did not attempt to see Lucy and Sophy.

Lucy was indignant at this desertion of the Sunday school, and thought it very foolish and troublesome to all parties; and Sophy tried not to look significant. Probably such a chapter in the romance, as being immured in a nunnery by a cruel aunt, was rather satisfactory to her feelings, for she became more gracious to everyone, and returned to her pity and attention to Gilbert, who was very cross and resentful towards all the world.

But Albinia could forgive Sophy much reserve and disdain, since she had discovered that in her own silent way she was worthy of such perfect trust.

(To be continued.)

RALPH WOLFFORD : A ROMANCE IN LOW LIFE.

(BY THE AUTHOR OF 'LONG, LONG AGO, AND 'MY THREE AUNTS.')

CHAPTER V.

EMILY'S adventure settled the question as to whether or no she would teach steadily at the school: from that day forward for some weeks she was a pattern of constancy. No one, perhaps, ever began and carried on a good work with a smaller amount of right feeling or principle; but she was quick and intelligent, and speedily acquired the power of teaching more than fairly well. The genuineness of her interest in the occupation not being affected by her motives, enabled her just as well to succeed as if they had been the best and purest.

She liked the consequence and the power of patronizing the school-girls whenever she met them. She liked the frequent meetings with Mr. Gardiner and Mr. Price, and the privilege which was awarded her of walking, whenever she chose, in the wood walks and shrubberies of the Rectory; and, most of all, she liked the constant though brief interviews with Ralph. From the first she had perceived that he was struck with her beauty; and now that his admiration was quickened by the interest which his own care of her had given her in his eyes, she found it a very amusing pastime, when unobserved, to strengthen, by many a coquettish blush and smile, by many a little winning art, the fancy he had taken to her. She did it until she was afraid to do it any longer, lest he should clothe his feelings in words; and to cool the flame she had lighted, began to drop off in her attendance, and invent excuses for staying away.

'I cannot be bound,' she said to him, 'to come regularly twice a-week: it is a long way to walk, or I may be busy, and have other things to do.'

‘No doubt,’ he replied. ‘But you have been able to be so regular hitherto, that I must hope you will be not less so for the future.’

‘My mother does not like my being away so much,’ she said, inventing an excuse for herself. ‘And—’

‘And you are tired of teaching,’ he said, interrupting her.

‘Oh! not at all,’ she exclaimed, looking up at him for an instant. ‘I will come when I can; but you had better never expect or wait for me. If I come I can take the lesson, and if not, they, or at least you, can do very well without me.’

There was a moment’s pause, and then Ralph said abruptly, and as if he had been weighing the matter in his mind,

‘I wonder why you are so suddenly bent on irregularity for the future. Is it a mere caprice, and only because you are tired of the occupation?’

She coloured, and replied with hasty warmth,

‘It is not caprice at all, nor am I tired of teaching; but,’ and her eye sinking beneath his, one word was alone audible of the conclusion of her sentence, and that one word was, ‘prudence.’

It was enough to reveal the truth to him; and his cheek caught for an instant some of the glow from hers, as he replied proudly, speaking straight to the thought in her heart,

‘I would by no means over-persuade you; but your caution is very needless, for I am not a madman.’

‘You—you misunderstand me!’ she exclaimed, instinctively denying the truth.

‘No, I do not,’ he answered; and Emily was glad to hurry away, and let the matter drop.

But she slackened her pace in the Rectory wood walk to praise herself for her resolution and prudence, and to dream of Ralph. Firstly, of the regret he must feel in the

diminution of her visits ; and, secondly, of how those visits were to be resumed : and sitting down, she built a pleasant castle in the air, of how his great capacity was to raise him to the position of School Inspector, with an income of so many hundreds a year ; and then how he was to come to her father, and say he had loved her from the hour in which he had first seen her ; and how, like the close of a fairy tale, they were to be married and live happily ever after. And the conclusion made Emily smile and shake her head, and call herself a silly child for thinking of such things, for in truth there was small chance of Ralph's ever attaining such advancement. And then she wove another dream of love, over-leaping every principle, sweeping past every obstacle, and atoning for the wreck of duty it had caused by the privation it cheerfully endured, and the humble lot it deigned to share, fitting, as she said to herself, a romantic ending to a romantic beginning, and never pausing to reflect on the right or the wrong ; but just letting her fancy and her feelings flow on in luxurious ease, the one exciting the other, until she quite longed to be tempted, and became enamoured with the images of her own mind. Indeed, she almost repented the resolution of the afternoon, and would have quite, but from an inherent coquetry, which tempted her to stay away from the school to see whether Ralph would seek her. It was a pity that he had not the wisdom to abstain ; but, at least, he did not play with his feelings, or argue about them, or in any manner anticipate their end. On the contrary, he fancied he desired no other gratification than that of occasionally seeing her. He was interested in her, and it grieved him that she should draw back from what he rightly considered was a good work. If anyone had warned him that it was folly on his part to think of Emily as a wife, he would have said that he had not the slightest idea of marrying her : he knew he could not. And such being the case, if he chose to admire and love, it was at his own cost. He

was jealous of Emily's good fame, and could hardly let Mr. Gardiner's comment on her absence, 'What! tired of her good work already!' pass unnoticed. The fault was, he told himself, wholly his, and at all events he felt it incumbent on him to try and set matters straight again; he must, by assuring her that she had nothing to fear, make an effort to induce her to resume her teaching.

To the school, however, Emily did not come, and his only chance of speaking to her was, therefore, meeting her accidentally in Whitford, or on the road; but for a day or two he sought her in vain. The opportunity, nevertheless, occurred at last; for one Saturday, as he was returning from the town, he saw her in front of him, and fortunately walking alone. He quickened his pace to overtake her, and she, catching the sound of his yet distant footsteps, looked round, and when she saw who it was, turned away out of the public road into a bye-path, as if to avoid him. Ralph, however, was not to be deterred by the manœuvre; he hastily followed her, and the turf upon which he was walking muffling his tread, she did not perceive him until he was close beside her. Then colouring with the surprise, and angry and frightened, though she knew not wherefore, she stopped short, and abruptly exclaimed,

'Why do you follow me? I will not hear anything you have to say! This is not your road to the school!'

'Neither is it your way home,' he replied, with spirit; 'and why should you be so terrified? What do you imagine that I have to say to you, that you should refuse in such a panic to hear me?'

Emily coloured still deeper as he spoke, from the consciousness that her own thoughts, which had been intently occupied with him, had made her betray an unwarrantable degree of alarm; and in her confusion, she seized on the first idea she could find, which in this case happened to be the truth, and answered, hastily,

'I know very well what you are going to say: you

mean to bother me because I have not been at the school lately; but I told you,' and she stopt, and still more abruptly added, 'I wish with all my heart I had never gone!'

Ralph looked earnestly at her as she spoke, but he only said,

'Do you?' but the tone in which it was spoken was compounded of so many feelings, the expression of his eyes was so penetrating, that Emily petulantly exclaimed, 'Don't! I won't be looked at! Don't speak to me in that way: I will never come near the school again if you do!'

'Oh!' he replied, in his usual calm grave voice, the very composure of which gave him influence with her. 'Then it is out of anger with me that you stay away, and that is what I want to talk to you about. You remember the old saying of the cat and the king? Why quarrel with me for an admiration I cannot help? Am I to put my eyes out?'

And again he bent them on her face, but she turned away with a shrug, and a little pettish stamp like a spoilt child, and exclaimed again,

'Don't! I will not have you say such things! You are not my—' 'equal,' she would have said, but that she met Ralph's proud, though impassioned glance, and dare not utter the word.

But he finished the sentence for her.

'I am not your equal, you would say,' he replied, without any appearance of anger. 'You do not think that, if education goes for anything, I am not only your equal, but the equal of any of those with whom you associate. Though your lip denies, your heart admits it: you dare not look up and tell me that it does not. But,' he added more scornfully, 'you need not be afraid; I know the pound-shilling-and-pence standard by which the world rates everybody, and how much higher you are up in the scale than I am. I shall never presume on the service I

was so fortunate as to render you. I only ask you for your own sake to come to the school just as usual—just as if I were the poor, dull, blind fool you would have me. If you can stand the offence of my eyes, my tongue shall not, I promise you, transgress.’

He spoke with warmth and spirit, and could not have chosen any better method of increasing his hold over Emily, than by such a display of pride and assurance.

She had just sufficient magnanimity to enable her to appreciate the bold independence of his tone, and there was feeling and admiration enough in his glance to make her forgive its bluntness.

‘I do not deny,’ she answered more gently and respectfully, ‘that I was going to speak as the world would speak, and say that you were not my equal; but if I had, I should only have meant just by that pound-shilling-and-pence standard you scorn so much. However, let us say no more about the matter: I am satisfied with your promise, and will come to the school as usual; and now,’ and she looked up and smiled, ‘I hope you are contented.’

But as their eyes met she changed colour, and quickly looking down again, added, in a low nervous voice, ‘Yes, I will come—but—but it is not wise in you to wish it.’

‘Why not?’ he replied. ‘I think of nothing but the pleasure of seeing you sometimes. I could not ask you, or expect you, to share my lot; you could not live hard as I do; you would be wretched. Do you think I would be the means of making you miserable, or that I would tempt you to such disobedience, as it would surely be? Not for the world. And I say this to convince you that my feelings are not likely to get the better of my reason; they can scarcely be warmer than they have been, and yet they do not blind me. You need not fear to resume your teaching, for you are safe, whatever I may suffer. If I transgress—if in the fervour of my heart I forget the distance between us, and dream that love such as mine could

make any woman happy even in poverty—it will be time enough then for you to keep away. But I think I never shall ; I am not such a fool as not to be able to govern myself.’

And as he spoke, there shot through him one of those subtle lightning-flashes of conscience, which revealed to him that in himself, and by himself, he was precisely the very thing he said he was not. The words, ‘by God’s help,’ were suggested to him, but he did not speak them. ‘I can do it alone,’ was what he felt. ‘It is not likely I should fall before such temptation as this, when I have walked so uprightly all the days of my life.’

‘You have great confidence in yourself,’ Emily replied, struck with his tone. ‘But remember, if it ends in your being miserable, it is your own fault.’

‘I do not care if it does,’ he answered. ‘I like to feel, to feel with all my soul : it makes me sure that I am alive. I do not care for suffering ; I never did.’

But Ralph should have said, ‘I do not care for suffering that comes to me by the gratification of my own will. I would rather have my own way and suffer for it, than endure the mortification of not having it.’ He knew that was the truth, but he did not retract what he had said ; he only added, ‘And, at least, I shall suffer alone—you will escape—you will not be wretched, whatever I may be.’

‘So you said before,’ she answered ; ‘but I cannot see why, unless it is because you believe I have no heart.’

‘More than most women, I dare aver,’ he replied, earnestly ; ‘but not such as mine. No woman can feel as man does ; she could not bear it ; she has not the bodily strength to support the wear and tear of our hearts.’

‘You know nothing about us, if you say that !’ she exclaimed ; ‘we love as much and sacrifice as much for those we love. I could tell you so many stories in which

all the affection, constancy, and endurance, have been on the side of the heroine.'

'I never read novels,' he said. 'All I know of life, I learn from life ; all I know of human nature, I learn from the study of my own heart and the Word of God. They teach me that the greater strength, which runs through man's body and mind, must run also through his heart. I could not expect any woman to make sacrifices for me ; I could not accept them from her hands without humbling myself.' And he stood so erect, he spoke so proudly, that it was difficult to doubt him ; and yet, when one passion wars against another passion, who can feel sure of themselves ? Ralph was a proud, self-willed man ; but if love should ever grow stronger than his pride, then to all that he was now protesting he could not stoop, he would have to submit, and the end might prove a bitter commentary on the folly of self-confidence.

Emily, as she glanced up at him, and noticed his high and mighty bearing, felt more than ever bent on subduing him, more interested in him.

'Oh ! well,' she replied, with a sudden smile, 'I perceive it is all safe, and on Wednesday morning you shall see me again ; you have a contempt for woman, which must save you from ever being made miserable by any of us. I am quite satisfied.'

She made a movement to take leave, and Ralph extended his hand, and as he held hers, said, 'Surely I have said nothing which can justify you in accusing me of any such feelings ?'

'Have not you !' she exclaimed, with a freedom of accent which was very charming ; 'but I think differently, and very mean it is in you. It shows,' and her face softened, and her voice sank, 'that you do not deserve that any woman should ever teach you better.'

They stood for a moment together in an awkward silence. Ralph was not ready with an answer ; he was

afraid even to look at her, lest he should break the silence to which he had bound himself, and ask 'if she was really willing to teach him better.' She saw his lips for an instant part as if he were about to speak, and then close and press themselves together, as if to keep back his words.

'I must go,' he said, abruptly. 'It is easy for you to say such things, you who do not care, and whose heart is free. You do not consider how they sound in my ears, how they tempt me.'

And he left her, though he might have loitered longer beside her, and though she was at that moment wishing he would. She was excited and elated by what had passed, and fluttered away home more than ever a heroine in her own eyes.

It may seem strange that Ralph should have attracted her so strongly, even with all the advantage which the concert had given him. But he was as well, not to say better, educated than any man with whom she associated; and he had by his talent won a certain amount of consideration even in her own set. She could not but perceive the high estimation in which Mr. Gardiner and Mr. Price held him; and Emily knew enough of the gossip of Whitford to know that Ralph was a far better and steadier man than either of her own brothers, or than any of their friends. His name was never coupled with anything that was immoral or disorderly. His manners, too, were grave and earnest, and lost nothing in comparison with those of the young clerks and shopmen of her acquaintance—nay, they were so free from flippant compliments, from every kind of folly and pretension, from doubtful jokes and undue familiarities, that she was never with him that she was not conscious of his superiority. There was a sterling truth in his lightest word, which gave it force; and Emily was well aware that what he said to her, he said to no other mortal woman: there was no splitting his heart

into fragments, and dividing it amongst a score of claimants. Such as it was, it was hers. His appearance, moreover, was in his favour ; it was manly and dignified, and his strong sensible face and broad shoulders gave him that kind of good looks which would show well under any circumstances. One felt in seeing him, that whatever his fortunes might be, he would always rise to the level of them. Indeed, morally and intellectually, his character stood so high, that the fancy he had taken to Emily, and Emily to him, would have been to her credit, but for the disapproval of her father and mother. After all, however, it was the indulgence of it, and not the fancy, which was wrong. She unfortunately courted the danger and the temptation from which a principle of duty would have saved her. She delighted to dwell on any little occurrence which connected her with Ralph ; and the more she did so, the more his influence increased. Their last conversation was especially charming, and the more she dwelt on it, the more she felt drawn towards him, the more she felt disposed to amuse herself by pursuing an acquaintance which had in it something of the charm of a romance. His words, the tones of his voice, his rare smile, which yet was more a brightening of the whole face than a smile, and the glance of his dark eyes, so proud and sombre, and yet so soft and eloquent, recurred to her again and again, and even haunted her dreams. Henceforth he stood for the hero of every novel she read, and his voice addressed her in every impassioned scene. From each interview with him she brought back fresh subjects of meditations, or fresh food for her vanity. Two days in the week were not enough for her to go to the school, and to the astonishment of her mother she apparently took such pleasure in teaching, that she would gladly have gone daily had she been able ; nor did she ever look *so* blooming, nor seem so pleased with herself and all around her, as when she returned from her task. It became the

one interest of her life, the apparent benevolence and utility hiding from her view much of the selfish vanity which influenced her and blinding her as to the extent of the feelings for Ralph, which made her so happy when near him. No wonder Mr. Gardiner had never again to complain of her absence from her class !

(To be continued.)

ONE OF AUNT JUDY'S TALES.

BY MRS. A. GATTY.

'OUT OF THE WAY.'

'WHAT a horrid nuisance you are, No. 8, brushing everything down as you go by ! Why can't you keep out of the way ?'

'Oh, you musn't come here, No. 8. Aunt Judy, look ! he's sitting on my doll's best cloak. Do tell him to go away.'

'I can't have you bothering me, No. 8 ; don't you see how busy I am, packing ? Get away somewhere else.'

'You should squeeze yourself into less than nothing, and be nowhere, No. 8.'

The suggestion, (uttered with a jocose grin,) came from a small boy who had ensconced himself in the corner of a window, where he was sitting on his heels, painting the Union Jack of a ship in the *Illustrated London News*. He had certainly acted on the advice he gave, as nearly as was possible. Surely no little boy of his age ever got into so small a compass before, or in a position more effectually out of everybody's possible way. The window corner led nowhere, and there was nothing in it for anybody to want.

'No. 8, I never saw anything so tiresome as you are. Why will you poke your nose in where you're not wanted ? You're always in the way.'

' " He poked his flat nose into every place,"'

sung sotto voce by the small boy in the window corner.

No. 8 did not stop to dispute about it, though in point of fact, his nose was *not* flat, so at least in that respect he did not resemble the duck in the song.

He had not, however, been successful in gaining the attention of his friends down-stairs, so he dawdled off to make an experiment in another quarter.

‘Why, you’re not coming into the nursery now, Master No. 8, surely ! I can’t do with you fidgetting about among all the clothes and packing. There isn’t a minute to spare. You might keep out of the way till I’ve finished.’

‘Now, Master No. 8, you must be off. There’s no time or room for you in the kitchen this morning. There’s ever so many things to get ready yet. Run away as fast as you can.’

‘What *are* you doing in the passages, No. 8 ? Don’t you see that you are in everybody’s way ? You had really better go to bed again.’

But the speaker hurried forward, and No. 8 betook himself to the staircase, and sat down exactly in the middle of the middle flight. And there he amused himself by peeping through the banisters into the hall, where people were passing backwards and forwards in a great fuss ; or listening to the talking and noise that were going on in the rooms above.

But he was not ‘out of the way’ there, as he soon learnt. Heavy steps were presently heard along the landing, and heavy steps began to descend the stairs. Two men were carrying down a heavy trunk.

‘You’ll have to move, young gentleman, if you please,’ observed one ; ‘you’re right in the way just there !’

No. 8 descended with all possible speed, and arrived on the mat at the bottom.

‘There, now, I told you, you were always in the way,’ was the greeting he received. ‘How stupid it is ! Try under the table, for pity’s sake.’

Under the table! it was not a bad idea; moreover, it was a new one—quite a fresh plan. No. 8 grinned and obeyed. The hall table was no bad asylum, after all, for a little boy who was always in the way everywhere else; besides, he could see everything that was going on. No. 8 crept under, and squatted himself on the cocoa-nut matting. He looked up, and looked round, and felt rather as if he was in a tent, only with a very substantial covering over his head.

Presently the dog passed by, and was soon coaxed to lie down in the table retreat by the little boy's side, and the two amused themselves very nicely together. The fact was, the family were going from home, and the least the little ones could do during the troublesome preparation, was not to be troublesome themselves, but this is sometimes rather a difficult thing for little ones to accomplish. Nevertheless, No. 8 had accomplished it at last.

'Capital, No. 8! you and the dog are quite a picture. If I had time, I would make a sketch of you.'

That was the remark of the first person who went by afterwards, and No. 8 grinned as he heard it.

'Well done, No. 8! that's the best contrivance I ever saw!'

Remark the second, followed by a second grin.

'Why, you don't mean to say that you're under the table, Master No. 8? Well, you *are* a good boy! I'm sure I'll tell your Mamma.'

Another grin.

'You dear old fellow, to put yourself so nicely out of the way! You're worth I don't know what.'

Grin again.

'Master No. 8 under the table, to be sure! Well, and a very nice place it is, and quite suitable. Ever so much better than the hot kitchen, where there's baking and all sorts of things going on. Here, lovey! here's a little

cake that was spared that I was taking to the parlour ; but, as you're there, you shall have it.'

No. 8 grinned with all his heart this time.

'I wish I'd thought of that ! Why, I could have painted my ship there without being squeezed !'

It needs scarcely to be told that this was the observation of the small boy who had watched an opportunity for emerging from the window corner without fuss, and was now carrying his little paint-box up-stairs to be packed away in the children's bag. As he spoke, he stooped down to look at No. 8 and the dog, and smiled his approbation, and No. 8 smiled in return.

'No. 8, how snug you do look !'

Once more an answering grin.

'No. 8, you're the best boy in the world ; and, if you stay there till Nurse is ready for you, you shall have a penny all to yourself.'

No. 8's grin was accompanied by a significant nod this time, to show that he accepted the bargain.

'My darling No. 8, you may come out now. There ! give me a kiss, and get dressed as fast as you can. The fly will be here directly. You're a very good boy indeed.

'No. 8, you're the pattern boy of the family, and I shall come with you in the fly, and tell you a story as we go along for a reward.'

No. 8 liked both the praise, and the cake, and the penny, and the kiss, and the promise of the rewarding story for going under the table ; but the why and wherefore of all these charming facts, was a complete mystery to him. What did that matter, however ? He ran up-stairs, and got dressed, and was ready before anyone else ; and, by a miracle of good fortune, was on the steps, and not in the middle of the carriage-drive, when the fly arrived, which was to take one batch of the large family party to the railway station.

No one was as fond of the fly conveyance as of the

open carriage ; for, in the first place, it was usually very full and stuffy ; and, in the second, very little of the country could be seen from the windows.

But, on the present occasion, Aunt Judy having offered her services to accompany the fly detachment, there was a wonderful alteration of sentiment, as to who should be included. Aunt Judy, however, had her own ideas. The three little ones belonged to the fly, as it were by ancient usage and custom, and more than five it would not hold.

Five it would hold, however, and five accordingly got in, No. 4 having pleaded her own cause to be 'thrown in : ' and at last, with nurses and luggage and No. 5 outside, away they drove, leaving the open carriage and the rest to follow.

Nothing is perfect in this world. Those who had the airy drive missed the story, and regretted it ; but it was fair that the pleasure should be divided.

And, after all, although the fly might be a little stuffy and closely packed, and although it cost some trouble to settle down without getting crushed, and make footstools of carpet bags, and let down all the windows, the commotion was soon over ; and it was a wonderful lull of peace and quietness, after the confusion and worry of packing and running about, to sit even in a rattling fly. And so for five minutes and more, all the travellers felt it to be, and a soothing silence ensued ; some leaning back, others looking silently out at the retreating landscape, or studying with earnestness the wonderful red plush lining of the vehicle itself.

But presently, after the rest had lasted sufficiently long to recruit all the spirits, No. 7 remarked, not speaking to anybody in particular, ' I thought Aunt Judy was going to tell us a story. '

No. 7 was a great smiler in a quiet way, and he smiled now, as he addressed his remark to the general contents of the fly.

Aunt Judy laughed, and inquired for whom the observation was meant, adding her readiness to begin, if they would agree to sit quiet and comfortable, without shuffling about, or disputing about space and heat ; and, this point being agreed to, she began her story as follows :—

‘ There were once upon a time a man and his wife who had an only son. They were Germans, I believe, for all the funny things that happen, happen in Germany, as you know by Grimm’s fairy tales.

‘ Well ! this man, Franz, had been a watchmaker and mender in an old-fashioned country town, and he had made such a comfortable fortune by the business, that he was able to retire before he grew very old ; and so he bought a pretty little villa in the outskirts of the town, had a garden full of flowers with a fountain in the middle, and enjoyed himself very much.

‘ His wife enjoyed herself too, but never so much as when the neighbours, as they passed by, peeped over the palings, and said, “ What a pretty place ! What lucky people the watchmaker and his wife are ! How they must enjoy themselves ! ”

‘ On such occasions, Madame Franz would run to her husband, crying out, “ Come here, my dear, as fast as you can ! Come, and listen to the neighbours saying, how we must enjoy ourselves ! ”

‘ Franz was very apt to grunt when his wife summoned him in this manner, and, at any rate, never would go as she requested ; but little Franz, the son, who was very like his mother, and had got exactly her turn-up nose and sharp eyes, would scamper forward in a moment to hear what the neighbours had to say, and at the end would exclaim,

‘ “ Isn’t it grand, Mother, that everybody should think that ? ”

‘ To which his mother would reply,

‘ “ It is, Franz dear ! I’m so glad you feel for your

mother!" and then the two would embrace each other very affectionately several times, and Madame Franz would go to her household business, rejoicing to think that, if her husband did not quite sympathize with her, her son did.

'Young Franz had been somewhat spoilt in his childhood, as only children generally are. As to his mother, from there being no brothers and sisters to compare him with, she thought such a boy had never been seen before; and she told old Franz so, so often, that at last he began to believe it too. And then they got all sorts of masters for him, to teach him everything they could think of, and qualify him, as his mother said, for some rich young lady to fall in love with. That was her idea of the way in which he was one day to make his fortune.

'At last, a time came when his mother thought the young gentleman quite finished and complete, fit for anything and anybody, and likely to create a sensation in the world. So she begged old Franz to dismiss all his masters, and give him a handsome allowance, that he might go off on his travels and make his fortune, in the manner before mentioned.

'Old Mr. Franz shook his head at first, and called it all a parcel of nonsense. Moreover, he declared that Master Franz was a mere child yet, and would get into a hundred foolish scrapes in less than a week; but mamma expressed her opinion so positively, and repeated it so often, that at last papa began to entertain it too, and gave his consent to the plan.

'The fact was, though I am sorry to say it, Mr. Franz was henpecked. That is, his wife was always trying to make him obey her, instead of obeying him, as she ought to have done; and she had managed him so long, that she knew she could persuade him, or talk him (which is much the same thing) into anything, provided she went on long enough.

‘ So she went on about Franz going off on his travels with a handsome allowance, till Papa Franz consented, and settled an income upon him, which, if they had been selfish parents, they would have said they could not afford ; but as it was, they talked the matter over together, and told each other that it was very little two old fogies like themselves would want when their gay son was away ; and so they would draw in, and live quite quietly, as they used to do in their early days before they grew rich, and would let the lad have the money to spend upon his amusements.

‘ Young Franz either didn’t know, or didn’t choose to think about this. Clever as he was about many things, he was not clever enough to take in the full value of the sacrifices his parents were making for him ; so he thanked them lightly for the promised allowance, rattled the first payment cheerfully into his purse, and smiled on papa and mamma with almost condescending complacency. When he was equipped in his best suit, and just ready for starting, his mother took him aside.

“ Franz, my dear,” she said, “ you know how much money and pains have been spent on your education. You can play, and dance, and sing, and talk, and make yourself heard wherever you go. Now mind you *do* make yourself heard, or who is to find out your merits ? Don’t be shy and downcast when you come among strangers. All you have to think about, with your advantages, is to make yourself agreeable. That’s the rule for *you* ! Make yourself agreeable wherever you go, and the wife and the fortune will soon be at your feet. And, Franz,” continued she, laying hold of the button of his coat, “ there is something else. You know, I have often said that the one only thing I could wish different about you is, that your nose should not turn up quite so much. But you see, my darling boy, we can’t alter our noses. Nevertheless, look here ! you can incline your head in such a

manner as almost to hide the little defect. See—this way—there—let me put it as I mean—a little down and on one side. It was the way I used to carry *my* head before I married, or I doubt very much whether your father would have looked my way. Think of this when you're in company. It's a graceful attitude too, and you will find it much admired."

'Franz embraced his mother, and promised obedience to all her commands; but he was glad when her lecture ended, for he was not very fond of her remarks upon his nose. Just then the door of his father's room opened, and he called out,

"'Franz, my dear, I want to speak to you."

'Franz entered the room, and "Now, my dear boy," said papa, "before you go, let me give you one word of parting advice; but stop, we will shut the door first, if you please. That's right. Well, now, look here. I know that no pains or expense have been spared over your education. You can play, and dance, and sing, and talk, and make yourself heard wherever you go."

"'My dear Sir," interrupted Franz, "I don't think you need trouble yourself to go on. My mother has just been giving me the advice beforehand."

"'No, has she though?" cried old Franz, looking up in his son's face; but then he shook his head, and said,

"'No, she hasn't, Franz; no, she hasn't; so listen to me. We've all made a fuss about you, and praised whatever you've done, and you've been a sort of cock of the walk among us. But, now you're going among strangers, you will find yourself Mr. Nobody, and the great thing is, you must be contented to be Mr. Nobody at first. Keep yourself in the background, till people have found out your merits for themselves; and never get into anybody's way. Keep out of the way, that's the rule, wherever you go. It's the secret of life for a young man like you. All you have to attend to, with your advantages, is to keep out of the way."

‘After this bit of advice, the father bestowed his blessing on his dear Franz, and unlocked the door, close to which they found Mrs. Franz, waiting rather impatiently till the conference was over.

“What a time you have been, Franz!” she began; but there was no time to talk about it, for they all knew that the coach, or post wagon as they call it in Germany, was waiting.

‘Mrs. Franz wrung her son’s hand.

“Remember what I’ve said, my dearest Franz!” she cried.

“Trust me!” was Mr. Franz’s significant reply.

“You’ll not forget my rule?” whispered papa.

“Forget, Sir? no, that’s not possible,” answered Mr. Franz in a great hurry, as he ran off to catch the post wagon; for they could see it in the distance beginning to move, though they knew the young gentleman’s luggage was on board.

‘Well! he was just in time; but what do you think was the next thing he did, after keeping the people waiting? A sudden thought struck him, that it would be as well for the driver and passengers to know how well educated he had been, so he began to give the driver a few words of geographical information about the roads they were going.

“Jump in directly, Sir, if you please,” was the driver’s gruff reply.

“Certainly not, till I’ve made you understand what I mean,” says Master Franz, quite facetiously.

‘But, then, smack went the whip, and the horses gave a jolt forwards, and over the tip of the learned young gentleman’s foot went the front wheel.

‘It was a nasty squeeze, though it might have been worse, but Franz called out very angrily, something or other about “disgraceful carelessness,” on which the driver smacked his whip again, and shouted,

“Gentlemen that won't keep out of the way, must expect to have their toes trodden on.” Everybody laughed at this, but Franz was obliged to spring inside, without taking any notice of the joke, as the coach was now really going on; and if he had begun to talk, he would have been left behind.

‘And now,’ continued Aunt Judy, stopping herself, ‘while Franz is jolting along to the capital town of the country, you shall tell me whose advice you think he followed when he got to the end of the journey, and began life for himself—his father’s or his mother’s?’

There was a universal cry, mixed with laughter, of ‘His mother’s!’

‘Quite right,’ responded Aunt Judy. ‘His mother’s, of course. It was far the most agreeable, no doubt. Keeping out of the way is a rather difficult thing for young folks to manage.’

A glance at No. 8 caused that young gentleman’s face to grin all over, and Aunt Judy proceeded:

‘After his arrival at the great hotel of the town, he found there was to be a public dinner there that evening, which anybody might go to who chose to pay for it; and this he thought would be a capital opportunity for him to begin life: so, accordingly, he went up-stairs to dress himself out in his very best clothes for the occasion.

‘And then it was that, as he sat in front of the glass, looking at his own face, while he was brushing his hair and whiskers, and brightening them up with bear’s-grease, he began to think of his father and mother, and what they had said, and what he had best do.

“An excellent, well-meaning couple, of course, but as old-fashioned as the clocks they used to mend,” was his first thought. “As to papa, indeed, the poor old gentleman thinks the world has stood still since he was a young man, thirty years ago. His stiff notions were all very well then, perhaps, but in these advanced times they are

perfectly quizzical. Keep out of the way, indeed! Why, any ignorant fool can do that, I should think! Well, well, he means well, all the same, so one must not be severe. As to mamma now—poor thing—though she *is* behindhand herself in many ways, yet she *does* know a good thing when she sees it, and that's a great point. She can appreciate the probable results of my very superior education and appearance. To be sure, she's a little silly over that nose affair;—but women will always be silly about something."

'Nevertheless, at this point in his meditations, Master Franz might have been seen inclining his head down on one side, just as his mother had recommended, and then giving a look at the mirror, to see whether the vile turn-up did really disappear in that attitude. I suspect, however, that he did not feel quite satisfied about it, for he got rather cross, and finished his dressing in a great hurry, but not before he had settled that there could be only one opinion as to whose advice he should be guided by—dear Mamma's.

"Should it fail," concluded he to himself, as he gave the last smile at the looking-glass, "there will be poor papa's old-world notion to fall back upon, after all."

'Now, you must know that Master Franz had never been at one of these public dinners before, so there is no denying that when he entered the large dining-hall, where there was a long table, set out with plates, and filling fast with people, not one of whom he knew, he felt a little confused. But he repeated his mother's words softly to himself, and took courage: "*Don't be shy and downcast when you come among strangers. All you have to think about, with your advantages, is to make yourself agreeable;*" and on the strength of this, he passed by the lower end of the table, where there were several unoccupied places, and walked boldly forward to the upper end, where groups of people were already seated, and were talking and laughing together.

In the midst of one of these groups, there was one unoccupied seat, and in the one next to it sat a beautiful, well-dressed young lady. "Why, this is the very thing," thought Mr. Franz to himself. "Who knows but what this is the young lady who is to make my fortune?"

'There was a card, it is true, in the plate opposite the vacant seat, but "as to that," thought Franz, "first come, first served, I suppose; I shall sit down!"

'And sit down the young gentleman accordingly did in the chair by the beautiful young lady, and even bowed and smiled to her as he did so.

'But the next instant he was tapped on the shoulder by a waiter.

"The place is engaged, Sir!" and the man pointed to the card in the plate.

"Oh, if that's all," was Mr. Franz's witty rejoinder, 'here's another to match!' and thereupon he drew one of his own cards from his pocket, threw it into the plate, and handed the first one to the astonished waiter, with the remark,

"The place is engaged, my good friend, you see!"

'The young goose actually thought this impudence clever, and glanced across the table for applause as he spoke. But although Mamma Watchmaker, if she had heard it, might have thought it a piece of astonishing wit, the strangers at the public table were quite of a different opinion, and there was a general cry of "Turn him out!"

"Turn me out!" shouted Mr. Franz, jumping up from his chair, as if he intended to fight them all round; and there is no knowing what more nonsense he would have talked, but that a very sonorous voice behind him called out, a hand laying hold of him by the shoulders at the same time—

"Young man, I'll trouble you to get out of my chair, and" (a little louder,) "out of my way, and" (a little louder still,) "to *keep* out of my way!"

‘ Franz felt himself like a child in the grasp of the man who spoke, and one glimpse he caught of a pair of coal-black eyes, two frowning eye-brows, and a moustachioed mouth, nearly frightened him out of his wits, and he was half way down the room before he knew where he was ; for, after the baron let him go, the waiter seized him and hustled him along, till he came to the bottom of the table ; where, however, there was now no room for him, as all the vacant places had been filled up ; so he was pushed finally to a side-table in a corner, where sat two men in foreign dresses, not one word of whose language he could understand.

‘ These two fellows talked incessantly together too, which was all the more mortifying, for they gesticulated and laughed as if at some capital joke. Franz was very quiet at first, for the other adventure had sobered him, but presently, with his mother’s advice running in his head, he resolved to make himself agreeable, if possible.

‘ So at the next burst of merriment, he affected to have entered into the joke, threw himself back in his chair, and laughed as loudly as they did. The men stared for a second, then frowned, and then one of them shouted something to him very loudly, which he did not understand ; so he placed his hand on his heart, gave him an expressive smile, and offered to shake hands. Thought he, that will be irresistible ! But he was mistaken. The other man now called loudly to the waiter, and a moment after Franz found himself being conveyed by the said waiter through the doorway into the hall, with the remark resounding in his ears,

“ ‘ What a foolish young gentleman you must be ! Why can’t you keep out of people’s way ? ”

“ ‘ My good friend,” cried Mr. Franz, “ that’s not my plan at present. I’m trying to make myself agreeable.”

“ ‘ Oh—pooh !—bother agreeable,” cried the waiter. “ What’s the use of making yourself agreeable, if you’re

always in the way? Here!—step back, Sir! don't you see the tray coming?"

'Franz had not noticed it, and would probably have got a thump on the head from it, if his friend the waiter had not pulled him back. The man was a real good-natured, smiling German, and said,

"Come, young gentleman, here's a candle:—you've a bed-room here, of course. Now, you take my advice, and go to bed. You *will* be out of the way there, and perhaps you'll get up wiser to-morrow."

'Franz took the candlestick mechanically, but, said he,

"I understood there was to be dancing here to-night, and I can dance, and—"

"Oh, pooh! bother dancing," interrupted the waiter.

"What's the use of dancing, if you're to be in everybody's way, and I know you will, if you begin at that. Here, be advised for once, and go to bed. I'll bring you up some coffee before long. Go quietly up now—mind. Good night."

'Two minutes afterwards, Mr. Franz found himself walking up-stairs, as the waiter had ordered him to do, though he muttered something about "officious fellow" as he went along.

'And positively he went to bed, as the officious fellow recommended; and while he lay there waiting for the coffee, he began wondering what *could* be the cause of the failure of his attempts to make himself agreeable. Surely his mother was right—surely there could be no doubt that, with his advantages—but he did not go on with the sentence.

'Well, after puzzling for some time, a bright thought struck him. It was entirely owing to that stupid nose affair, which his mother was so silly about. Of course that was it! He had done everything else she recommended, but he could not keep his head down at the same time, so people saw the snub! Well, he would

practise the attitude now, at any rate, till the coffee came !

‘No sooner said than done. Out of bed jumped Mr. Franz, and went groping about for the table to find matches to light the candle. But, unluckily, he had forgotten how the furniture stood, so he got to the door by a mistake, and went stumbling up against it, just as the waiter with the coffee opened it on the other side.

‘There was a plunge, a shout, a shuffling of feet, and then both were on the floor, as was also the hot coffee, which scalded Franz’s bare legs terribly.

‘The waiter got up first, and luckily it was the “official fellow” with the smiling face. And said he,

“What a miserable young man you must be, to be sure! Why, you’re *never* out of the way, not even when you’re gone to bed !”

This last anecdote caused an uproar of delight in the fly, and so much noise, that Aunt Judy had to call the party to order, and talk about the horses being frightened, after which she proceeded :

‘I am sorry to say Mr. Franz did not get up next morning as much wiser as the waiter had expected, for he laid all the blame of his misfortunes on his nose instead of his impertinence, and never thought of correcting himself, and being less intrusive.

‘On the contrary, after practising holding his head down for ten minutes before the glass, he went out to the day’s amusements, as saucy and confident as ever.

‘Now there is no time,’ continued Aunt Judy, ‘for my telling you all Mr. Franz’s funny scrapes and adventures. When we get to the end of the journey, you must invent some for yourselves, and sit together, and tell them in turns, while we are busy unpacking. I will only just say that, wherever he went, the same sort of things happened to him, because he was always thrusting himself forward, and always getting pushed back in consequence.

'Out of the public gardens he got fairly turned at last, because he would talk politics to some strange gentlemen on a bench. They got up and walked away, but, five minutes afterwards, a very odd-looking man looked over Franz's shoulder, and said significantly, "I recommend you to leave these gardens, Sir, and walk elsewhere." And poor Franz, who had heard of such things as prisons and dungeons for political offenders, felt a cold shudder run through him, and took himself off with all possible speed, not daring to look behind him, for fear he should see that dreadful man at his heels. Indeed, he never felt safe till he was in his bed-room again, and had got the waiter to come and talk to him.

"Dear me," said the waiter, "what a very silly young gentleman you must be, to go talking away without being asked!"

"But," said Franz, "you don't consider what a superior education I have had. I can talk and make myself heard—"

"Oh, pooh! bother talking," interrupted the waiter; "what's the use of talking when nobody wants to listen? Much better go to bed."

'Franz would not give in yet, but was comforted to find the waiter did not think he would be thrown into prisons and dungeons; so he dined, and dressed, and went to the theatre to console himself, where however he *made himself heard* so effectually—first applauding, then hissing, and even speaking his opinions to the people round him—that a set of young college students combined together to get rid of him, and, I am sorry to add, they made use of a little kicking as the surest plan; and so, before half the play was over, Mr. Franz found himself in the street!

'Now, then, I have told you enough of Mr. Franz's follies, except the one last adventure, which made him alter his plans.

'He had had two letters of introduction to take with

him : one to an old partner of his father's, who had settled in the capital some years before ; another to some people of more consequence, very distant family connexions. And of course Mr. Franz went there first, as there seemed a nice chance of making his fortune among such great folks.

'And really the great folks would have been civil enough, but that he soon spoilt everything by what *he* called "making himself agreeable." He was too polite, too affectionate, too talkative, too instructive, by half ! He assured the young ladies that he approved very highly of their singing ; trilled out a little song of his own, unasked, at his first visit ; fondled the pet lap-dog on his knee ; congratulated papa on looking wonderfully well for his age ; asked mamma if she had tried the last new spectacles ; and, in short, gave his opinions, and advice, and information, so freely, that as soon as he was gone the whole party exclaimed,

"What an impertinent jackanapes !" a jackanapes being nothing more nor less than a human monkey.

'This went on for some time, for he called very often, being too stupid, in spite of his supposed cleverness, to take the hints that were thrown out, that such repeated visits were not wanted.

'At last, however, the family got desperate ; and one morning when he arrived, (having teased them the day before for a couple of hours,) he saw nobody in the drawing-room when he was ushered in.

'Never mind, thought he, they'll be here directly when they know *I'm* come ! And having brought a new song in his pocket, which he had been practising to sing to them, he sat down to the piano, and began performing alone, thinking how charmed they would be to hear such beautiful sounds in the distance !

'But, in the middle of his song, he heard a discordant shout, and jumping up, discovered the youngest

little Missy hid behind the curtain, and crying tremendously.

'Mr. Franz became quite theatrical. "Lovely little pet, where are your sisters? Have they left my darling to weep alone?"

"They shut the door before I could get through," sobbed the lovely little pet; "and I won't be your darling a bit!"

'Mr. Franz laughed heartily, and said how clever she was, took her on his knee, told her her sisters would be back again directly, and finished up his remarks by a kiss.

'Unfortunate Mr. Franz! The young lady immediately gave him an unmistakeable box on the ear with her small fist, and vociferated,

"No, they won't, they won't, they won't! They'll never come back till you're gone! They've gone away to get out of *your* way, because you won't keep out of *theirs*. And you're a forward puppy, papa says, and can't take a hint; and you're always in everybody's way, and *I'll* get out of your way, too!"

'Here the little girl began to kick violently; but there was no occasion. Mr. Franz set her down, and while she ran off to her sisters, he rushed back to the hotel, and double-locked himself into his room.

'After a time, however, he sent for his friend the waiter, for he felt that a talk would do him good.

'But the "officious fellow" shook his head terribly.

"How many more times am I to tell you what a foolish young gentleman you are?" cried he. "Will you never get up wiser any morning of the year?"

"I thought," murmured Franz, in broken, almost sobbing accents—"I thought—the young ladies—would have been delighted—with—my song;—you see—I've been—so well taught—and I can sing—"

"Oh! pooh, pooh, pooh!" interrupted the waiter once

more. "Bother singing and everything else, if you've not been asked ! Much better go to bed !"

'Poor Franz ! It was hard work to give in, and he made a last effort.

"Don't you think—after all—that the prejudice—is owing to—what I told you about :—people do so dislike—a snub-nose."

"Oh, pooh ! bother a snub-nose," exclaimed the waiter "What will your nose signify, if you don't poke it in everybody's way ?"

'And with this conclusion Mr. Franz was obliged to be content ; and he ordered his dinner up-stairs, and prepared himself for an evening of tears and repentance.

'But, before the waiter had been gone five minutes, he returned with a letter in his hand.

"Now, here's somebody asking something at last," said he, for a servant had brought it.

'Franz trembled as he took it. It was sure to be either a scolding or a summons to prison, he thought. But no such thing : it was an invitation to dinner. Franz threw it on the floor, and kicked it from him—he would go nowhere—see nobody any more !

'The "officious fellow" picked it up, and read it. "Mr. Franz," said he, "you musn't go to bed this time : you must go to this dinner instead. It's from your father's old partner—he wishes you had called, but as you haven't called, he asks you to dine. Now you're wanted, Mr. Franz, and must go."

"I shall get into another mess," cried Franz, despondingly.

"Oh, pooh ! you've only to keep out of everybody's way, and all will be right," insisted the waiter, as he left the room.

"Only to keep out of everybody's way, and all will be right," ejaculated Mr. Franz, as he looked at his crest-fallen face in the glass. "What a Tom Fool's rule it

sounds ! However," thought he, cheering up a little, "one plan has failed, and its only fair to give the other a chance !"

'And all the rest of dressing-time, and as he walked along the streets, he kept repeating his father's rule softly to himself, which was a very difficult thing to do at first, because he could not help mixing it up with his mother's. It was the funniest thing in the world to hear him : "*All you have to attend to, with your advantages, is to—make yourself—no, no ! not to make myself agreeable—is to—keep out of the way !—that's it !*" (with a sigh.)

'When Franz arrived at the house, he rang the bell so gently, that he had to ring twice before he was heard ; and then they concluded it was some beggar who was afraid of giving a good pull.

'So, when he was ushered into the drawing-room, the old partner came forward to meet him, took him by both hands, and after one look into his down-cast face, said,

'"*My dear Mr. Franz, you must put on a bolder face, and ring a louder peal, next time you come to the house of your father's old friend !*"

'Mr. Franz answered this warm greeting by a sickly smile, and while he was being introduced to the family, kept bowing on, thinking of nothing but how he was to keep out of everybody's way !

'He was tempted every five minutes, of course, to break out in his usual style, and could have found it in his heart to chuck the whole party under the chin, and take all the talk to himself. But he could be determined enough when he chose ; and having determined to give his father's rule a fair chance, he restrained himself to the utmost.

'So, not even the hearty reception of the old partner and his wife, nor the smiling faces of either daughters or sons, could lure him into opening out. "Yes" and "No ;" "Do you think so ?" "I dare say ;" "Perhaps ;" "No

doubt you're right;" and other such unmeaning little phrases were all he would utter when they talked to him.

"How shy he is, poor fellow!" thought the ladies, and then they talked to him all the more. One tried to amuse him with one subject, another with another. How did he like the public gardens? Were they not very pretty?—He scarcely knew. No doubt they were, if *they* thought so. What did he think of the theatre?—It was very hot when he was there. Had he any friends in the town?—He couldn't say friends—he knew one or two people a little. And the poor youth could hardly restrain a groan, as he answered each of the questions.

'Then they chatted of books, and music, and dancing, and pressed him hard to discover what he knew, and could do, and liked best; and when it oozed out even from his short answers, that he had read certain books in more than one language, and could sing—just a little; and dance—just a little; and do several other things—just a little, too, all sorts of nods and winks passed through the family, and they said,

"Ah, when you know us better, and are not so shy of us as strangers, we shall find out you are as clever again as you pretend to be, dear Mr. Franz!"

"I'll tell you what," added the old partner, coming up at this moment, "it's a perfect treat to me, Mr. Franz, to have a young man like you in my house! You're your father over again, and I can't praise you more. He was the most modest, unobtrusive man in all our town, and yet knew more of his business than all of us put together."

"No, no, I can't allow that," cried the motherly wife.

"Nonsense!" replied the old partner. "However, my dear boy—for I really must call you so—it was that very thing that made your father's fortune; I mean that he was just as unpretending as he was clever. Everybody trusts an unpretending man. And *you'll* make your

fortune too in the same manner, trust me, before long. Now, boys!" added he, turning to his sons, "you hear what I say, and mind you take the hint! As for the young puppies of the present day, who fancy themselves fit to sit in the chair of the elders as soon as ever they have learnt their alphabet, and are for thrusting themselves forward in every company—Mr. Franz, I'll own it to you, because you will understand me—I have no patience with such rude, impertinent Jackanapes, and always long to kick them down-stairs."

'The old partner stood in front of Mr. Franz as he spoke, and clenched his fist in animation. Mr. Franz sat on thorns. He first went hot, and then he went cold—he felt himself kicked down-stairs as he listened—he was ready to cry—he was ready to fight—he was ready to run away—he was ready to drop on his knees, and confess himself the very most impertinent of all the impertinent Jackanapes' race.

'But he gulped, and swallowed, and shut his teeth close, and nobody found him out; only he looked very pale, which the good mother soon noticed, and said she to her husband,

"My dear love, don't you see how fagged and weary it makes Mr. Franz look, to hear you raving on about a parcel of silly lads with whom *he* has nothing in common? You will frighten him out of his wits."

"Mr. Franz will forgive me, I know," cried the old partner gently. "Jacintha, my dear, fetch the wine and cake!"

'The kind, careful souls feared he was delicate, and insisted on his having some refreshment; and then Papa ordered the young people to give their guest some music, and Franz sat by while the sons and daughters went through a beautiful opera chorus, which was so really charming, that Mr. Franz did forget himself for a minute,

"encore" in a very loud tone. But he checked himself instantly, coloured, apologized for his rudeness, and retreated further back from the piano.

'Of course this new symptom of modesty was met by more kindness, and followed by a sly hint from the merry Jacintha, that Mr. Franz's turn for singing had come now!

'Poor Mr. Franz! with the recollection of the morning's adventure on his mind, and his father's rule ringing in his ears, he felt singing to be out of the question, so he declined. On which they entreated, insisted, and would listen to no refusal. And Jacintha went to him, and looked at him with her sweetest smile, and said, "But you know, Mr. Franz, you said you could sing a little; and if it's ever so little, you should sing *when you're asked!*" and with that Miss Jacintha offered him her hand, and led him to the piano.

'Mr. Franz was annoyed, though he ought to have been pleased.

'*"But how am I to keep out of people's way,"* thought he to himself, *"if they will pull me forward? It's the oddest thing I ever knew. I can't do right either way."*

'Then a thought struck him:

'*"I have no music, Miss Jacintha,"* said he, *"and I can't sing without music;"* and he was going back again to his chair in the corner.

'*"But we've all the new music,"* was her answer, and she opened a portfolio at once. *"See, here's the last new song!"* and she held one up before the unfortunate youth, who at the sight of it coloured all over, even to the tips of his ears. Whereupon Miss Jacintha, who was watching him, laughed, and said she had felt sure he knew it; and down she sat, and began to play the accompaniment, and in two minutes afterwards Mr. Franz found himself—in spite of himself, as it were—exhibiting in *the* song, the fatal song of the morning's adventure.

'It was a song of tender sentiment, and the singer's almost tremulous voice added to the effect, and a warm clapping of hands greeted its conclusion.

'But by that time Mr. Franz was so completely exhausted with the struggles of this first effort on the new plan, that he began to wish them good-night, saying he would not intrude upon them any longer.

'They would shake hands with him, though he tried to bow himself off without; and the old partner followed him down-stairs into the hall.

'“Mr. Franz,” said he, “we have been delighted to make your acquaintance, but this has been only a quiet family party. Now we know your *sort*, you must come again, and meet our friends. Wife will fix the day, and send you word; and don't you be afraid, young man! Mind you come, and put your best foot forward among us all!”

'Franz was almost desperate. His conscience began to reproach him. What! was he going to accept all this kindness, like a rogue receiving money under false pretences? He was shocked, and began to protest,

'“I assure you, dear Sir, I don't deserve— You are quite under a mistake—I really am not—the fact is, you think a great deal better of me than—”

'“Nonsense!” shouted the old partner, clapping him vigorously on the back. “Why, you're not going to teach me at my time of life, surely? Not going to turn as conceited as that, after all, eh? Come, come, Mr. Franz, no nonsense! And to-morrow,” he added, “I'll send you letters of introduction to some of my friends, who will show you the lions, and make much of you. You will be well received wherever you take them, first for my sake, and afterwards for your own. There, there! I won't hear a word! No thanks—I hate them! Good night.”

'And the old partner fairly pushed Mr. Franz through the door.

"“Oh dear, oh dear!” was the waiter’s exclamation when Franz reached the hotel, and the light of the lamp shone on his white, worn-out face. “Oh dear, oh dear! I fear you’ve been a silly young gentleman over again! What *have* you been doing this time?”

““I’ve been trying to keep out of everybody’s way all the evening,” growled Mr. Franz, “and they would pull me forward, in spite of myself.”

““No—really though?” cried the waiter, as if it was scarcely possible.

““Really,” sighed poor Mr. Franz.

““Then do me the honour, Sir,” exclaimed the waiter, with a sudden deference of manner; and taking the tips of Franz’s fingers in his own, he bent over them with a salute. “You’re a wise young gentleman now, Sir, and your fortune’s made. I’m glad you’ve hit it at last!”

‘And Mr. Franz had hit it at last, indeed,’ continued Aunt Judy, ‘as appeared more plainly still by the letters of introduction which reached him next morning. They were left open, and were to this effect:—

““ The bearer of this is the son of an old friend. One of the most agreeable young men I ever saw. As modest as he is well educated, and I can’t say more. Procure him some amusement, that a little of his shyness may be rubbed off; and forward his fortunes, my *dear* friend, as far as you can”

‘Franz handed one of these letters to his friend the waiter, and the officious fellow grinned from ear to ear.

““There is only one more thing to fear,” observed he.

““And what?” asked Franz.

““Why, that now you’re comfortable, my dear young gentleman, your head should be turned, and you should begin to make yourself agreeable again, and spoil all.”

““Oh, pooh! bother agreeable; *I* say now, as you did,” cried Franz, laughing. “No, no, my good friend, I’m

not going to make myself agreeable any more. I know better than that at last!"

"Then your fortune's safe as well as made!" was the waiter's last remark, as he was about to withdraw; but Franz followed him to the door.

"I found out a rather curious thing this evening, do you know!"

"And that was?" inquired his humble friend.

"Why, that I was sitting all the time in that very attitude my mother recommended—with my head a little down, you know—so that I really don't think they noticed my snub."

The waiter got as far as, "Oh, pooh!" but Franz was nervous, and interrupted him.

"Yes—yes! I don't believe there's anything in it myself; but it will be a comfort to my mother to think it was her advice that made my fortune, which she will do when I tell her that!"

"Ah! the ladies will be romantic now and then!" exclaimed the waiter, with a flourish of his hand, "and you must trim the comfort to a person's taste."

'And in due time,' pursued Aunt Judy, 'that was exactly what Mr. Franz did. Strictly adhering to his father's rule, and encouraged by its capital success that first night, he got so out of the habit of being pert, and foolish, and inconsiderate, that he ended by never having any wish to be so; so that he really became what the old partner had imagined him to be at first. It was a great restraint for some time, but his modest manners fitted him at last as easy as an old shoe, and he was welcome at every house, because he was *never in the way*, and always knew when to retire!

'It was a jovial day for Papa and Mamma Watchmaker when, two years afterwards, Mr. Franz returned home, a partner in the old Partner's prosperous business, and with the smiling Jacintha for his bride.

‘And then, in telling his mother of that first evening of his good fortune, he did not forget to mention that he had hung down his head all the time, as she had advised; and, just as he expected, she jumped up in the most extravagant delight.

“‘I knew how it would be all along!’ she cried; ‘I told you so! I knew if you could only hide that terrible snub all would be well; and I’m sure our pretty Jacintha wouldn’t have looked your way if you hadn’t! See, now! you have to thank your mother for it all!’”

‘Franz was quite happy himself, so he smiled, and let his mother be happy her way too; but he opened his heart of hearts to poor old-fashioned papa, and told him—well, in fact, all his follies and mistakes, and their cure. And if mamma was happy in her bit of comfort, papa was not less so in his, for there is not a more delightful thing in the world than for father and son to understand each other as friends; and old Franz would sometimes walk up and down in his room, listening to the cheerful young voices up-stairs, and say to himself, that if Mother Franz—good soul as she was—did not always quite enter into his feelings, it was his comfort to be blessed with a son who did!’

* * * * *

What a long story it had been! Aunt Judy was actually tired out when she got to the end, and could not talk about it, but the little ones did till they arrived at the station, and had to get out.

And in the evening, when they were all sitting together before they went to bed, there was a good deal of discussion about the story of Mr. Franz, and how people were to know what was really good manners—when to come forward, and when to hold back—and the children were a little startled at first, when their mother told them that the best rules for good manners were to be found in the Bible. But when she reminded them of that text,

'When thou art bidden, go and sit down in the lowest room,' &c. they saw that there was a very distinct order for not pushing forward into the best place in company.

And when they recollected that every man was to do to others as he wished others to do to him, it was clear that people were to study their neighbours' comfort and pleasure as well as their own ; and it was no hard matter to show how this rule applied to all the little ins and outs of every-day life, whether at home, or in society. And there were plenty of other texts, ordering deference to elders, and that modesty which is in fact a sure result of the humility of spirit which 'vaunteth not itself,' and 'is not puffed up.' There was, too, the comfortable promise, that 'the meek' should 'inherit the earth.'

Of course it was difficult to the little ones just at first, to see how such very serious words could apply to anybody's manners, and especially to their own.

But it was a difficulty which mamma with a little explanation, got over very easily ; and before the little ones went to bed, they quite understood that in restraining themselves from teasing and being troublesome, they were not only not being 'tiresome,' but were actually obeying several Gospel rules.

THE WHALER'S DAUGHTER.

(BY LOUISA STUART.)

CHAPTER II.

BUT vain are the purposes of man ! The very day after this resolution was taken, the wind shifted to the south-east, and blew with a violence which none but those accustomed to the northern seas can imagine. The ship was now among loose drift ice, but any resistance to the storm seemed impossible, and all that remained in the power of her crew, was to guide her as carefully as possible

through the ice. In four or five days the barrier of ice was passed, and open water appeared to the north-west, whither the ship was irresistibly driven. But that water was tossed about in the wildest fury; the wind blew continually from the southward and eastward with extraordinary violence, and a lee shore, dark, rugged, and terrible, loomed threateningly to the north-west, through the spray and mist of the waves that broke furiously against it.

Lilias lay crouching in her father's cabin amidst a heap of warm clothing, pale, silent, and remorseful, for the fearful raging of the storm, and the straining of the ship told her how little chance there was of her ever again seeing the loving and devoted mother she had so unfeelingly left to all the horrors of uncertainty as to her fate. She clung tightly to the cot that was screwed to the flooring of the cabin, but many times the violent lurching of the ship flung her far away, bruising her head and limbs against the sides and furniture of the cabin.

Suddenly the motion of the ship became less violent; the deafening noise diminished in intensity, and while Lilias was doubting whether the ship were sinking, or whether indeed it had pleased Providence to calm the fury of the tempest, James Ross, the chief harpooner, entered the cabin, pale, worn, and drenched with water, part of which had frozen as it had fallen on him, and still rested in patches of ice on his cap and clothes. 'Kneel down, and thank God, Lily,' said he, 'for the present we are safe.'

The skilful and indefatigable master of the William Wallace, and her admirable crew, had succeeded in rounding a vast, dark, promontory, sheathed in a huge glacier, and crowned with everlasting snows. Within this fearful barrier, which had now for many hours been threatening utter destruction to the ship, and every living thing it contained, the water was comparatively smooth, and she

was soon anchored under the shelter of the lofty and rugged cliffs that formed the eastern side of a deep bay, which was, as yet, perfectly clear of ice. The crew, wearied and exhausted as they were by the incessant labour and watching of so many days, set to work immediately to repair the damages sustained by the ship in this awful tempest, two seamen at a time being directed by Melville to take their turn of rest. He himself now sought his cabin, where Liliās lay upon her cot, nearly as much worn out as the sailors were, for the storm, and the terrific pitching of the ship, had, for the last three nights, rendered sleep quite impossible. Tenderly did this kind and anxious father embrace his child, earnestly did he thank the merciful God that had for the present so wonderfully preserved them, and he spoke cheerfully and hopefully to the pale and weeping girl, talking to her of their homeward voyage, and of their re-union with her dear mother and sister, in a strain of confidence calculated to cheer her, but which he was in reality far from feeling.

In addition to the actual perils of their situation, the true position of which he was quite unable to determine, for it was many days since the seamen had been able to take any sights to enable them to ascertain it, and it had been utterly impossible to keep their reckoning during the prevalence of the fearful tempest; a new and alarming source of anxiety pressed on Melville's mind, and quite prevented him from taking advantage of the opportunity of seeking a little rest. The ship had been victualled for the usual period of the Davis's Strait fishery, which generally terminates about the middle of July. It was now the beginning of August, when she ought to have been far on her homeward voyage, and provisions would, in the natural course of things have run short, if her return had been so long delayed. But now that the present safety of the ship enabled her crew to examine the state of her

stores, it was found that a considerable quantity of the salt meat had been so much damaged by the sea water which had soaked in through the seams of the straining ship, as to be quite unfit for use. It was a matter of surprise to all that the ice had not already set in, in this deep bay, such being usually the first places in which it forms ; but a great decrease of temperature might occur any day, and might even freeze them in, and leave them no alternative but to attempt to spend the winter in these inhospitable regions. In such a case, the destruction of their provisions was a calamity that threatened to cause the loss of the whole ship's crew, and it may well be imagined, that on the following morning of the dim and sunless day, the wearied and careworn master of the William Wallace rose unrefreshed after a sleepless night, and as soon as the light permitted, directed his telescope to the shore around the bay in which the ship was anchored. The rocks that formed its shelter were rude, lofty, and precipitous ; clothed here and there with glaciers of a dark greenish colour, one of which, of enormous size and elevation, projected from the promontory they had rounded on the preceding day. At the southern extremity of this tremendous chain of ice-clad precipices, the rocks abruptly ceased, or sank into a range of low downs that were succeeded by other ranges of moderate elevation, which rose behind each other till they were lost in the inland distance. Between the lowest and nearest of these low lines of rising ground and the sea, a long reach of sand lay ; but towards their termination, the rocky cliffs again rose, reaching a stupendous height as they approached their northern extremity. These rocks were far more rugged and lofty than those on the eastern side of the bay ; they were furrowed from their summits to their bases with terrific chasms, and immense glaciers stretched out from several of their salient capes far into the bay. The termination of this awful barrier of rock and ice was a vast

black glacier, forming the western horn of the bay, and projecting much farther to the northward than the promontory on the eastern side. To the north the ocean stretched out towards the pole, as far as the eye could discern. The long reach of yellow sand was covered with enormous quantities of drift-wood, brought down by the various rivers which fall into the polar basin, or into the straits and bays of high northern latitudes, and which is torn from the forests that lie within the circuit of the great inundations that frequently occur in the more southerly part of their course, when the northern portions of these waters are frozen ; and thus when a thaw occurs, in milder seasons, countless fragments of timber are carried down to the sea, which flings them back on the shores of the bays, the straits, or the ocean.

When Melville had completed his examination of the shores of the bay, he again turned his telescope to the low hills that bounded its southern portion ; he had not uttered a word to Fairford, who stood beside him, though the sublime desolation that his slow and careful survey had displayed to his eyes, might well have wrung from him some exclamation of horror and despair ; but he now handed his glass to the chief mate, with a deep sigh that seemed to relieve his bosom from a load of oppression, and said, 'Musk oxen, or reindeer ! but they must be reindeer, for the musk ox seldom comes into latitudes so low as these.'

It was indeed a cheering sight to these wearied and anxious seamen, who had moreover the near prospect of starvation to themselves and their companions, hanging like a dark shadow over their souls ; herds of animals of a considerable size were pasturing on the hill, which were free from snow, and covered with some vegetable production, which they felt assured was the Lapland Moss, the favourite, and generally the only food of the reindeer. These animals appeared in considerable numbers, scattered

in herds or in detached groups, or occasionally grazing alone, over a large part of the lower range of downs; and their numbers convinced Melville and Fairford, that not only was their pasturage abundant, but that there must be some river, or other plentiful supply of fresh water at a short distance inland, or at least near enough to be accessible.

However, they now lost no time in conjecture, but determined that a party should immediately go on shore, with guns and ammunition, and a supply of such articles as should enable them to remain all night near the beach. They were to secure as much game over night as possible, cut it up, salt it, and prepare it for transportation to the ship on the following morning, when the hands could be spared from the necessary repairs, and the even more necessary repose, to bring the tubs for that purpose. The advisability of procuring a stock of fresh water, and his earnest desire to survey the coast, that even now might be destined to be their home for the ensuing winter, induced Melville to decide upon going himself on this expedition, for he had not imparted his anxieties on these two subjects to any one on board except to Fairford and Ross, whom he determined to take with him. Liliias absolutely refused to be left behind, and indeed Melville thought that though the weather was now very cold, he might be able to make such a shelter for the night, as to be a perfect protection for her, and that a short release from the confinement of the ship would be a most beneficial change for the little girl.

How delighted was Liliias to find herself once more on the firm earth, after the rocking and tossing of the ship! How charmed to run on the sandy beach to keep herself warm, while the sailors busied themselves in rigging up a shelter for her and themselves for the night! Melville had caused a large tarpaulin to be brought with them, together with a plentiful supply of buffalo robes.

and pea-jackets. Under the lee of a large rock they planted several large pieces of drift-wood, which the tools they had brought with them enabled them soon to adapt to their purpose, and over this the tarpaulin was stretched, and fastened strongly down with tent pegs; then the warm clothing was disposed so as to make a bed for Liliás. A large fire was kindled as near to this hut as was safe, both to scare the wolves and bears, if such animals existed in the neighbourhood, and to mitigate the extreme cold during the evening and night.

It was settled that Alan Fairford should remain at the hut, both to take care of Liliás, and to make the necessary preparations for cutting up and salting the meat which Melville and Ross were to bring to the spot, should they be fortunate enough to kill any game. They had not been gone long when the welcome sound of a rifle assured Liliás and Fairford that there was good hope of obtaining provisions, for both the captain and his companion were excellent shots, and before the expiration of an hour, they returned bending under the weight of a fine fat buck, which, when cut up, proved to be in prime condition. Four more were added to their store that evening. The sailors had formed an ambuscade behind the shoulder of a hill, round which the deer went to drink at a spring of excellent fresh water, which formed a little brook that wound amongst the hills to the sea shore at the further end of the bay, and thus were able to shoot them without having scared the larger herd by showing themselves. It soon, however, became too dark to shoot, and the sailors busied themselves in cutting up the game, and stowing a part of it which they previously salted, in some tubs which they had brought with them for the purpose. The skins of the deer were stretched out on the ground, and overspread with salt. Liliás thought the soup which Ross prepared with a part of the venison, and a quantity of sorrel which grew abundantly in the valleys, extremely

good, and tired with running about, she was very glad to obey her father's commands to roll herself up, early in the evening, in her warm little extempore bed, and was soon fast asleep.

Each of the sailors, it was arranged, was to keep a four hours' watch, in order to tend the fire outside the tent, and to shoot any intruders in the shape of wolves, bears, or foxes, which might appear during the night, and Ross was to keep the first watch. Melville and Fairford, however, did not seek the rest they all so much required, till all the meat was salted and put into the tubs ready for transportation to the ship, when the boat should arrive with a further supply of tubs on the following morning. When all was prepared, they wrapped themselves up in their warm clothing and lay down within the tent, leaving their companion beside the fire.

The first watch passed quietly and without any interruption, and Fairford now took the place of the chief harpooner, who withdrew, in his turn, to the shelter of the hut, where, wearied out with watching, and with the hard labour of the preceding day, he lost no time in composing himself to rest.

About the middle of the second watch, Melville started up out of the sound sleep of utter weariness, both of mind and body. 'Who is that?' exclaimed he. 'Alan! is it you? surely it is not time for my watch yet?'

'Captain,' said Fairford, 'I thought it right to rouse you, though the watch will not be out these two hours. I think there are signs of the wind shifting, I hear the breakers roaring in the caves and against the rocks to the eastward.'

Melville was on his feet in an instant. 'We must return instantly to the ship,' he began; but ere he could say another word, a strange noise was heard overhead, and in an instant the tarpaulin was fluttering far away as if it had been made of the thinnest materials; the tent

pegs and poles were torn up, and the two sailors who were standing, were flung down to the earth with such violence, that poor Liliās would certainly have been crushed to death had either of them fallen upon her. Ross started up with a loud cry as Fairford fell heavily against him, but he was blown down again instantly by the irresistible violence of the tempest. Fairford's conjecture had been unhappily but too correct; the wind had suddenly changed to the north-west, and blew a perfect hurricane, in a direction exactly opposite to that in which it had set on the preceding evening. It was not without the greatest difficulty, and the most strenuous exertions, that the sailors were able to place themselves and Liliās on the east side of the rock, which was now its lee side.

The most fearful apprehensions were entertained by Melville and his companions for the safety of the ship. She had been moored by two anchors with very strong cables, but the extreme violence of the wind and the terrific sea which they could hear, though the dense fog which overspread both land and ocean rendered it invisible, made it excessively doubtful whether she would hold to her moorings; and if she did not, the destruction of the vessel and of all on board was inevitable. If her crew had been made aware by any circumstance whatever, of the probability of a change of wind, the proper course to be taken, would have been to put at once to sea, provided it were possible to do so; but the extreme suddenness of the alteration in the direction of the wind, and the violence of the furious tempest that accompanied it, rendered this very doubtful. It seemed also extremely problematical whether the ship, severely strained as she had been, would weather the tempest, even if she succeeded in gaining the open sea, and whether, if she by a miracle escaped destruction, she would be able to return to the bay to pick up her captain and his party; and if not—?

Melville had, in the comparative quiet that existed on

the lee side of the rock, succeeded in kindling a fire, and wrapping Liliās up in everything he and his companions could spare, he sat down and laid her on his knee, where she soon fell asleep. And here, covered up in their robes and blankets, the wearied and disappointed sailors awaited, in a state bordering on despair, the rising of the dense curtain of mist that hung between them and their solitary hope of escape. Alas! even when the hour arrived at which the sun was at its greatest altitude, its beams failed to pierce through the fog which was so dense as to have hidden them from each other, had it not been for the light of the fire, and which covered the ocean, the cliffs, and the inland hills with its pall-like folds. The heavy breakers fell with a sound like thunder on the shore, and the wind still blew with unmitigated fury, cutting off every possibility of a return to the ship, even if she were still at her moorings, which the experience of the sailors told them was utterly impossible. Long indeed was that day, long were the two that succeeded it! keen and bitter was that fierce north-west gale, chilling beyond expression the thick fog that constantly surrounded them, awful the roar of the waves that broke on the wide, desolate shore!

On the morning of the fourth day, the wind moderated, and veered a little to the southward, and the fog slowly rolled up the sides of the hills. The sailors were now able to leave the shelter of the rock, and Melville and Fairford repaired with anxious hearts to the beach. No ship was at the anchorage! and though they had calculated on the probability of such a calamity, its realization filled their hearts with utter despair.

CHAPTER III.

‘POOR fellows!’ exclaimed Melville, ‘the ship must have gone to pieces, and all hands perished!’

‘They are better off than we are,’ said Fairford; ‘and the child, too, what will become of her?’

'We must trust, and we must act,' said Melville, with an external calmness, which his pale, horror-stricken face belied. 'When the sea moderates, two of us will row to the anchorage, and see if any remains of the wreck are on the beach.'

And now, Melville and his two companions talked long and earnestly about their present awful situation, and considered what were the plans which it would be advisable to adopt in case the ship had actually gone to pieces, or if, having put to sea, she were unable to return. In the fearful storm, and the thick fog that had rendered it impossible, during the latter part of their course, to keep any reckoning, the position of the ship had been quite a matter of conjecture, excepting so far as that she was driven irresistibly to the north-west.

It was, therefore, only by calculating probabilities that Melville placed their present locality somewhere near the eastern entrance of Barrow's Straits. The line of hills faced, according to his pocket compass, and allowing for the variation, nearly due north. If this idea were correct, they had passed Lancaster Sound during the tempest, and were probably at no great distance from Prince Regent's Inlet. The map of these desolate regions was not, at the period of my history, filled up with the accuracy which the discoveries of later navigators have enabled geographers to apply to their descriptions of this portion of the globe, and it was quite a matter of conjecture whether the sea extended far to the westward, or whether the peninsula that, dark and glacier-clad, seemed to cut off the channel in that direction, did not communicate by its farther extremity with the great Asiatic continent. One thing was certain, that they were some hundreds of miles from the nearest Europeans, the factors and servants of the fur companies, unless, as Fairford suggested, two British Discovery ships, at this period in the Arctic seas, should providentially be near them.

On the following morning, the sea having become calm, Melville left Fairford with little Liliash, and rowed with Ross to the late anchorage of the ship, and landed on the opposite shore. A close inspection of the beach convinced them that there, at least, the ship had not been wrecked, for no spar, no fragment of timber, not a trace of their late companions, was to be seen among the innumerable pieces of drift-wood, some of them of considerable length, that covered the narrow strip of shingle that lay between the cliffs and the sea. So far, there was a negative proof, at least, of the safety of the ship; but why had she not returned to seek them?

In vain the men strained their weary eyes across the barren sea; no vessel specked its dark, tranquil waters; and its quietude, together with the sudden fall of the thermometer that they carried with them, reminded them of another approaching event which had this season been delayed to a very late period, but which must soon cut off all hope of escape by sea, namely, the final setting in of the ice.

The tarpaulin tent had again been made available as a shelter for Liliash, but immediately on the return of the two sailors, they commenced building such a hut out of the drift-wood as their limited means would allow. They were fortunately provided with saws and hatchets for cutting up the game they might kill, and with these, and the nails intended to fasten up the casks, together with a considerable quantity of rope, they contrived such a shelter as would defend them in some degree from the cutting blasts. As long as the temperature continued at all moderate, Liliash, with one of her companions for a guard and assistant, was employed in gathering great quantities of sorrel, a plant which providentially grew in abundance on the low hills, or in the valleys between them, while the other two killed and salted some reindeer which they were very successful in securing. When it was too dark

for these occupations, they worked by the light of a great fire which they kept burning close before the entrance of the hut, and employed themselves in lining the hut with the skins of the animals which they killed, and in making such preparations for passing the long winter of those awe-inspiring regions, as they thought most likely to preserve their lives, though, alas! with but faint hopes of success.

They possessed, besides their rifles and ammunition, a pocket compass, a chronometer, two watches, hatchets, saws, and knives, in a sufficient number, a large cooking pot, with some tin cups, and a couple of ladles; each man had his own pocket knife, one had a cork-screw, another some nails intended to fasten down the casks of meat; and Melville possessed an invaluable treasure in a needle case prepared by the care of Janet, well stocked with needles, strong thread, thimbles, and scissors. This had been, by a fortunate chance, put at the last moment into the pocket of a spare jacket before Melville left Scotland, and this jacket, with other warm clothing, had been thrown into the boat which brought him and his three companions on their most disastrous hunting expedition. Another treasure they possessed, far more powerful to console than any merely personal comforts. A pocket Bible, Melville's constant companion, now assumed a value it never had before, precious as the sacred volume had always been to these Christian Scottish seamen. Its precepts kept them patient, humble, and resigned; it taught them that their situation, terrible as it was, was still the one that their Almighty Father knew to be, in some inscrutable way, the best for them, and it showed them, too, that it was their duty to *work* as well as to *trust*, that He is ever ready to help those who help themselves, and that if their deliverance were intended by His wisdom, He would in all probability, bring it about by means of the energy, perseverance, and prudence, which were His gracious gifts.

The very night after the visit of the two sailors to the opposite shore, a thin coating of ice lay on the tranquil sea. This was soon broken up by a heavy gale which lasted for two days; this storm threw it into thick hummocks, between which the water froze again, cementing the whole into a compact mass. The temperature now became exceedingly low; the snow fell at times so thickly as to cover up the sorrel that grew upon the hills, and make it nearly unattainable, and the sailors feared that the increasing difficulty of getting at the lichen which formed their pasture, would make the game soon desert this part of the continent. The anxiety of Melville for the health of Liliash rendered the terrors of his situation doubly terrifying to him. Frequently she found his eyes fixed upon her with an expression of profound sorrow that went to her heart, and increased her feelings of remorse for her thoughtless and selfish conduct to such a degree, that at times it required all her self-control to prevent her from bursting into tears; but she not only resolved never by unavailing grief to add to her father's anxieties, but she was enabled, by the help that she now constantly prayed for, to stifle all complaints at the pinching, biting cold, at the absence of nearly every comfort, and the dreary sameness of the long, unoccupied, and sunless northern day.

One morning Fairford and Ross had followed the track of a fox on the newly-fallen snow; Liliash was reading her father's precious Bible by the light of the fire burning outside the tent, and Melville was busy near her, cutting up and sawing drift-wood, when the latter, raising his head from his work, saw the figures of a party of men drawn distinctly against the dim, grey sky.

For one moment he entertained a hope that a party from one of the Discovery ships might have been drawn to this part of the coast, either in pursuit of game, or for some scientific purpose; but as the party descended the

hill, and approached the tent with evident marks of curiosity, it was soon clear that they were Esquimaux. They were accompanied by a great number of dogs of a peculiar species, being nearly hairless, and naturally not barking like the European species. The dogs of the Esquimaux, however, have learnt to bark from those which have been taken to the Arctic regions in our Discovery ships. The Esquimaux were well and comfortably dressed after their own fashion, in dresses composed of skins of the deer and the seal. They were evidently on a hunting expedition, for they were well armed with spears, bows, and arrows. Great was the astonishment of Lilius when the party approached the hut, but Melville seized his rifle, and stood before her in silence for a moment, to observe whether they appeared to have any hostile intentions. As in his repeated voyages to the north, he had seen parties of many different tribes of Esquimaux, he was perfectly aware of the meaning of their gestures, and had been able to make himself understood by those he had previously met with, and he soon found that astonishment, not enmity, was the feeling that pervaded the party. He now asked them whether they had seen his ship, or whether they knew that any strange ships were near? To these questions they replied that they came from a long distance inland, and had left their wives and children in a valley where they intended to winter; that therefore they had of course seen no ships, but that they had heard from a tribe with whom they had traded during the last season, that some ships had been seen, frozen in far to the north-west of the place in which they now were, but that they had been supposed to have set sail when the ice broke up. They said that they were now going on a hunting expedition to a spot about two days distant, where the seal abounded; that they should return in about three weeks, and should then retire to their huts for the winter. Melville then asked them whether they knew the position of any of the

factories of the Hudson's Bay company, and whether they were very distant from the place where they wintered? To this the Esquimaux, who acted as spokesman, replied by shaking his head, and saying that they were far, very far off, that he had never seen them, nor any of his tribe, but that they traded with a tribe who were employed to obtain furs for the company, and that they met them every year at a place a great way to the south of that where their huts at present were, in order to barter their own furs for certain articles with which the party who were employed by the company supplied them.

An idea now struck Melville, which, if it met the approbation of his two companions, he resolved to act upon. He asked the Esquimaux if they would allow himself and his companions to winter with them, saying that they had enough food for their own necessities, without diminishing the resources of the tribe. If this plan succeeded, he intended to accompany the party in the spring to the place at which they bartered their furs with the tribe who were in communication with the company's factors, with whom they might return to the establishment, and then proceed to England by the first ship that came for their furs. After many minute inquiries on the part of Melville, it was at last settled that the party were to return by this route, and that the sailors and Lilius were to accompany them to their wintering place; and thence to the rendezvous, for which services Melville engaged to send them by the trading tribe, such articles as they stood most in need of. After this long interview, the Esquimaux departed, and soon afterwards Ross and Fairford returned, bringing with them the fox on whose track they had been. They were exceedingly shocked to find that it was believed that the Discovery ships had left those regions, and they could think of no better mode of escape than that proposed by Melville, for their present locality was far out of the course of any whaler, and even if any ship were sent in

search of them, it was very unlikely that they would be able to find the spot in which they were left, and still more so, that unaided, and provided with far less than the ordinary shelter and comforts that the poorest Scottish cottager enjoys, they would be alive when the departure of the ice would permit any ship to penetrate into those dreary and horrid regions.

The interval between this time and the return of the Esquimaux was employed in hunting and killing several seals, which frequented the ice and the rocks, together with two or three foxes and a little ermine, which delighted Liliás by the beauty of its delicately white skin; and in making a kind of frame of drift-wood on which they placed the boat, and which was to be drawn with little Liliás in it, together with their meat, tools, blankets, &c. by the dogs of the Esquimaux, some of which they had promised to spare from their own sledges for the purpose.

CHAPTER IV.

At length to the great joy of the little party, the Esquimaux re-appeared, the boat was loaded, a number of dogs were harnessed to it by ropes which the sailors had brought from the ship, and they left the hut, in a dim morning, but in moderate weather, and followed the Esquimaux, who seemed a mild and harmless set of people, over the dreary tract of country which lay inland.

It took nearly a week of slow and uninteresting travel, and cold comfortless camping out upon the snow, before a number of low mounds, just rising above the surface of the earth, showed the strangers the village, if the temporary location of nomadic tribes may be so called, which was to be their place of abode for some months.

Great was the astonishment of the Esquimaux women, children, and old people, who flocked round the sailors and Liliás, whose determination to control any feelings that might distress her father, scarcely enabled her to

check the exclamations of terror that were ready to burst from her lips at the sight of these uncouth and excessively dirty beings, clustering around her and insisting on touching her cheeks, lips, and hair, which they evidently thought were painted.

Still they seemed very kind in their intentions, and both Melville and Fairford, who understood their language, felt assured that there was not the slightest fear of any personal danger from these primitive people. Their inveterate habits of lying and thieving, however, were perfectly well known to the sailors, and while two of them assisted the Esquimaux in scooping out and building up a hut for their own use, the third, with a loaded rifle, always walked about as sentinel to watch over Liliass, and their few possessions, of which the rifles and ammunition seemed chiefly to attract the attention of the savages.

The hut, partly scooped out of the earth, which was now frozen, by means of the sailor's hatchets, partly built of blocks of frozen snow, included two chambers, the inner one intended for Liliass and her father, the second for Fairford and Ross. The latter was also to serve as the eating room, and general sitting apartment of the party. It was soon built, and lined with the deer-skins they had brought with them. Others were spread on the floor, and their warm clothing, blankets, buffalo robes, &c. were disposed so as to keep them as warm as possible during the night. One thing the Esquimaux seemed to think quite a triumph of genius and civilization. This was a door, made out of some planks which had been laid at the bottom of the boat to promote the comfort of the little Liliass, and which now guarded the hole which forms the only entrance to every Esquimaux hut. This was fastened by a very ingenious mode invented by Ross, who had a great mechanical taste; thus they were secure from the intrusion of their savage companions, and were able to turn their attention to their own present condition and comforts. With the remainder

of the planking which they had brought in their boat, they made a small table, and a seat for each of the party. The walls and floor of their hut were covered with reindeer skins, which they had at first fastened to the roof and sides with strong wooden pegs, but the warmth of the air inside often softened the interior surface of the snow blocks, and loosened the pegs, so that they were obliged to support the skins by uprights, planted strongly in the floor. Their rifles and ammunition were all kept in the inner chamber, to abstract them from the inquisitive eyes of the Esquimaux, whose attention was constantly directed to them, in a manner that rendered the sailors a little anxious for their security.

The meat which they had brought with them was sufficient to last them for a considerable time, and they hoped to be able to kill enough game to subsist upon during the remainder of the winter. The little store of biscuit and flour which they had brought with them from the ship, was kept religiously for the use of Liliass, and their savage neighbours frequently brought them presents of cranberries, which the Esquimaux gather in the more southern valleys in the summer, and bury in holes in the earth, where they freeze into a compact mass, requiring the aid of a hatchet or pick-axe to divide it. When this preserve is mixed with a little of the milk of the reindeer, it makes an excellent dish, and delighted Liliass extremely, though she was astonished to find that she was able to eat with exceeding relish, the flesh of seals, and other animals, such as foxes, uncooked, as would have been utterly repugnant to her in more southern latitudes.

A few reindeer belonged to the Esquimaux, which they provided with fodder collected during the short summer from the sheltered valleys, and these, together with their dogs, formed the live stock of the tribe. The dogs were very numerous, and belonged, as we have said, to the hairless and voiceless species, but though they rarely bark-

ed, they could not strictly be said to be voiceless, as they occasionally howled in a very disagreeable manner. At times they would sit in a circle round one of their number who seemed to act as their leader, and howl in concert, following the example of this strange conductor of the canine band. In summer, and during the later spring and early autumn, the Esquimaux dogs live out of doors, and without any shelter, but during the intense cold they scrape holes for themselves, into which they retire during the night. They are invaluable to these nomadic tribes, as beasts of draught, being harnessed with ropes made of the sinews of the reindeer, to their sledges.

The interior of Melville's hut was of course perfectly dark, or at least would have been so, if the Esquimaux had not taught him and his companions to make little lamps of a kind of moss, which when supplied with seal oil, yielded a tolerable light; and by its aid Lilius and the sailors were enabled, not only to read their precious Bible, but also to pursue several kinds of employment which seemed to shorten, as it actually did diversify, the dreary months of that long Arctic winter. Lilius became very expert in mending their clothes, and in making different articles of the skins of the reindeer, which were not required to line their hut, and of some other animals, such as foxes and ermines, which her companions occasionally shot. The sailors employed themselves in making bows and arrows of whalebone with which the Esquimaux liberally supplied them, having fallen in with three or four stranded whales, in their recent expeditions for the purpose of catching seals. Their new companions taught them to point their arrows, and ornament the ends of their bows with the bones of different kinds of fish, and *this* occupation fortunately soon created a kind of interest which induced them to multiply arrows to an *extent* which they found afterwards inappreciably useful. Occasionally, when they were not able to go out, they invited

some of the most intelligent of the men of the tribe into their hut, and endeavoured to make their accidental presence among these savages a blessing to them, by teaching them the first great principles of Christianity. Anxiously did these Christian seamen labour in this good work, and after many hopes and many disappointments, they believed that at least among two or three of the members of the tribe, their efforts had met with some degree of success.

Lilias also had her pupils among the younger children. One little girl named Onootka was her especial favourite, being far more intelligent than the great majority of the individuals composing the tribe. She taught Lilias to make many beautiful little articles of ornament with the bones of fish, their teeth, scales, and the hair and sinews of the reindeer, as well as of the feathers of birds. She gave Lilias a beautiful little bow, tipped and inlaid very ingeniously with fish bones, and a set of arrows to match; but the most beautiful present she received from this little savage was a necklace, and a pair of ornaments for the arms, made of fish bones, of a dazzling whiteness and lustre, and arranged in a very elegant pattern, being strung together by the sinews of the reindeer. In return, Lilias taught Onootka to sew with a needle and thread, and to cut out the softer parts of skins into clothing, with scissors. She gave her a pair of scissors of which there were several in her father's needle-case, and also some needles and thread, which she seemed to consider as invaluable treasures. But it was quite in vain that Lilias, who soon learnt enough of the language of the Esquimaux to make herself understood by them, endeavoured to teach her the simplest forms of religious truth, the slightest sketch of Christianity, and, as a natural consequence, the wickedness of stealing and lying, the two besetting sins of these generally harmless people. Neither Lilias nor the sailors could discover in all their prolonged intercourse with these people, that they had any mode whatever of

religious faith; certain superstitious forms, and the belief in the evil eye, seemed to be the only substitutes for that which naturally occupies so much of the thoughts of human beings in a more advanced state of society and intellect.

Now and then Melville would take Liliás, wrapped up in blankets till only her eyes were visible, to the back of the huts, all of which had their opening to the south, to see the wonderful and beautiful appearances presented by the Aurora Borealis. At times a fiery arch would embrace all the northern half of the heavens, with pencils of rays rising from it towards the zenith. At others, brilliant flashes which illuminated the whole sky, shot forth at regular intervals, giving a most extraordinary appearance to the wide expanse of snow which they rendered visible. Then again several arches, like burnished gold, surmounted each other, lying clear and defined against the cold northern sky. At another time they would appear in the same form, with diverging and periodical flashes of light seeming to proceed from some centre below the horizon. Infinite was the variety which this beautiful luminous phenomenon of the northern heavens displayed to the wondering eyes of Liliás, and to observe its brilliant coruscations and majestic forms was one of the few pleasures that diversified the monotony of this dreary winter to the little Scottish maiden.

Yet though the sailors bore up with courage and resignation against the privations of their situation, though they were indefatigable in their endeavours to add to their store of provisions, and in their attempts to soften the horrors of their situation by constant occupation, by talking cheerfully, and thinking hopefully of their prospects of being restored to their homes, yet heavy doubts and anxieties weighed upon their hearts, which were carefully concealed from Liliás. Amongst these, the most prominent were their doubts of the good faith of the Esquimaux, whose proverbial want of truth and honesty ren-

dered a constant care and watchfulness necessary in any intercourse with them; the dread that Liliass might not be able to bear the long journey in prospect without injury to her health; and a fear that with all their economy, and the additions made to their stores by their success in killing hares, foxes, and such other animals as they were able to track through the snow, their provisions might fall short, in which case the Esquimaux might be unwilling to supply them with food from their own stores. Liliass, too, though not a murmur ever passed her lips, had bitter cause to lament her disobedient folly. She saw, in spite of his efforts to conceal it, how dreadfully her father's anxiety for her preyed upon his feelings, and she thought with bitter sorrow upon that tender, deserted mother, so carelessly left to suffer all the horrors of uncertainty as to the fate of her child. She felt herself the cause of additional misery and wretchedness to both her parents, who had so heavy a load of sorrow to sustain, in being separated from each other, with apparently so little chance of reunion on this side the grave. Her health, too, suffered much from confinement and want of fresh air and exercise, more indeed than from the cold, from which she was so carefully shielded. Yet she strove to speak and look cheerfully, and laughed at the amusing stories of Ross, whose tales of adventure seemed quite inexhaustible, and who was able from personal observation and experience to place the scenes of his tales in each of the four quarters of the globe.

Drearly and slowly, yet surely, the time past on, and the month of May arrived, not crowned with flowers, as in our happier regions, but clothed in adamantine armour of rigid ice, overhung with its mantle of frozen snow. And with the month came hope, for the appointed time had arrived when the Esquimaux were to accompany the sailors to the place where they bartered their furs with the tribe who were the agents of the Hudson's Bay Company,

into whose care they were to be transferred. The journey was to be accomplished before the melting of the ice and snow should fill the rivers, which would then be themselves free from ice, and inundate large tracts of country, as the part of their course which lay in lower latitudes would still be frozen. The weather, though very cold, was clear and bright, considering that the sun was still so low. Light showers of snow fell occasionally, as a few clouds passed over the sky, but the frost was intense, and the sailors thought it unfortunate that it would still take three or four days for the party of Esquimaux, who had the care of the furs, to complete their preparations, the weather being now so favourable for their journey southward. However, they all retired to rest with spirits raised by the hope of return to their beloved homes, and hearts profoundly thankful for the wonderful preservation of their lives, through so many dangers and privations.

‘Is it not very late, Fairford?’ said Ross, as he woke up one morning, ‘I hear no stir among our neighbours.’

‘I think not,’ replied his companion, stretching out his hand for his watch, which usually hung on a peg fastened into one of the supports of the skins that lined the hut. ‘My watch is gone!’ exclaimed he, starting up, ‘I am perfectly certain that I put it in its usual place!’

The moss lamp was burning as usual, and as at this moment Melville came from the inner chamber, the two sailors saw that his face was deadly pale.

‘My rifle!’ exclaimed he, ‘where is my rifle? I laid it as usual by my side last night, and it is gone.’

‘Gone?’ exclaimed Fairford, rushing into the inner chamber where Lilies still lay asleep; and casting his eyes into the corner where his rifle and that of Ross, together with some ammunition, were always placed. ‘Gone! we are robbed, cheated, betrayed! the rifles and ammunition are all gone!’

They had no difficulty in leaving the hut to search for

the thieves, for the fastening which Fairford had so ingeniously contrived had been undone, and the low door was ajar. What was the horror of the sailors to find that they had not only been robbed, but deserted ; every hut was empty, Esquimaux, dogs, sledges, and provisions were all gone ; only the empty huts were there, to tell that an association of human beings had been located in that spot the evening before.

These wretches, ingenious only in thieving and lying, had taken advantage of the light snow showers which obliterated every trace of their march, to decamp with everything they could lay hands on, which they thought worth the trouble of carrying. They had contrived to take out of a small hut which opened into that occupied by the sailors, all the powder and shot, in addition to that which they had, with the most extraordinary silence and cunning, abstracted from the larger hut. A barrel containing meat was also taken from the same place ; only about half a small barrel full remained, together with a very inconsiderable quantity of flour, and a few biscuits ; the barrel being Melville's pillow, and the bag containing the flour and biscuits being also under Liliass's head. The boat was still safe ; probably, as many of the dogs had died during the winter, the Esquimaux had not been able to spare enough of these animals to drag it along, or perhaps the deep tracks of so heavy a machine might, they thought, have betrayed the direction in which they had gone. Be this as it may, the boat was safe, together with the cooking pot, all the bows and arrows of the sailors, the compass, Melville's watch, and all their skins and warm clothing, which could not have been abstracted, being wrapped round them at the period of the robbery.

No time was lost by these resolute and energetic, no less than truly pious and resigned seamen, in considering and deciding upon the best course to be pursued in this appalling emergency. To endeavour to reach the nearest

settlement of the fur company, was the first suggestion that offered itself to their minds; but a very little consideration induced them at once to abandon the idea. A journey of unknown length over a region which none of the party had ever traversed before, was not to be thought of, if common prudence were exercised, unless their impressions of the district were favourable to such an undertaking, but all that they knew of it from the reports of Canadian hunters and trappers whom Ross had, in different voyages, met with at Quebec and Montreal, represented this vast region as one which offered nearly insuperable difficulties at the present season of the year. They asserted it to be covered with lakes, swamps, and morasses, and intersected with innumerable rivers. Long before they could traverse on foot any distance approaching to the half of that lying between their present position and the nearest factory of the Hudson's Bay Company, the ice would probably be giving way, which would involve them, without guides or charts, as they were, in difficulties which would most likely be fatal to the whole party. They therefore determined, while the frost yet continued in all its intensity, to make their way back to the shores of Barrow's Strait, where they knew that game and fire wood abounded, where their hut probably still existed as they had left it, and where they would be found, if any whaler were able to penetrate so far to the north-west, that might be charged to search for them.

Not a moment was lost in putting this plan into execution. The very few articles which were left in their possession, together with their slender stock of food, their bows and arrows, now, alas! their only means of increasing their store of provisions, their blankets, &c. were placed in the boat, and so arranged as to leave a comfortable place for Lilius to lie down in. The little girl was placed warmly among the clothes and blankets, the seamen harnessed themselves to the sledge-like frame which

they had made for the boat in the preceding autumn, and they quitted the scene of their winter's privations and sufferings, and of their last grievous disappointment, never to behold it again.

(To be continued.)

ITALIAN PROVERBS.*

AMONG the many works that have been published in Le Monnier's Florentine Library, (to which we owe such a number of good books published at three-and-sixpence a volume, many of them reprints of works which at their first appearance were very expensive,) we find 'A Collection of Tuscan Proverbs,' in one volume. This is not a reprint; it was made by Giusti, a great man, whose satirical poems were first furtively, then more or less openly, read throughout Italy with enthusiastic admiration in the days preceding the revolution of '48. He survived the hopes of that year but a very little while, and now rests in San Miniato, that old church which Michelangelo turned into a fortress in the great siege of Florence by Charles V. and Pope Clement VI., and called La Bella Villanella. A few years ago it stood lonely and deserted amid its cypresses, its marbles 'more softly touched, more brightly lighted by every morning and evening sun,' but fast decaying; now it is used as a cemetery, and on All Souls' Day the Florentines visit it, and place lighted tapers and bouquets on the pavement. It is a solemn and beautiful sight indeed when left lonely again, with the flowers strewn and the wax tapers burning above each grave, while the delicious scent of the Catalonian jessamine, so beloved by the Florentines, fills the whole air.

Giusti's grave is marked by a large monument, of little beauty, erected by his father. A better monument is the

* Raccolta di Proverbi Toscani di Giuseppe Giusti.

name of the poet, but his verses are somewhat beyond a foreigner's usual knowledge of Italian and of Italy, there is so much that is purely Tuscan in the dialect, and they bear almost exclusively on the politics of that time; but some, as '*All' Amica*,' and the grand reply to the epithet Lamartine bestowed on Italy of 'Land of the Dead,' present no difficulties. His collection is not in Tuscan, but Italian, and have notes to explain such as are obscure. The first collection of Italian proverbs seems to have been made at the end of the fifteenth century, by a hard-working man, of whom we know little more than his name, which was Serdonati, and that he wrote a great number of sound, useful books, like one who made writing a trade, but knew his trade well. The proverbs were never published; probably no one would undertake to publish this formidable work in several thick volumes, with no particular arrangement in them, and in the seventeenth century it became the property of the Barberini. One of those magnificent Medici, the Cardinal Leopoldo, had a copy made, and sent back to Florence; a third is said to exist.

Many later and less important collections have been made, but perhaps Giusti's, though professing to contain only his own Tuscan ones, is the best yet known. It is a curious and interesting book, reflecting, as proverbs always do, more or less, the natures of the people among whom these sayings arose. Many given in this volume are used throughout Italy; others are local, such as '*A Santa Reparata ogni ulivo è ulivato*.' By the day of Sta. Reparata, the patroness of Florence, to whom the cathedral used to be dedicated, all the olive trees have formed their fruit—it falls on the 8th of October. This is a local proverb, Santa Reparata not being famous beyond Tuscany, and appearing only in pictures by Florentine masters; and, moreover, we catch a glimpse of a product—olives, namely—not found except in southern latitudes.

We should know at once that this was a proverb from a warm country, and a Roman Catholic one. Here, again, is one we should only find where the tree mentioned was much commoner than in England: '*la bella donna è un bel cipresso*:' 'a fair woman is like a beautiful cypress.' In England we should have spoken of 'straight as a poplar.' There are not many as pretty relating to women; the proverbs were clearly made by men who had a very bad opinion of the other sex, and say very uncivil things about them, such as '*Donne, asini e noci vogliono le mani atroci*:' 'Women, asses, and nut-trees, require beating.' There is an English one much like it. Here is a superb one: 'Deeds are masculine, words feminine.' But then there are some exquisitely tender; for instance, 'Many give me bread, but not like my mother:' 'He who has no children, knows not what is love.'

'*Quando la mora è nera un fuso per sera: quando è nera affatto filane tre o quattro*:' 'When the bramble is (growing) black, spin one distaff full an evening; but when it is quite black, three or four,' is a favourite Roman and Florentine proverb, and bears on the out-of-door life led in Italy in summer. During the months when the black berries are ripening, there is weather which invites siestas of an afternoon, and lingerings under the orange trees till a late hour in the evening; but by the time it is ripe outright, colder evenings approach, and mothers begin to say, 'Come, girls, the mora is black; you must spin four distaffs full to-night,' although spinning has gone out of fashion, and *broderie anglaise*, done in a frame, has taken its place.

Another saying touching the out-of-door evening life, is, '*Parole di sera il vento sele mena*:' 'Evening words are borne away by the wind.' That is, too much importance should not be attached to what is said in the light interchange of evening conversation.

If we turn to sayings which indicate a Roman Catholic

country, we find, '*Ad ogni santo la sua candela*.' 'A compliment should be paid to everyone,' and 'to old saints no incense is offered;' meaning, of course, who remembers an old love, but with some literal truth in it, new saints sometimes appear and throw the old ones quite into the shade. Witness the singular popularity of that not indubitable one, Filomena.

'Better is a clown and the pope, than the pope alone,' is the Italian version of two heads better than one; and this is rather a singular proverb, 'It is not necessary to go to Rome before we do penance;' that is, so long as there is real repentance in the heart. It would be worth while to discover if this were exclusively a north Italian proverb; there the superstitious side of Romanism is much less developed.

'*All' Ave Maria o per casa o per la via*.' In Rome this is always used to signify that at the unhealthy hour of sunset everyone should be at home, or on their way thither, the *Ave Maria* being said each day at that time, and therefore always varying slightly, or I should have imagined the saying implied, wherever you were, you should say the due prayer.

'*Quando si bagnano le Palme si bagnano le uova*.' 'When the palms are wetted, so are the eggs,' alludes, one to a gorgeous public ceremony, the other to a domestic one taking place on Palm Sunday and Easter week. Everyone who has been at Rome at that time knows how the palms are brought by water from San Remo, a little village on the Riviera, before Palm Sunday. San Remo is famous for its palm trees, and the cargo is given into the hands of a person called the *Palmaruolo*, whose business it is to plait them, and make them up into those singular mop-like things which on the Sunday are solemnly blessed and given to the canons of St. Peter's and other favoured persons. Others less precious are also distributed, not palms at all, only called so by courtesy—really bits of

olive. A twig is often hung up above doors and in rooms at this time, and the trays on wheels of the vendors of oranges and lemons have a bough in the middle of them; and all the barges on the river have a great branch at their helms. As for the eggs, a great dish full are prepared and strewn with flowers in every house, and the parish priest comes to bless them.

Justice is inculcated by '*Non si deve dar tanto a Pietro che Paolo resta indietro*:' 'So much should not be given to Peter that none remains for Paul;' and our 'A living dog is better than a dead lion,' appears as 'Better one live pope than ten dead ones.'

Backbiting is answered by '*Tanto vale la Messa detta quanto la cantata*:' 'A Mass is the same whether sung or said,' and calumny is none the less harmful for being whispered low. '*Frate sfratato e cavol riscaldato non fu mai buono*,' applies to renegades of every sort, but the Romans took it literally in 1848, when a monk, who fancied he had protected himself by assuming a secular costume, ran the utmost risk, if detected, as they always concluded him to be a spy.

'Fra Modesto was never Prior,' is rather a funny proverb, and needs no interpretation. '*Quando non c'è perde la Chiesa*:' 'Where nothing is, the Church loses,' is more abstruse, and, indeed, has but too deep a significance in it. It would be used to imply that in every case the Roman Church contrives to gain something, a saying which is ill in a people's mouth. 'One lives well under the shade of a Campanile,' would mean that a priest fares well, or gives powerful protection. The last part of 'he who wants occupation should buy a watch, take a wife, or beat a friar,' loses altogether its comic air at Rome, and becomes one of the most gloomy among the Italian proverbs: 'the vengeance of a priest lasts until the ninth generation.'

Among those applied to sacred things we find some

very pretty ones, but Italian is hardly concise and terse enough in its structure to be adapted to proverbs. Concerning goods which once belonged to the Church, we find, '*Roba di Campana fiorisce, non grana*,' 'It may flower, but will never bear fruit.' Of not speaking lightly of holy things—'*Scherza coi fanti e lascia star i santi*,' 'Jest with the servants, and let the saints alone.' Mortality—'*Terra inanzi e terra poi*,' 'Of earth and to earth.' The Danes say, 'To-day gold, to-morrow dust.' 'He who will not give to Christ, shall give to the tax-gatherer,' it shall not profit him.

Sometimes we come on a saying which has a touch of antiquity in it; for example, 'The cross does not make the knight;' and we may add two, not, I think, Tuscan: '*Aria di fenestra è colpa di Balestra*,' 'a draught is as fatal as a cross-bow bolt,' and 'the fair woman and the slashed gown ever meet with a nail.' '*Tre cose belle in questo mondo: prete parato, cavaliere armato e donna ornata*,' 'Three things are fair; the priest in his vestments, the armed knight, and a woman in her jewels.' Certainly the women take advantage of this opinion, for she is poor indeed who has not gold ear-rings, *sciocalle*, as they are called, and *corona*, or necklace. A set of ornaments, called the *vezzo*, is the dowry of a Roman peasant's daughter when she marries, or on her mother's death, as then the mother's pass to her; and if an old woman is seen with ornaments, either she is unmarried, has no daughter, or was rich enough to buy her a *vezzo* and keep her own. When the younger girls marry the bridegroom furnishes their *vezzo*, and until the late hard times such a thing as a woman selling her *vezzo*, however poor she might be, was hardly known.

'*Guelfo son e Ghibellin mi appello: chi mi da più io volterò mantello*,' is in the Vicar of Bray style, and so audacious that it can only be equalled by '*Chi non ruba non ha roba*.' The party names date its origin sufficiently, but it is not yet quite useful.

A feudal one is, 'The sin of the lord makes the vassal weep.' 'Among every three, one's a spy,' arose in the time of the Medici. 'New lord, new tyrant,' said the people; and 'Bread and fishes keep the people quiet,' was a speech of Lorenzo the Magnificent's, which passed into an Italian proverb, but must have dated from Juvenal's '*Panem et circenses*.' A popular cry was '*Vivano le berrette e muoiano le fogette*,' a watchword of the richer Florentines, who called themselves the Berrette, and the poorer the fogette, from the different head-gear used in those days of sumptuary laws. '*Chi dice Parlamento dice guastamento*,' rose in republican times, because a parliament was always called when something had gone wrong, or there was some change in the state. 'When Siena weeps, Florence laughs,' is now, I believe, applied to weather, but formerly it probably had a double meaning.

Not the least amusing part of a collection of foreign proverbs is to see how those familiar to ourselves have become modified or represented. 'Tell me with whom you live, and I'll tell you what you are,' finds an equivalent in 'He who lives with wolves will learn to howl.' 'All is not gold that glitters,' say we money-making people; 'All that is red is not cherries,' answer the Italians. Our at St. Barnabas cut the first grass is the same: '*A san Barnabà la falce al prà*.' 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush;' 'Better is Squincione in the hand than a thrush in the bramble.' Squincione is a local name for a finch, from one of its notes sounding something like squin, squin, squin. 'One swallow does not make a summer,' is the same, but also is represented very gracefully by 'One flower does not make a spring.' 'Much cry and little wool,' appears in a southern form, 'Much vine, few grapes.' 'Half a loaf is better than no bread;' 'Better is Scalbatro than no fish.' Scalbatro is a fish which certainly would not appear on

the tables of the rich, but the poor eat him with this saying for sauce.

Some Italian proverbs are very characteristic of the poetical nature of the people, and it would be impossible to match them by an English one, such is, 'Lade not thyself with every herb, but make a garland of every flower;' and, 'Even among the thorns the rose is found.' I do not know whether we possess anything like this, 'The moon is half a companion.' Certainly we have not that other touching one, 'Darkness is the carnival of the unhappy,' which contains a whole history of sorrow concealed by day till night was looked forward to as the time when the forced cheerfulness need be maintained no longer, and grief might have its way. If the Venetian proverbs were collected, perhaps more relating to the Carnival would be found; Giusti names hardly any, nor are they abundant, as one would expect, at Rome.

Sayings relating to times and seasons are plentiful. '*Per Santa Croce* (Sep. 14th,) *pane e noce*:' 'The harvest is gathered in, the nuts are ripe.' '*Sant' Agnese* (Jan. 21) *il freddo è per le chiese*.' '*Santa Barberà, Sta intorno al fuoco e guardala*.' '*Se Gennaio sta in camicia Marzo scoppia dal riso*,' that is, 'If January be mild, March will mock you and be cold.' '*Quando le Armellini sono in fiore il giorno è la notte sono d'un tenore*.' Armellini is a provincial word for apricots; this saying means that when they are in blossom, day and night are much the same in temperature. '*Sant' Antonio suol aver la barba bianca*,' and sometimes in Rome on this day (Jan. 17,) the fountains are all fringed with ice, but it occurs seldom enough to make it rather an exciting event, and the proverb applies more to Tuscany swept by cold winds. '*Cielo a pecorelle, acqua a catinelle*.' Pecorelle are those soft white clouds which in Finland too are called Lamb Clouds.

'*Fra Pasqua e Pasqua no c' è vigilia fatta*.' 'There

is no vigil between Easter and Easter,' is perplexing until we remember the second Easter is Whitsunday, *Pasqua di Rosa*, as it is called, to distinguish it from *Pasqua d'uova*. The common people call all the great feasts *Pasqua*. Rose Sunday gets its name from all the roses being out at that time. It is a pretty name, reminding one of that given to a certain market held in Wales in May, namely, Blossom Fair.

Sometimes we find a saying more than puzzling—quite incomprehensible, without a key. Such is, 'Either be Cæsar or Niccolò.' Now who was Niccolò? Certainly few who use the proverb could tell, but Giusti informs us that he was the Latin word *nihil*,* who speedily became personified in the mouths of the people, just as in a quaint little Italian folk-song we find the word *Omnia* turned into Toma :

'Oh mulberry tree!

Last night you promised me Roma and Toma,

This morn have nought for me !'

Roma et omnia of course meant every imaginable good thing, but the unfamiliar word soon became both a rhyme and a person.

The most curious proverbs are the strictly local ones, wherein old prejudices and rivalries often peep out. 'In Verona one must go to bed with the hens,' complain the Venetians, disgusted at the early hours kept in Verona. 'The Paduans hung the ass' is a riddle without the historic fact that gave rise to this odd saying. Cantù says that a mock-skirmish between the men of Padua and the Venetians ended in a serious battle; the former captured the banner of Venice, on which was depicted an ass, and

* The old Latin proverb was put to a satirical use in the time of the war of the succession in Germany, when a medal was struck with the head of Francis of Lorraine, and the legend *Aut Cæsar aut nihil*, and on the reverse that of the Emperor Charles VII. whose election has cost him Bavaria, with the motto, '*Et Cæsar et nihil*.'

hung it on a gallows. The quarrelsome nature of the Romagnuoli is pithily described by 'The Romagnuoli are born with stones in their hands;' and the popular view of the Roman Court by, 'The Court of Rome loves not a sheep with no wool.' A saying of Vincenza declares superbly, '*Non ha Vinegia tanti gondolieri quanto Vincenza conti e cavalieri.*' 'Venice has not so many gondoliers, as has Vincenza counts and cavaliers.' We do not know what the Venetians replied, but they challenged Florence with '*Non sono in Arno tanti pesciolini quanto in Venezia gondole e cammini.*' 'There are fewer fishes in Arno than gondolas and ways in Venice.'

To Venice belongs that darling of the Italian pantomime, Pantaloon, as Harlequin and Columbine do to Bergamo, and therefore in the saying, 'Pantalon pays for everything,' he represents the Venetian people, whose famed riches are here alluded to; but the taxes fell so heavily on the lower classes, that *their* saying was, '*Scarpa grossa paga ogni cosa.*' 'The hob-nailed shoes pay for all.'

The credit of the following may belong either to Parma or Rezzio, but certainly not to Modena: '*Parma bell' arma, Rezzio gentile, e Modena un porcile.*' 'Parma well armed, Rezzio polite, Modena a pig-sty.' Whoever has visited the town of Mary Beatrice will feel the justice of the reproach. 'Black and white made Venice rich.' Not the old feuds, but cotton and pepper.

'*Chi sta ai marmi di Sta. Maria del fiore o è pazzo o sente d' amore.*' 'He who has stood on the pavement of Sta. Maria of the Flower, either is a fool, or admires her,' sounds pleasantly unto anyone who knows Florence and her Duomo, dedicated to the Virgin, but called Del Fior because in old times there was a flower-market held near it.

'The Bergamaschi speak thick, but have keen wits.' There is no date given by Giusti to this proverb, but as we know from history that the Bergamaschi for a long

time were the jest of Italy for their harsh, truncated dialect, and slowness of apprehension, it seems as though it must have sprung up in the time when they vindicated themselves triumphantly by tricking the witty Florentines. The mockery of these having become quite unbearable, the men of Bergamo sent a solemn embassy to challenge them to a combat of scientific discussion, with Bergamo for its theatre, to which the Florentines, highly amused by their presumption, agreed. When it was known the learned men selected by them had set out, the best scholars of Bergamo dressed themselves up as porters, peasants, inn-keepers, and the like, and when the Florentines came in sight of their destination, built on its amphitheatre of blue hills, the labourer, digging by the road-side, of whom they demanded how much further they had to go, replied in the best Latin. Weary with their journey, they stopped at a little inn outside the town, and the host came to receive them, quoting most apposite verses from Anacreon. The Florentines exchanged looks of consternation, but how did their uneasiness increase when the sentinel at the gate saluted them with several lines from the Odyssey! Still worse was it at the hotel to which they were conducted in state, for all the servants talked choice Latin, and the cook, moreover, discoursed in Greek! One reflection alone was possible; if the common people were so learned, what must the scholars be? The Florentines seized some pretext, cleverly afforded them by their opponents, to retreat, and returned to their own town abashed and mortified, declaring never was there such a calumny as that which called the Bergamaschi slow witted.

It is difficult to take this as a piece of sober history; but, at all events, it is a Bergamask tradition, and classic must be the land where such a one arose.

'*Mugnai, macellai e notai son tutti ladri,*' was a favourite saying of the cruel Zanobi Bartolini, Governor of Pistoia in 1524, when 'going up and down the city he caused great terror to all,' as an old Italian historian says, 'having always with him thirty soldiers armed with halberds, and three arquebuse bearers, a thing unknown till then; and when he had no one to punish, he sent to take some miller, and had him hung without seeking for

a reason, for he was accustomed to say millers and notaries were all thieves; and this he did to terrify the people, and bridle the Pistoians, always inclined to be unruly.' Another like saying declares in an untranslatable jingle, '*Tutti i mestier che finiscono in ai non vedranno Cristo, mai.*' We find this slur on a 'miller's' honesty in our English game of 'Show me a miller, and I'll show you a thief,' which cottage children often play at.

Historical proverbs have a tendency to become obsolete when that which gave rise to them is beginning to be forgotten. We find an instance of this in that once favourite English saying, originating in Henry VIIIth's love of brave plain-speaking and manliness: 'King Harry loved a Man;' and again in a curious Lombard one, which does not, of course, appear in Giusti's collection, but deserves notice: 'He has done worse than even Guglielmina,' a saying that was first used (to express the extremity of wickedness) in the thirteenth century, when a certain Guglielmina who had died with a saint-like reputation was discovered to have committed horrible crimes, and founded a blasphemous and corrupt sect. Her remains were torn up to be burnt from their resting-place in the Campo Santo of Chiaravalle, the first Cistercian monastery founded in Italy; her followers were exterminated by fire and torture, and no doubt the awful cruelty with which they were treated impressed the memory of Guglielmina on the popular mind.

Among the Tuscan proverbs are many more than perhaps we should expect in favour of truth and trust, though it is true that some go strongly the other way, as, '*Il vero punge e la bugia unge.*' 'Truth stings, but falsehood heals.' Under what rule did this arise—'he who speaks truth will be hung?' Certain sturdy, plain-spoken old English sayings in favour of downright truth find no equivalent; courts and rulers get many slaps indeed, but quietly, in court language; one of the most amusing is, 'A Jackdaw is a Jackdaw though he live in a steeple.' 'A May lord's rule is short,' originated in certain games formerly held in Florence in May, with a sort of 'lord of misrule' to superintend them.

Liberty finds many good sayings in her favour. '*Chi*

non vuol esser in libertà puo esser schiavo in Barberia, which may be rendered, 'He who cares not for liberty may be a slave in Barbary;' and 'It is better to be a wood bird than a cage bird;' 'Better live in the woods and eat pine seeds, than live in a castle with the Spaniards'—possibly 'Castello' at first meant some particular place. Pine seeds are eaten by the Italians in sauces and various dishes, but the fare alone would be rather frugal. The old Douglas motto of 'Better hear the lark sing than the mouse squeak,' appears in Tuscany as, '*è meglio sentir cantare il Rusignuolo che rodere il topo.*'

We might go on quoting endlessly, but these specimens must suffice of a book well worth having, though not perfectly free from that occasional over-plainness of image and language always found in a collection of popular proverbs, all, or nearly all, born in the mouths of a class habituated to use plain words for everything. The chapter on Similitudes at the end is as curious as any, with its rude, expressive sayings, such as 'bleeding like an *Ecce omo,*' of course taken from one of those life-sized, ghastly figures, streaming with blood, which we sometimes meet with in village churches abroad, raising rather a shudder of horror than the awe and gratitude that the subject should call forth. Such a one I remember in a side chapel in the old Cathedral at Avignon. At a first glimpse under the low-browed arch only an altar, crowned with a lovely bouquet of hawthorn, China roses and lilacs, was to be seen; a woman knelt before it, her basket by her side; she had stolen a few moments from her morning's marketing for prayer. As we advanced a step, something scarlet attracted the eye—another, and in a niche in the side wall was revealed a figure, at least life-sized, seated; the scarlet robe, the reed, the crown of thorns upon the bleeding brow, showed at once for Whom it was intended, and recalled the Italian saying forcibly to my mind.

Proverbs are very popular at Florence and Rome; they are introduced perpetually into conversation, and I have known young ladies make a M.S. collection, and learn two or three pages by heart to be ready for a game in the evening called 'Proverbi,' but played quite differently to the English way. The party sit down in a circle, one

takes up a knotted handkerchief, and flings it to some gentleman or lady, saying, if it be the latter,

‘My bird flew from its nest,
Settled in this ‘lady’s’ breast;
As it flew it whispered—’

‘What did it whisper?’ asks the other, and the thrower repeats a proverb, appropriate in some way if possible, and whoever has the ball throws it on to someone else. Sometimes, to complicate the game a little, everyone chooses the name of a flower or fruit, and is addressed by it, and forfeits are exacted if any blunder is made, or a proverb not quickly forthcoming. The game should be played as rapidly as possible, and is very amusing when there is a large party of lively people, all intimate enough to make personal application of the proverbs easy; easier, indeed, than would readily be credited by anyone who has not shared in such a scene. It was a game of Proverbs which first suggested it to Giusti to make his collection; he afterwards wrote down all he could collect, and added any he afterwards met with, and the M.S. was found among his papers after his death.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Subscriber from the Beginning forgets that what is ignored cannot be made to preserve its due place in subordination to higher aims. It is not by keeping all such topics out of sight, that sound views can be formed upon them, and we trust she will never find them dwelt upon so as to lead to the notion that they are other than one phase of human life, but though brief, too important to be left out of the class of lessons through fiction. ‘Forgotten Poets’ is nothing but a history of literature, and few would be likely to take their romance for anything but a record of past ways of thinking.

A young subscriber, declined with thanks.

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for Younger Members of the English Church.

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CONVERSATIONS ON THE CATECHISM.

CONVERSATION XLVII.

SEASONS OF PRAYER.

Helena. You said you would speak of the special times of prayer.

Audrey. In a manner, I suppose, that should be always.

Miss O. True; there should be a constant breathing of the soul towards God, but this requires set periods as starting points, when the spiritual may renew their energy, and the less earnest be re-called, so as not to miss the more memorable hours of the day; and it seems to have been the longing desire of the Church even from the very first, to raise a continual round of worship, such as might never cease, so as to 'reflect Heaven's light and order.' The Law of Moses began by absolutely though indirectly fixing the two necessary hours of prayer.

Helena. The third and ninth hours, 9 A.M. and 3 P.M., the times of offering the morning and evening sacrifices.

Miss O. To which devout persons added the sixth hour, or noon, 'In the evening and morning and at noon-day will I pray, and that instantly,' (Psalm, lv. 18;) and we find Daniel praying with his window open towards Jerusalem three times a day. These were the stated hours of adoration for the busy. After the return of the Ark from captivity, when Jerusalem had been chosen as the abode

of God's Name, David established a perpetual worship. He appointed two hundred and eighty-eight out of the four thousand singing Levites, with Asaph as their leader, in twenty-four courses, of twelve each, to succeed each other with cymbals, psalteries, and harps, in singing the 'songs of the Lord,' continually before the sanctuary, so that His dwelling-place might for ever resound with praise.

Audrey. Those were the Psalms ?

Miss O. No doubt most, if not all, of the Psalms were these songs of the Lord. The Book of Chronicles tells us, that the first poem which the sweet Psalmist of Israel put into the hands of Asaph for that purpose, was one consisting of verses from the 105th, 96th, and 106th Psalms. How long that constant chant was carried on, we know not, nor when it became neglected ; but when the Lord turned again the captivity of Sion, and the second Temple again arose, one of Ezra's first cares was to collect the poor remnants of the four thousand children of Asaph, and restore the Temple psalmody.

Helena. And of course the daily sacrifices were likewise renewed, and still marked the hours of prayer.

Miss O. The returned Jews had in the reaction from their former neglect of God, become as strict as the Mahometans are now in their adherence to these hours, and showed as little reserve, so as to lead to the rebuke for ostentatiously using their private prayers at the corners of the street, if they were there overtaken by these times. But about the era of the return from Babylon, it would appear that the custom of synagogue worship was established, which was the most effectual means of preventing the Jews from again straying off to idolatry, by keeping up their knowledge of the sacred books, and by directing their devotions aright.

Helena. The synagogues were all over Judea and wherever Jews lived.

Miss O. Wherever they were numerous enough to furnish three times a week a congregation of which ten was the minimum. There were eighteen prayers, mostly of about the length of our Collects, which were said to have been compiled by Ezra, which every Jew was required to repeat at the three hours of prayer, in the courts of the Temple when he could, in the synagogue, if too far distant from the holy place, or a short summary of them in the midst of his occupations wherever he might be. These eighteen were and still are the nucleus of the Jewish worship, but many others were added to them on various occasions, and some of these additions may have been the long prayers that our Lord said were made for a pretence.

Audrey. Of course there could be no sacrifice, as that could only be done at the Temple.

Miss O. Though the hours had reference to the daily sacrifice. On the Sabbath, the synagogue was attended by the whole of the inhabitants, and in addition to the eighteen prayers, there was reading of the Scriptures. The books of Moses, and the writings of the Prophets, were portioned out so as to be read through in the course of the Sabbaths of the year, and afterwards there was an exposition. I believe these Lessons are universally used by the Jews still, those from the Law never varying, though the arrangement of the Prophets differs among them.

Helena. That was the service when our Lord expounded the prophet Isaiah, and taught how the real year of Jubilee was come.

Audrey. And St. Paul said at Antioch in Pisidia how Moses and the Prophets were read in the synagogues every Sabbath day.

Miss O. These synagogue services seem to have been attended by our Lord and His disciples as devout Jews. We hear of Him constantly in the synagogue, and afterwards, even in the Gentile cities, the Apostles always

went first to the synagogue, before beginning with the Greeks or Romans.

Helena. And the regular hours of prayer are noted.

Miss O. To them these had acquired a new and full significance. They had seen the one all-sufficient Lamb devoted to die at the third hour, crucified at the sixth, and giving up His Life at the ninth ; and so they were gathered together at the third hour in the morning, when that season received a new consecration by the descent of the Blessed Spirit. St. Peter and St. John went up to the Temple together 'at the ninth hour, being the hour of prayer ;' and again St. Peter kept the noon-tide by retiring to the house-top to pray, when it was first revealed to him that the Gentiles were to be fellow-heirs. There is reason to believe that these continued to be the landmarks of the Christians' day, as they would come naturally to those of Jewish birth.

Helena. Would it be in this way that they continued 'daily in the Apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayer ?'

Miss O. It would seem from those words that besides the daily celebration of the Holy Eucharist, the old hours of the daily sacrifice continued to be observed by the believers, as best they might, and that the synagogue service furnished a mould for their collective worship when they met in small companies.

Audrey. Would not that have been later than at three in the afternoon, during the times of persecution ?

Miss O. True, and events in our Lord's history had given the evening hours a like consecration, which the faithful loved to commemorate when they met in their secret chambers, and underground caverns in the darkness of night. On Sunday mornings, at least, very early, the congregation would meet at almost any risk, for the partaking of the Lord's Supper ; and on other evenings, it appears from scattered hints in the earlier writers, that

such as were able would assemble to offer prayers, and sing psalms or hymns.

Helena. Were those the assemblies in which the Corinthians made such confusion, by having separate prayers and prophesying going on at once ?

Miss O. It seems not unlikely ; and then, perhaps, acting on St. Paul's admonition to do things decently and in order, the Jewish Christians would introduce the synagogue arrangement. There was, however, such a dread of giving opportunity to the enemy to blaspheme the holy rites, that a strict reserve was practised in early ages ; and we have no distinct statement of what was done before the third century, when it had become safe to meet openly, and to celebrate the Holy Communion by day-light. The services seem then to have fully taken shape, for the Apostolical Constitutions, which date from some time previous to the Council of Nicea, enjoin morning and evening attendance. The evening, as the interval of leisure, was always the time of the fullest numbers, and of the chief notes of praise ; the devout would often continue all night in prayer, thus striving to fulfil the nightly watching of the Church for her returning Lord ; and then was the beginning of the morrow's festival or fast, the observation commencing as soon as the sun was down.

Helena. Like our eves with the morrow's collect.

Miss O. St. Basil has left a description of the daily worship of his time, which has much analogy to the eighteen synagogue prayers, and still more to the present Greek daily office.

Audrey. Is it like our own ?

Miss O. In some of the broad outlines, such as opening with penitence, continuing with praise, and concluding with intercession. It is part of the universality of the Church, that she adapts herself to individual or national needs in detail, while preserving perfect similarity in her great features, and thus every patriarchate, nay almost

every province, had some difference in the form of the daily supplication, though all truly like-minded—unity, not uniformity. Our own oldest British service came through Gaul from Eastern Christians, who considered them as derived from St. John the Divine, and thus they were more like those of the Greek than the Latin Church, while the Irish and Scottish seem to be connected with the Church of Alexandria, and St. Mark the Evangelist.

Helena. Did not St. Augustine bring the Roman use to the Saxons?

Miss O. He did, and it had a hard struggle with the Scottish form, over which it prevailed at last. Each Bishop, however, was allowed to modify the customs of his diocese, and there were slight differences. In the sixth century, the desire of keeping up an unfailing voice from earth to Heaven, was very strong in the Western Church, and with the words, ‘Seven times a day I will praise Thee,’ for his guide, St. Benedict apportioned the hours, and gave them their distinct character, making their observance binding upon all who took the vows of his monastic order. These hours are,

Midnight, called also Nocturns and Vigils, the time of the Holy Nativity and Resurrection.

Lauds or *Matins*, daybreak.

Prime, 7 o’clock, when Pilate sat in judgment.

Tierce, 9, the old third hour, the time of the coming of the Holy Ghost.

Sexts, noon, the hour of Crucifixion.

Nones, 3 P.M., the old ninth hour, the time of death.

Vespers or *Evensong*, sunset, the old evening service, the time of the taking down from the Cross, of the institution of the Holy Eucharist.

Compline, 9 P.M., the time of the agony.

Helena. Were these observed by everybody?

Miss O. They were enforced in the monasteries, and the devout aimed at keeping them, and so the daily repe-

tition of the Breviary became part of the duty of the clergy.

Audrey. Was the Breviary the collection of these prayers ?

Miss O. The *brief* collection and arrangement of all the ordinary services not Eucharistic. These formed another book more properly called the Liturgy, though now the Missal in the Romish Church ; while our Prayer-book would be considered as Breviary and Missal put together. The Breviary, with the same great outlines, was as usual varied in different countries and dioceses, as well as the Liturgy, of which Milan had a very noted one, coming down from St. Ambrose's time ; there was a Gallican and a Spanish use, I believe ; and in England, there were various slightly differing rituals, the chief of which was the Salisbury Ritual, compiled about 1078 by Osmond, Bishop of Salisbury, from the services already in use. This was just at the time that Gregory VII. was doing the same work by the Italian services, and composing the Roman Breviary, the daily offices of which each Priest is bound to rehearse.

Audrey. But is not celebrating mass, and being present at it, the great point with Roman Catholics ?

Miss O. More of that in its place. You are right, for practically the laity do not appear to have thought they had any necessary part in the Breviary Services, as if these answered to the Levite's chant of psalms in the Temple ; though of course, as the doors were open, they might come in and take their share.

Helena. If they could, but it was all Latin.

Miss O. These were held as especially the homage of the religious orders, offered *for*, not *with*, the people. The honour of God and the edification of man were surely meant to go hand in hand ; but when the Benedictine services in Latin were made compulsory on all the clergy, and Latin had ceased to be the language of the congre-

gation, I think the latter purpose was somewhat put aside.

Audrey. Can you tell me what they were like ?

Miss O. I can only tell you a very little, to give you an idea of the spirit of them. The Psalms were so portioned out that all the one hundred and fifty should be sung in a week, but adapted to the hours of the day, and days of the week, the seasons or the festival days, and thus ever varying, so as to give out the thoughts they convey from their combinations, and drawing out the application of the Psalm by an antiphon, namely, after each verse a response containing with the special point of the Psalm, as then used. So the Antiphon used with the Psalms at the Epiphany is, 'When they had opened their treasures, they presented to Him gold, frankincense, and myrrh.' On the feast of a martyr, the antiphon to the first Psalm is, 'his delight was in the law of the Lord, day and night,' not only in the day of joy, but the night of adversity; while on the commemoration of a Bishop, 'Blessed is the man who doth exercise himself in the law of the Lord, His will remaineth day and night, and all things whatsoever he doeth shall prosper,' is the antiphon.

Helena. That must have been very striking, and have pointed the symbolical meaning beautifully.

Miss O. To show you the character of the services. The night service began as all did with the Lord's Prayer and Ave Mary secretly repeated, and then the versicles, responses, Gloria, and 95th Psalm, as an invitation to the other Psalms, and some lessons from Scripture, with a comment on them, following the course of the year much as our calendar does, and ending with the Te Deum. The spirit of this service was praise and meditation on Scripture by night, and the Latin Hymn usually sung at this hour began thus:

'Let us arise and watch by night,
And meditate always,

And chant, as in our Maker's sight,
United hymns of praise.'

Lauds, as their name imports, were more entirely praise; yet that penitence might not be wanting, the 51st Psalm always preluded one of the great songs of the Old Testament; the Benedicite on Sunday; the Song of Isaiah (chap. xii.) on Monday; the Song of Hezekiah on Tuesday; Hannah's thanksgiving on Wednesday; the song of victory after passing the Red Sea for Thursday, the day of Ascension; the magnificent song of Habbakuk for the day of the Passion; and the parting song of Moses for Saturday. All these you see were songs of the long night ere our Lord came, and were summed up by the song of Zacharias in the very dawn, when 'the day-spring from on high hath visited us.' The hymn then sung was,

'Paler have grown the shades of night,
And nearer draws the day,
Chequering the sky with streaks of light,
Since we began to pray.'

Prime opened with a regular morning hymn, and some morning psalms, all entreating for guidance; part of the 119th every day, and on Saturday the Athanasian Creed. A confession and absolution followed, and our own morning collect, to be kept from sin and danger through the newly-opening day. The three day hours had the shorter services, as if they were snatched from daily labour. They divided the remainder of the 119th between them, as if the practical thought of the working hours were to be the keeping of the Law, and at each, the collect for the week was rehearsed, so as to connect the day with the Sunday and the Eucharist. The spirit of the hour was marked by the hymn. At the third hour,

'Come, Holy Ghost, who ever One
Art with the Father and the Son;
Come, Holy Ghost, our souls possess
With Thy full flood of holiness.'

At the sixth,

‘O God, the Lord of place and time,
Who orderest all things prudently,
Brightening with beams the opening prime,
And burning in the mid-day sky,
Quench Thou the fires of hate and strife,
The wasting fever of the heart,
From perils guard our feeble life,
And to our souls Thy peace impart.’

At the ninth the decline of the day is beautifully pointed by

Lord, brighten our declining day,
That it may never wane
Till death, when all things round decay,
Bring back the morn again.’

Vespers, when the daily task was done, began to take the blessed recreation of praise, and had the most exulting series of Psalms appointed for it; the Magnificat was always then sung, and the hymn was,

‘Father of Lights, by whom each day
Is kindled out of night,
Who when the heavens were made didst lay
Their rudiments in light;
Thou who didst bind and blend in one
The glistening morn and evening pale,
Hear thou our plaint, when light is gone,
And lawlessness and strife prevail.

Hear, lest the whelming weight of crime
Wreck us, with life in view,
Lest thoughts and schemes of sense and time
Earn us a sinner’s due.
So may we knock at Heaven’s door,
And strive the prize of life to win,
Continually and evermore,
Guarded without and pure within.’

Compline was a beautiful bed-time service, beginning with a blessing, praying for a quiet night, and an end of toil, the text from St. Peter, ‘be sober, be vigilant,’ &c.

a confession and absolution for the sins of the day; then the evening psalms, breathing trust and protection; the hymn,

‘Now, that the daylight dies away,
Let us lie down and sleep;
Thee, Maker of the world, we pray
To own us and to keep.
Let dreams depart, and visions fly,
The offspring of the night,
Keep us like shrines beneath Thine eye,
Pure in our foe’s despite.’

Then prayers for protection, among them, I believe, our ‘Lighten our darkness,’ and that thankful hymn of Simeon, the sweetest farewell in all the world.

Audrey. It must be a most beautiful round of praise and prayer. Almost living in heaven.

Helena. But how little sleep they could ever have had, getting up in the middle of the night and before dawn!

Mary. And if it was all ‘proper psalms,’ how hard it must have been to find their places in their books!

Miss O. Yes; the system was exceedingly beautiful, but very complex, far more so than I have been able to describe to you. It could hardly be intelligently carried out at all except by such men as St. Bernard and the early Cistercians, who lived for it, and fulfilled the spirit of their order, of meditation in the dawn, toil by day, and praise by night. Even then there were blemishes of commencing superstition.

Helena. You mean the Ave Marias?

Miss O. They had not in those early times the objectionable conclusion, but there were invocations to her, and at Compline, the antiphons were absolute adoration. The Franciscan friars brought into the Breviary a great increase of wrongly directed adoration, and many hymns and verses in her praise; so that even when fully carried out, these services had serious defects.

Audrey. It grieves one. I suppose nothing on earth can ever be perfect !

Miss O. And the more beautiful the more easily injured. The spiritual mind was wanting to appreciate these beautiful rites, and they began to become a burthen. The monks grudged the sleep by night, and preferred having their services by day to the hard labour enjoined by their rules ; so they were too apt to thrust as many of the nocturnal services as possible into one, either the evening before or the morning after ; then they were impatient of the length, and cut off as much of the antiphon as possible, and would not take the trouble to find the correct one. The festival services were shorter than the week-day ones, and the matin lessons were then the legend of the saint, which was not so long as the Scripture reading and comment, and so the number of the glorious army of Saints and Martyrs became an excuse for almost omitting the use of the Holy Bible. Cathedrals and convents were bound to have these services sung within them ; but the secular clergy only attempted the going through their daily portion as they could, carrying their Breviary about with them to use at odd times. The Vesper Service alone was in much favour ; the Magnificat had given the idea that it belonged especially to the Blessed Virgin, and that this hour was that of the Annunciation ; and so the bell which announced the commencement, was called the Angelus ; and even now in many places, every one pauses at the sound, and murmurs his ' Ave Maria,' poor remnant of the old evening worship.

Audrey. Then the Reformation ? .

Miss O. Cardinal Quignon, as early as 1536, was authorized to publish a Breviary, in which he endeavoured to simplify the services for easier use, to restore the use of Scripture, and to omit many of the invocations ; but this did not please the anti-reformers, and after forty years, it was set aside for the Franciscan Breviary.

Though sounder than this one, Cardinal Quignon's had many faults, and especially the inherent one of being solely a clerical exercise, not adapted for the people. Our Reformers, in the reign of Edward VI., resolved to sacrifice much beauty and significance, for the purpose of making worship truly 'common prayer.' They cut down the daily services to be paid by the clergy, to two a-day; they made the repetition of the book of Psalms monthly instead of weekly, and thereby left more time for the reading of Scripture, and for intercessory prayer; and while they kept up the old order that each clergyman should go through these two services on every day, they bade him ring a bell and throw his Church doors open, and summon thither every parishioner, not otherwise hindered, to take part in the worship, now in his own mother tongue.

Audrey. It was much more like the real old times: but did they not fix the hours?

Miss O. No; those were to be regulated by the convenience of the place. Matins and Vespers, or even-song, were taken as the foundation; but all that was directed was, that one should be in the forenoon, the other in the afternoon.

Helena. From what you said Matins must be like the old Matins, only with the penitential service of Prime put on before it.

Miss O. So making it more like the old Greek morning service. The confession and absolution seem to have been in some part taken from the Salisbury Ritual, and likewise from a Latin form brought over by some German refugees, and doubtless from old sources. The Lord's Prayer and Apostle's Creed were to be repeated *viva voce* instead of secretly, and the Athanasian Creed was reserved for great festivals. The Versicles and Responses were culled from Lauds and Prime; and in obedience to St. Paul's injunction, that prayers should be made for the

Church, beginning with kings and princes, a body of intercessory collects were added after those for grace and peace belonging to the day, and always in use. The prayer for the clergy is very ancient; the others peculiarly our own, as are the body of prayers and thanksgivings, excepting the 'one to be said after any of the former,' which is older than the conversion of the Saxons. Our Church seems especially full of the spirit of intercession.

Helena. I have heard it remarked that the spirit of Missionary exertion began to rise in our Church soon after we had begun to use the prayer for all conditions of men, asking that 'His saving health may be known to all nations.'

Miss O. And who knows how much of evil may have been averted by King Charles's prayer for the Parliament; or how many blessings may have been brought down on our clergy by the Ember-week prayers!

Audrey. St. Chrysostom's prayer must be old?

Miss O. It comes from the Liturgy of the Church of Constantinople, which bears his name, but there is some doubt on the authorship, though there can be none on the beautiful way in which it appeals to our Lord's promise, and commends our petitions to Him, as may be most expedient for us. It is like a paraphrase of 'Amen.'

Helena. The evening service seems to be bits of Vespers and Compline, with the lessons and prayers added, and the Psalms going straight on instead of being chosen ones.

Miss O. You see that edification and practicability were made the great points, but so as not to lose the old spirit of praise, and to be in unison with the Church Catholic.

Audrey. It was a pity to lose the hours.

Miss O. A book of devotions for the hours to be used in private was put forth in Edward's time, and Bishop Cosin compiled another from it, for the voluntary use of

the devout ; but it was wise to do away with the compulsory system. It had always been beyond the secular clergy, and there were now no monastic bodies to carry it on. On the Continent, the system is slurred over and neglected, by heaping the offices together and mutilating them, where they are in any way performed. I have seen it stated that in Italy even a Priest only rehearses the third part of the Psalms weekly, the rest, never ; and the laity do not know any of them, except the Seven Penitential ones. The French Priests have kept them up better, but I believe there is a struggle now going on for forcing exclusively Italian practices upon them. Vespers are the only one of these evening services performed in public, both in France and England, no where else, and even this is fast giving way to a new one called the Benediction.

Audrey. Then according to that there is quite as much daily service here as anywhere else in the West.

Miss O. Even so. We are told we may think so and be very thankful for the great blessing of having churches daily opened, to raise up their voices to praise God and intercede for the Kingdom, and rejoiced indeed we ought to be, if we have the power of attending them.

Helena. If we can, we ought to go every day.

Miss O. There are many degrees of 'if we can.' Weekly services do not stand on the same ground as Sunday ones, and each person should act as seems most right in his own case. The calls of duty, of obedience, and of kindness and amiability, would often hold people back, but I think the principle should be that our *own pleasure* should not keep us away. We should prefer the presenting ourselves before God to our own engrossing occupation, provided it concern no one but ourselves.

Audrey. I could not go every day, the Church is too far off.

Miss O. Yes, the length of walk makes more time be taken up than could be spared from your present homework, and from taking your part in the family life. So, too, Mary is not mistress of her own time, and is doing her duty better by working for her mother at home.

Helena. And I am sure when I am there, my thoughts are so apt to be in the ends of the earth, that I am often afraid I do quite wrong to be in Church in such a frame.

Miss O. Others could say so, too, Helena ; but indeed it is not a reason for ceasing to go to Church, but only for striving more and more against those enemies, wandering thoughts. Sometimes they can be caught up, and turned into prayers, and then the evil we may hope is so far defeated, and often it is a good plan to go over the prayers we have missed afterwards, it gives a hope of recovering what we have lost, and is a sort of penance that may come to our help next time. So long as we go as a matter of obedience, either to our parents or to the Church, we are presenting our service to God, even though it be sadly imperfect. But unless we do really set ourselves to do our best to conquer our wanderings, we incur the terrible penalty of those who draw nigh with their lips, with their hearts afar off, or of those who cry Lord, Lord, and yet do not enter in.

Helena. One fears to go, and one fears to stay away.

Miss O. So it is with every holy rite ; neglect is ruin, and unfaithful or hypocritical partaking, likewise ruin.

Audrey. Neglect ?

Miss O. By neglect I do not mean omission in consequence of the obedient following out of other and more pressing duties. Besides, though His House is called the House of Prayer, He is present with those who kneel in their secret chamber, and will join their prayers to those of the congregation.

Helena. Do you think it is better to pray at one time than another ? The Church seems always to have thought so.

Miss O. I think that breaks in the course of worldly affairs are a great blessing, and faithful supplication will call down a blessing of course. As to fixed times, we know that what can be done at all times is apt never to be done at all, so that it is better to have stated moments, and I think a loving mind naturally prefers those that have become connected with our blessed Lord's great work of Love, so long as family arrangements do not put hindrances in the way.

Helena. I suppose noon is the hour to try most for, next of course to morning and evening.

Miss O. Some moment about mid-day is the first as you say to try to set apart for prayer. Busy people, obliged to hurry up in the morning, often find that they can win a longer space in the noontide rest, than at their morning prayers. Servants can sometimes only make a short prayer at rising, and give a little more time when they dress before their dinner, and it may be made a most cheering and comforting pause, and a salutary check on the sins and habits of the day. All I think should make an effort to mark the noon-tide hour of agony, and even school-room girls generally have the opportunity given them of doing so, in secret, when they are sent to their rooms to prepare for dinner.

Helena. Yes, one might say a hymn, and the Palm-Sunday Collect, and Lord's Prayer, if one could do nothing else.

Miss O. I think it would prove a great blessing, above all, if the custom were laid up against times of trouble or trial, and of work in the hot world, when the habit having become almost mechanical would be a great comfort.

Helena. I have often wondered if I ought not to begin. If I did, that would really make up the seven times, with the daily service, and household prayers, and one's own.

Audrey. And where one cannot go to daily service?

Miss O. If you wish it, I will give you a little book to help you to mark the sixth and ninth hours, with very short devotions, such as may be easily carried in the memory and used even in the midst of other things around. They are taken from Bishops Andrews and Cosin, who both drew materials from the ancient treasure-house of the Church.

Audrey. Thank you; it will be a precious little book to me.

Miss O. I do believe you will find these points so marked very precious landmarks in the day; but the great effort with them, as in every other turning towards God, must be to put our heart into them, and consider them the means and not the end; not ceasing from them because we find ourselves using them mechanically, and do not to our own apprehension seem improving, but endeavouring to quicken our sluggish attention, and live the better that we may praise the better—to pray the better that we may live the better.

Helena. Nicholas Farrer did try to bring back the old cycle of unceasing prayer and praise in his own house.

Miss O. I suppose he is a proof of the spirit which our Church fostered after her reformation. Now and then, too, a Christian near the close of life, lives in one constant secret conversation in Heaven, anticipating the bliss of the unending praise above; and I do believe that the more spots in the day we can illuminate with some Heavenly sunshine, the more we shall be ascending in heart and mind whither our Saviour Christ is gone before; and the more likely we shall be to have every moment consecrated and devoted to God even while yet on earth.

(To be continued.)

FORGOTTEN POETS.

CHAPTER III.

TROUBADOUR LADIES OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

WE number no English women amongst the poetesses of the thirteenth century, but several French and Italian ladies have left us sweet and tender lyrics somewhat resembling the songs of the Troubadours, and breathing a similar spirit of romantic love.

First amongst these we may name one who, through the marriage of her daughters, is connected, like Marie de France, with the royal family of England. BEATRIX de SAVOIE, or d'ARAGON, Countess of Provence, was born at Montpellier, in 1176, and married that famous Raymond Berenger of Provence, concerning whose prosperity and subsequent reverses, so curious a legend has been preserved.

We are told that a certain Romeo or Romieu (an old Provençal word, signifying one who had made a pilgrimage to Rome,) coming to ask hospitality at the castle of Berenger, was received with the greatest kindness, and bidden to make the count's palace his home as long as he desired; that he remained many years, gained his lord's confidence, and was made chief of his household. He managed all matters so successfully, that Raymond became one of the most powerful nobles of the time. This Romeo, though of mean state and from a foreign land,

‘ *Persona umile e peregrina,*’

married Raymond's four daughters to the noblest princes in Europe,

‘ *Quattro figlie ebbe, e ciascuna Reina.*’

Margaret, the eldest, was married to Louis IX. of France; Eleanor, to Henry III. of England; Sancha, to his brother Richard, Earl of Cornwall, titular king of the Romans;

and Beatrix, to Charles of Anjou, who also became King of Naples.

In an evil hour Berenger listened to the 'envious tongues' that

'Incited him to ask

A reckoning of that just one, who returned
Twelfefold to him for ten.'

The Pilgrim proved himself blameless, but, from that moment, refused to serve an ungrateful master. According to the Italians who lived near the same time, when an account was required of him, 'He demanded the little mule, the staff, and the scrip, with which he had first entered into the count's service, a stranger pilgrim from the shrine of St. James in Galicia, and parted as he came, nor was it ever known whence he was, nor whither he went.' With his departure, the fortunes of Berenger declined. He was last of the house of Barcelona, who was Count of Provence, and Vellutello even asserts that Charles of Anjou took Provence from him during his lifetime. He died in 1245, and is named, as well as his Countess, amongst the Provençal poets. Both were generous Patrons of Minstrels and Troubadours; Beatrix, beautiful and accomplished, naturally became the object of their warmest praise and admiration, but very few of her poems have, I believe, been preserved. The Fabliau of 'La Fée Urgèle' and some 'Lais d'amour,' are attributed to her. I have seen only a few dignified and graceful lines addressed to Richard Cœur de Lion, in reply to some 'Couplets' of his, in which, with the gallantry of a Troubadour and a Knight, he appears to have sought from her an affection which she could not bestow.

'Je sais qu'il-y-a un feu, conrant de veine en veine,
Feu, que nul homme ne peut ni eteindre ni fuir;
Feu, qui change bonheur en souci, e deduits (délices) en peine.
Et sy (ainsi) nos cœurs, même par ses tourments, peut seduire,—

Pour vous aimer, tres vaillant Sire
 D'un tel amour,
 Mon Cœur, ma voix, et ma lyre
 Sont en désaccord !'

Mais, si vous voulez, de votre Ancelle et Dame
 A des feux plus doux le tendre cœur ployer,
 A des feux, dont la gloire en attisant, épurit la flamme,
 Flamme, qui trouve en soy digne e noble loyer ;—
 Pour vous aimer, ainsi, pour vous le dire,
 Jusqu 'à la mort
 Mon cœur, ma voix, et ma lyre,
 Sont déjà d'accord !'

I have given the words as nearly as possible in more modern French, yet I fear, not without in some degree marring the noble simplicity of the original. 'Ancelle,' is one of those charming old French words which have become obsolete, (like *Chevauchant*, so miserably replaced by *se promener à cheval*,) but it is easily recognized through its Italian prototype 'Ancella,' literally, waiting-maid, and the combination 'Ancelle et Dame' seems delicately to express the Countess's inferiority of rank, while asserting her womanly claims to honour and regard. The four daughters of Beatrix and Raymond, are numbered by Nostradamus amongst the Provençal poets.

In singular contrast with Beatrix and Marie, both noble ladies, honoured for their birth as well as their talents, and winning admiration by their beauty no less than their courtesy and grace, is the contemporary *Troubadouresse* BARBE de VERRUE, a lady of considerable reputation, and perhaps one of the first women who found in her talents the means of subsistence.

Poor, and of obscure birth, she seems to have travelled in her vocation of Trouvère, from castle to castle, composing and singing Fabliaux, Romances, and Lais. Having thus gained both fame and fortune, the old Comte de Verrue made her his adopted daughter, and permitted her to bear his name.

We may hope that her old age, for that she lived to be old she herself tells us, was passed in quiet and repose ; unlike her adventurous youth, of which nevertheless she says,

‘ Ne me remembre sans plézir.’ (plaisir)

Still, judging from her own verses, she valued such calm, if only for the sake of the contrast :

‘ Ains, qui dança molt [much] à la feste
Au soir n’ha regret de gézir.’ [repose]

And again :

‘ Voyd sien hyvert viegnir lè saiges *
Comm’ als fin bieu jor belle nuit ;
Scet que sont roses por toz eaiges,
Si por toz eaiges sont ennuict.’

* ‘ The wise see their winter approaching,
As after bright days, the fair night ;
They know that each age has its roses,
As for every age there are ennuis.’

There is less of romantic feeling in the poems of Barbe de Verrue, than in those of most other writers of her time ; they are more gay, and perhaps witty, although not without a tinge of calm and contented philosophy. Various tales are attributed to her. The *Fabliaux* of ‘Griselidis,’ ‘Guillaume au Faucon,’ and ‘Aucassin et Nicolette ;’ but these were probably only older legends related in her own manner, as has often been done in later times, and the tales above-mentioned seem to have been favourites with all Romance writers of the middle ages.

Barbe de Verrue’s ‘Portrait’ of herself is very lively and agreeable. She does not seem to claim much personal beauty, although in another short poem, entitled ‘Stances,’ she tells us that

‘ Avant que vis cheoir feuilles d’automne *
Belle tons m’ont proclamée ;
Maintenant tous me disent BONNEE,
Je ne sçay quel nom j’ai le plus aimé !’

* Ere I saw my autumn-leaves fall.

Both poems appear to have been written when her youth had passed away ; at least, if the fourth verse of the portrait given below, imply, as I imagine, that her hair was becoming grey.

PORTRAIT.

- ‘ Du chef aux piedz j ai de haltor (hauteur)
 Plus que n'en fault pour n'estre briefve (petite)
 Et bien que chemeine en sénator
 Pour ça ne m'en cuydez (croyez) plus grieve, (grave)
- ‘ N'est faict mon teyn (teint) por esbloir (pour éblouir)
 Rose onc (jamais) ne m'ha flory li genes, (joues)
 Et sienne (son) Hebe s'ay peu l' oïr (si j'ai bien entendu)
 Choisy n'eust en moi Protogène.
- ‘ Feurent mes yelx (yeux) trop petillanz
 De veyne et d'amorose flamme,
 Ors, plus dolcetz (doux) moins scintillanz
 Disent la paix qu'est en mon âme.
- ‘ J'ay nez romain, et front appert (ouvert)
 Grand, serain, sy (ainsi) que belle aurore.
 * * * * * * *
- ‘ A molt (plusieurs) feust (fût) ma cosme (chevelure) un lyen
 (attraction)
 Jaçoit (quoique) ne cheust (elle ne fut) neyre (noire) ni blonde ;
 Eu quoy se mène ?—(se change-t-elle) Ha ! Scay (je sais) trop
 bien !
 Maiz (mais) ne vay (vais) le conter au monde.
- ‘ Brief, face auguste, aer (l'air) bènin
 Taille ne (ni) gresle (mince) ne membrue (forte)
 Bras ronds, col drect (droit) pied feminin
 Cy voyez Barbe de Verrue. *
- * ‘ I am in height, from head to foot,
 More than it needs, not to be little,
 And, although I have the gait of a senator,
 Think me not therefore the more austere.

My complexion is not formed to dazzle,
 No rose ever bloomed on my cheeks,
 Nor would Protogenes, if I judge rightly,
 For his Hebe have chosen me.

My eyes once shone too wildly,
 With vanity and love,
 Now more gentle and less brilliant,
 They speak the calm of my soul.

My nose is Roman, my forehead open,
 Broad and calm as the early dawn.

* * * * *

Many have found in my hair a charm,
 Although it is neither black nor blonde,
 Into what is it changing? Ah! I know too well,
 But I am not going to tell all the world.

To conclude, a noble countenance and benign expression,
 A figure neither stout nor thin;
 Round arms, a straight throat, foot feminine,
 And you see Barbe de Verrue.'

That our Trouvère bore her old age as cheerfully as she had done the changeful adventure of her youth, is evident from the following pretty verse :

' Bonheur de despend point de gentillesse,
 Contre le temps je n'ai point de rancœur;
 Bien que changée en figure, n'est de vieillesse,
 Pour celle qui ne change pas de cœur ;'

and in the conclusion of the same poem, she speaks of the pleasure she now feels in watching the enjoyment of others :—

' douces pastourettes
 * Maynant lor bergierot gentilz
 Cœillir avelines et flourettes,
 Enmyen fustayes et cortillz.'

* gentle Shepherdesses,
 Leading their courteous shepherds
 To gather nuts and flowers,
 In the midst of hedges and meadows.

Barbe de Verrue is said to have formed three other young Troubadour ladies, whom she styled her three Roses : 'Rose de Créqui, Flore de Rose, and Rose d'Estrées.' She had one contemporary of whom we must speak at length.

AGNES DE BRAGELONGNE, Comtesse de Plancy, daughter of the Comte de Tonnerre. Besides several shorter pieces, this lady is said to have written a long poem, or rather Romance in verse, entitled *Gabrielle de Vergy*. It contains the history of the Chatelain de Coucy, and the Dame de Faïel, a tale which has been oftentimes repeated in later days, and with which many of our readers are no doubt familiar. The poem opens with an animated description of a Tournament; de Coucy is one of the combatants, and greatly distinguishes himself in the hope of receiving, from the hand of Gabrielle, the guerdon of his valour. He is prevented, indeed, by the wounds received in the Tournament, from quitting his lodging for several days afterwards, but the jousting being succeeded on the same evening by a ball, the assembled ladies adjourn from the ball-room to the chamber of the hero, and present him with the prize, after which wine and sweetmeats are served to all the ladies, by the command of the courteous knight.

Gabrielle de Vergy afterwards became the Dame de Faïel, being compelled by her father to marry another noble instead of the Minstrel warrior, de Coucy, to whom she had given her heart; and he, hopeless and helpless, departed to seek death and glory in the Holy Land. He found both, and dying, bade the most faithful of his Esquires carry to the Dame de Faïel, his heart 'le Cœur de moy,' which he was to present her as a last remembrance, saying, as from him, that since it had been hers ever since he first knew her, it was just, that in death it should be bequeathed to her keeping. 'Siens fu depuis que je l'ai connue;—c'est droit qu' adez (maintenant) remaine à lui,' (il reste à elle.)

The precious gift falls into the hands of the lady's husband,

' Il voit le cœur;—il en jouit,
Il lit la lettre;—il en frémit,'

and, by a cruel artifice, orders the heart to be served up at table, and induces his wife to eat of it ; then completes his horrible revenge by telling her of what she has partaken, and the lady resolves that no food less precious shall pass her lips.*

* ‘ De voix estaincte (êteinte) “oui” reprist,
 Preulx que j’ adoray ! Preulx qu’or même embraise,
 Ez (du) noir séjour un cuer tot faict por luy
 Perd Gabrielle espoir, solace, appuy,
 O crime espovantable
 Qu’ aura servy, sinon haster la mors
 Qu’ osse trové di regrets et d’amors ?
 Noble Coucy, chiere ombre, ne t’adole, (ne te désole pas)
 Vergy reçoÿ dont l’âme à toy s’envole
 Pardonne luy, pardonne ! Et tant d’appas
 Jà de son crèspe involvait le trépas.’

‘ In faltering accents, “Yes,” she murmured ; “ Yes,
 Brave Knight, too much adored ! with thee are lost,
 For Gabrielle protection, hope, support.
 O crime most terrible,
 To what hast served, save but to haste the death,
 Which soon I should have found through grief and love ?—
 Coucy ! beloved shade, lament no more,
 But welcome Gabrielle, whose soul to thee
 Flies swiftly ;—yet one word, Forgive ! Forgive !”
 And death too soon, in sombre mantle hid
 So many charms.’

Little is known of the history of Agnes, except what may be gathered from a few love-poems, addressed to a certain Henri de Craon, whom she married on the death of her first husband ; they are far inferior to the Romance from which I have quoted.

SAINTE des PRES, and DOËTE de TROYES, also lived in this century, but little is known either of their history or their writings. We have one sonnet by Doëte very prettily imagined, and said to have been addressed to the Emperor Konrad, who, seeing her at Mayence, was at-

tracted by her extreme beauty. Sainte des Près is known chiefly as the pupil of Agnes de Bragelongne.

But we must linger no longer with the Troubadour ladies of France. Two fair Italians claim our attention, and with them we say farewell to the thirteenth century, hoping in our next chapter to commence that series of English poetesses which, since the fourteenth century, has continued steadily increasing in number.

Of NINA SICILIANA, one of these Italians, we know little, except through one sonnet, written in very early Italian, almost resembling the Romance-dialect of southern France. It purports to be addressed to Dante de Majana, a poet by whom she was beloved, and graciously acknowledges the expressions of admiration and affection which he appears to have proffered by letter, without revealing his name. She inquires who he is, who, himself unknown, makes to her such warm professions of esteem.

‘Qual sete (siete) voi, si cara preferenza
Che fate a me, senza voi mostrare?’

and desires to be informed of this, ere she can permit her own heart to reply,

‘Perchè mio cor podesse dichiare.’

At the same time she seems disposed to accept his homage, saying, ‘Much would it rejoice me to hear named your name,’ and expressing a wish ‘to hear him speak,’ that so she might learn from his own lips, whether ‘unto his pen his heart responsive beats, in loving harmony.’ As she is generally known as the Nina of Dante, we may conclude that his affection was returned.

RICCIARDA de’ SELVAGGI, with whose touching and romantic history we close our chapter, seems, like Nina, to have written but one Canzone, and her name is remembered chiefly on account of its connexion with that of Guittorino de’ Sigibaldi, (commonly known as Cino da Pistoia,) and of the dear love which sprang up between

the two, in spite of the opposition of proud friends, and the animosities of rival factions.

Ricciarda was descended from a noble family in Pistoia, and her father a leader of the faction of the Bianchi, had been Gonfalonier of the city, a post of high dignity and responsibility. The suit of Cino, was scorned by the proud family of Ricciarda, but she herself appears to have secretly and tenderly returned his affection, and the following Madrigal, addressed to him, has been sweetly and gracefully translated by Mrs. Jamieson.

‘ My gentle love and lord ! those tender words
Of thine, so fill my conscious heart with joy,
I cannot speak it ; but thou know’st it well,
Wherefore do thou rejoice in that deep love
I bear thee, knowing that I have no thought
But to fulfil thy will, and crown thy wish ;
Watch thou, and hide our mutual hope from all !’

When, however, the Neri faction in their turn gained the pre-eminence, the leaders of the Bianchi were driven from Pistoia, and, according to the custom of those rival parties, their houses were burnt down. Ricciarda, with her family, sought a refuge amongst the mountains, whither Cino followed them, and the affection and fidelity, which neither the scorn of their prosperous days nor the shame and danger of their disgrace could avail to shake, were then held dear and precious.

But Cino and Ricciarda were not long to be happy in their mutual love. Ere long, the fragile frame of the delicately-nurtured maiden began to suffer from the inclement winter, which found them still in that desolate home amidst the mountains, and the added pressure of misery and want. Not love itself could bring back the roses to her cheek, or the brightness to her eye. Ricciarda died, and it was Cino’s office to lay her body in its chill mountain grave. Then he returned to the world. He won renown and fame, and, if Dante who was himself

his friend, may be believed, woman's love and man's applause; but the pure memory of that early love was never effaced from his heart, and when, many years afterwards, he crossed the Appenines on an embassy of some importance, he dismissed his suite, and travelled alone to the tomb of Ricciarda, learning there perhaps the sad lesson, too little heeded in a career of successful ambition, that no worldly honours can purchase happiness, no human love, however pure and true, bring joy unmixed with sorrow, except as we look to see it rise, purified and exalted, from the shadow of the tomb.

E. J. M.

(To be continued.)

ONE OF AUNT JUDY'S TALES.

BY MRS. A. GATTY.

‘NOTHING TO DO.’

THERE is a complaint which is not to be found in the doctor's books, but which is, nevertheless, such a common and troublesome one, that one heartily wishes some physic could be discovered which would cure it.

It may be called the *nothing-to-do* complaint.

Even quite little children are subject to it, but they never have it badly. Parents and nurses have only to give them something to do, or tell them of something to do, and the thing is put right. A puzzle or a picture book relieves the attack at once.

But after the children have out-grown puzzles, and picture books, and nurses, and when even a parent's advice is received with a little impatience, then the *nothing-to-do* complaint, if it seizes them at all, is a serious disease, and often very difficult to cure; and, if not cured, alas! then follows the melancholy spectacle of grown-up men and women, who are a plague to their friends, and a weariness to themselves, because, living under the notion that there

is *nothing* for them *to do*, they want everybody else to do something to amuse them.

Anyone can laugh at the old story of the gentleman who got into such a fanciful state of mind—hypocondriacal, it is called—that he thought he was his own umbrella; and so, on coming in from a walk, would go and lay *it* in the easy chair by the fire, while he himself went and leant up against the wall in a corner of the hall.

But this gentleman was not a bit more fanciful and absurd than the people, whether young or old, who look out of windows on rainy days, and groan because there is *nothing to do*; when, in reality, there is so much for everybody to do, that most people leave half their share undone.

The oddest part of the complaint is, that it generally comes on worst in those who from being comfortably off in the world, and from having had a great deal of education, have such a variety of things to do, that one would fancy they could never be at a loss for a choice.

But these are the very people who are most afflicted. It is always the young people who have books, and leisure, and music, and drawing, and gardens, and pleasure-grounds, and villagers to be kind to, who lounge to the rain-bespattered windows on a dull morning, and groan because there is *nothing to do*.

In justice to girls in general, it should be here mentioned, that they are on the whole less liable to the complaint than the young lords of the creation, who are supposed to be their superiors in sense. Philosophers may excuse this as they please, but the fact remains, that there are few large families in England, whose sisterhoods have not at times been teased half out of their wits, by the growlings of its young gentlemen, during paroxysms of the *nothing-to-do* complaint; growling being one of its most characteristic symptoms.

Perhaps among all the suffering sisterhoods it would have been difficult to find a young lady less liable to catch such a disorder herself, than Aunt Judy; and perhaps that was the reason why she used to do such tremendous battle with No. 3, whenever, after his return from school for the holidays, he happened to have an attack.

'What are you groaning at through the window, No. 3?' she inquired on one such occasion; 'is it raining?'

A very gruff sounding 'No,' was the answer, No. 3 not condescending to turn round as he spoke. He proceeded, however, to state that it had rained when he got up, and he supposed it would rain again as a matter-of-course, (for his especial annoyance being implied,) and he concluded,

'It's so horribly "slow" here, with nothing to do.'

No. 6, who was sitting opposite Aunt Judy, doing a French exercise, here looked up at her sister, and perceiving a smile steal over her face, took upon herself to think her brother's remark very ridiculous, so, said she, with a saucy giggle,

'I can find you plenty to do, No. 3, in a minute. Come and write my French exercise for me.'

No. 3 turned sharply round at this, with a frown on his face which by no means added to its beauty, and called out,

'Now, Miss Pert, I recommend you to hold your tongue. I don't want any advice from a conceited little minx like you.'

Miss Pert was extinguished at once, and set to work at the French exercise again most industriously, and a general silence ensued.

But people in the nothing-to-do complaint are never quiet for long. Teasing is quite as constant a symptom of it, as growling, so No. 3 soon came lounging from the window to the table, and began,

'I say, Judy, I wish you would put those tiresome

books, and drawings, and rubbish away, and think of something to do.'

'But it's the books, and the drawings, and the rubbish, that give me something to do,' cried Aunt Judy. 'You surely don't expect me to give them up, and go arm and arm with you round the house, bemoaning the slowness of our fate which gives us nothing to do. Or shall we? Come, I don't care; I will if you like. But which shall we complain to first, mamma, or the maids?'

While she was saying this, Aunt Judy shut up her drawing book, jumped up from her chair, drew No. 3's arm under her own, and repeated,

'Come! which? Mamma, or the maids?' while Miss Pert opposite was labouring with all her might to smother the laugh she dared not indulge in.

But No. 3 pushed Aunt Judy testily away.

'Nonsense, Judy! what has that to do with it? It's all very well for you girls—now, Miss Pert, mind your own affairs, and don't stare at me!—to amuse yourselves with all manner of—'

'Follies, of course,' cried Aunt Judy, laughing, 'don't be afraid of speaking out, No. 3. It's all very well for us girls to amuse ourselves with all manner of follies, and nonsense, and rubbish;' here Aunt Judy chucked the drawing book to the end of the table, tossed a dictionary after it, and threw another book or two into the air, catching them as they came down.

'—while you, superior, sensible young man that you are, born to be the comfort of your family—'

'Be quiet!' interrupted No. 3, trying to stop her; but she ran round the table and proceeded,

'—and the enlightener of mankind; can't—no, no, No. 3, I won't be stopt!—can't amuse yourself with anything, because everything is so "horridly slow, there's nothing to do," so you want to tie yourself to your foolish sister's apron string.'

'It's too bad!' shouted No. 3; and a race round the table began between them, but Aunt Judy dodged far too cleverly to be caught, so it ended in their resting at opposite ends; No. 6 and her French exercises lying between them.

'No. 6, my dear,' cried Aunt Judy, in the lull of exertion, 'I proclaim a holiday from folly and rubbish. Put your books away, and put your impertinence away too. Hold your tongue, and don't be Miss Pert; and vanish as soon as you can.'

Miss Pert performed two or three putting-away evolutions with the velocity of a sunbeam, and darted off through the door.

'Now, then, we'll be reasonable,' observed Aunt Judy; and carrying a chair to the front of the fire she sat down, and motioned to No. 3 to do the same, taking out from her pocket a little bit of embroidery work, which she kept ready for chatting hours.

No. 3 was always willing to listen to Aunt Judy. He desired nothing better than to get her undivided attention, and pour out his groans in her ear; so he sat down with a very good grace, and proceeded to insist that there never was anything so 'slow' as 'it was.'

Aunt Judy wanted to know what *it* was; the place or the people, (including herself,) or what?

No. 3 could explain in no other way than by declaring that *everything* was slow; there was nothing to do.

Aunt Judy maintained that there was plenty to do.

Whereupon No. 3 said,

'But nothing *worth* doing.'

Whereupon Aunt Judy told No. 3 that he was just like Dr. Faustus. On which of course No. 3 wanted to know what Dr. Faustus was like, and Aunt Judy answered, that he was just like *him*, only a great deal older and very learned.

'Only quite different, then,' suggested No. 3.

‘No,’ said Aunt Judy, ‘not *quite* different, for he came one day to the same conclusion that you have done, namely, that there was nothing to do, worth doing, in the world.’

‘I don’t say the world, I only say here,’ observed No. 3; ‘there’s plenty to do elsewhere, I dare say.’

‘So you think because you have not tried elsewhere,’ answered Aunt Judy. ‘But Dr. Faustus who had tried elsewhere, thought everywhere alike, and declared there was nothing worth doing anywhere, although he had studied law, physic, divinity, and philosophy all through, and knew pretty nearly everything.’

‘Then you see he did not get much good out of learning,’ remarked No. 3.

‘I do see,’ was the reply.

‘And what became of him?’

‘Ah, that’s the point,’ replied Aunt Judy, ‘and a very remarkable point too. As soon as he got into the state of fancying there was nothing to do, worth doing, in God’s world, the evil spirit came to him, and found him something to do in what I may, I am sure, call the devil’s world, I mean, wickedness.’

‘Oh, that’s a story written upon Watts’s old hymn,’ exclaimed No. 3, contemptuously;

“For Satan finds some mischief still,
For idle hands to do.”

Judy! I call that a regular “*sell*.”

‘Not a bit of it,’ cried Aunt Judy, warmly; ‘I don’t suppose the man who wrote the story ever saw Watts’s hymns, or intended to teach anything half as good. It’s mamma’s moral. She told me she had screwed it out of the story, though she doubted whether it was meant to be there.’

‘And what’s the rest of the story then?’ inquired No. 3, whose curiosity was aroused.

‘Well! when the old Doctor found the world as it was, so “*slow*,” as you very unmeaningly call it, he took to

conjuring and talking with evil spirits by way of amusement; and then they easily persuaded him to be wicked, merely because it gave him something fresh and exciting to do.'

'Watts's hymn again! I told you so!' exclaimed No. 3. 'But the story's all nonsense from beginning to end. Nobody can conjure, or talk to evil spirits in reality, so the whole thing is impossible; and where you find the moral, I don't know.'

No. 3 leant back and yawned as he concluded. He was rather disappointed that nothing more entertaining had come out of the story of Dr. Faustus.

But Aunt Judy had by no means done.

'Impossible about conjuring and actually *talking* to evil spirits, certainly,' said she; 'but spiritual influences, both bad and good, come to us all, No. 3, without bodily communion; so for those who are inclined to feel like Dr. Faustus, there is both a moral and a warning in his fate.'

'I don't know what about,' cried No. 3. 'I think he was uncommonly stupid, after all he had learnt, to get into such a mess. Why, you yourself are always trying to make out that the more people labour and learn, the more sure they are to keep out of mischief. Now then, how do you account for the story of your friend Dr. Faustus?'

'Because, like King Solomon, he did not labour and learn in a right spirit, or to a right end,' replied Aunt Judy. 'Lord Bacon remarks that when, after the Creation, God "looked upon every thing He had made, behold it was *very good*;" whereas when man "turned him about," and took a view of the world and his own labours in it, he found that "all" was "vanity and vexation of spirit." Why did he come to such a different conclusion, do you think?'

'I suppose because the world had got bad, before King Solomon's time,' suggested No. 3.

‘Its inhabitants had,’ replied Aunt Judy. ‘They had become subject to sin and misery; but the world was still God’s creation, and proofs of the “very good” which He had pronounced over it are to be found in every direction, and even in fallen man, if Solomon had had the sense, or rather I should say, good feeling to look for them. Ah! No. 3, there was plenty to be learnt and done that would *not* have ended in “vanity and vexation of spirit” if Solomon had *learnt* in order to trace out the glory of God, instead of establishing his own; and if he had *worked* to create as far as was in his power, a world of happiness for other people, instead of seeking nothing but his own amusement. If he had worked in the spirit of God in short.’

‘But who can?—Nobody,’ exclaimed No. 3.

‘Yes, every body, who tries, can, to a certain extent,’ said Aunt Judy. ‘It only wants the right feeling; some of the good God-like feeling which originated the creation of a beautiful world, and caused the contemplation of it to produce the sublime complacency which is described, “And God looked upon every thing that He had made, and behold it was very good.”’

‘It’s a sermon, Judy,’ cried No. 3, half bored, yet half amused at the notion of her preaching, ‘I’ll set up a pulpit for you at once, shall I?’

‘No, no, be quiet, No. 3,’ exclaimed Aunt Judy, ‘I wish you would try and understand what I say!’

‘Well, then,’ said No. 3, ‘it appears to me that do what one might now the world has grown bad, it would be impossible to pronounce that “*very good*,” as the result of one’s work. There would always be something miserable and unsatisfactory at the end of every thing; I mean even if one really was to look into things closely, and work for other people’s good, as you say.’

‘There might be *something* miserable and unsatisfactory, in the result, certainly,’ answered Aunt Judy; ‘but

that it would *all* be "vanity and vexation of spirit" I deny. Our blessed Saviour came into the world after it had grown bad, remember; and He worked solely for the restoration of the "very good," which sin had defaced. It was undoubtedly *miserable* and *unsatisfactory* that He should be rejected by the very creatures He came to help; but when He uttered the words "It is finished," the work which He had accomplished, He might well have looked upon and called very good: very very good; even beyond the creation, were that possible.'

'There can be no comparison between our Saviour and us,' murmured No. 3.

'No,' replied his sister; 'but only let people work in the same direction, and they will have more "profit" of their "labour," than King Solomon ever owned to, who had, one fears, only learnt in order to be learned, and worked to please himself. No man who employs himself in tracing out God's footsteps *in* the world, or in working in God's spirit *for* the world, will ever find such labours end in "vanity and vexation of spirit!" Solomon, Dr. Faustus, and the grumblers, have only themselves to thank for their disappointment.'

'It's very curious,' observed No. 3, getting up, and stretching himself over the fire, 'I mean about Solomon and Dr. Faustus. But what can one do? What can you or I do? It's absurd to be fancying one can do good to one's fellow-creatures.'

'Nevertheless, there is one I want you to do good to, at the present moment,' said Aunt Judy—'if it is not actually raining. Don't you remember what despair No. 1 was in this morning, when father sent her off on the pony in such a hurry.'

'Ah, that pony! That was just what I wanted myself,' interrupted No. 3.

'Exactly, of course,' replied Aunt Judy. 'But you were not the messenger father wanted, so do not let us go

all over that ground again, pray. The fact was, No. 1 had just heard that her pet "Tawny Rachel" was very ill, and she wanted to go and see her, and give her some good advice, and I am to go instead. Now No. 3, suppose you go instead of me, and save me a wet walk ?

No. 3, of course began by protesting that it was not possible he could do any good to an old woman. Old women were not at all in his way. He could only say, how do you do ? and come away.

Aunt Judy disputed this : she thought he could offer her some creature comforts, and ask whether she had seen the Doctor and what he said, as No. 1 particularly wished to know.

What an idea ! No, no ; he must decline inquiring what the Doctor said ; it would be absurd ; but he could offer her something to eat.

And just ask if she has had the Doctor. Well just that, and come away. It would not occupy many minutes. He wished while Aunt Judy was about it, she had found him something rather *longer* to do !

Aunt Judy promised to see what could be devised on his return, and No. 3 departed. And a very happily chosen errand it was ; for it happened in this case, as it so constantly does happen, that what was begun for other people's sake, ended in personal gratification. No. 3 went to see 'Tawny Rachel,' out of good-natured compliance with Aunt Judy's request, but found an interest and amusement in the visit itself, which he had not in the least expected.

Ten, twenty, thirty, minutes elapsed, and he had not returned, and when he did so at last, he burst into the house far more like an avalanche than a young gentleman who could find 'nothing to do.'

Coming in the back way, he ran into the kitchen, and told the servants to get some hot water ready directly, for he was sure something would be wanted. Then, passing

forward, he shouted to know where his mother was, and having found her, entreated she would order some comfortable gruelly stuff or other, to be made for the sick old woman, particularly insisting that it should have ale or wine, as well as spice and sugar in it.

He was positive that that was just what she ought to have! She had said how cold she was, and how glad she should be of something to warm her inside; and there was nobody to do anything for her at home. What a shame it was for a poor old creature like that to be left with only two dirty boys to look after her, and they always at play in the street! Her daughter and husband were working out, and she sat moaning over the fire, from pain, without any body to care!

* * * * *

Tender hearted and impulsive, if thoughtless, the spirit of No. 3 had been moved within him at the spectacle of the gaunt old woman in this hour of her lonely suffering.

Poor 'Tawny Rachel!' The children had called her so, from the heroine of Mrs. Hannah More's tale, because of those dark gipsy eyes of hers, which had formerly given such a fine expression to her handsome but melancholy face. Melancholy, because care-worn from the long life's struggle for daily bread, for a large indulged family, who scarcely knew, at the day of her death, that she had worn herself out for their sakes.

Poor 'Tawny Rachel!' She was one day asked by a well-meaning shopkeeper, of whom she had purchased a few goods, *where she thought she was going to?*

And 'Tawny Rachel' turned her sad eyes upon her interrogator, and made answer,

'Going to? why where do you think I'm going to, but to Heaven?—'Deed! where do you think I'm going to, but to Heaven?' she repeated to herself slowly, as if to recover breath; and then added, 'I should like to know who Heaven is for, if not for such as me, that have slaved

all their lives through, for other folk;' and so saying, Tawny Rachel turned round again, and went away.

Poor 'Tawny Rachel.' The theology was imperfect enough; but so had been her education and advantages. Yet as surely as her scrupulous, never-failing honesty, and un murmuring self-denial, must have been inspired by something beyond human teaching; so surely did it prove no difficult task to her spiritual guide, to lead her onwards to those simple verities of the Christian Faith, which in her case seemed to solve the riddle of a weary unsatisfactory life, and confiding in which, the approach of death really became to her, the advent of the Prince of peace.

* * * * *

'But she had quite cheered up,' remarked No. 3, 'at the notion of something comforting and good,' and so—he had 'come off at once.'

'At once!'—the exclamation came from Aunt Judy, who had entered the room, and was listening to the account. 'Why, No. 3, you must have been there an hour at least. And I dare say you have forgotten about the Doctor nevertheless.'

'The Doctor!' cried No. 3, laughing,—'It's the Doctor who has kept me all this time. You never heard such fun in your life,—only he's an awful old rascal, I must say!'

Mamma and Aunt Judy gazed at No. 3 in bewilderment. The respectable old village practitioner who had superintended all the deceases in the place for nearly half a century—to be called 'an awful old rascal' at last! What could No. 3 be thinking of?

Certainly not of the respectable village practitioner, as he soon explained by describing the arrival at Tawny Rachel's cottage of a travelling quack with a long white beard.

'My dear No. 3!' exclaimed mamma.

'Mother, dear, I can't help it!' cried No. 3, and pro-

ceeded to relate that while he was sitting with the old woman, listening to the account of her aches and pains, some one looked in at the door, and asked if she wanted anything, but before she could speak, remarked how ill she seemed, and said he could give her something to do her good. 'Judy!' added No. 3, breaking suddenly off, 'he looked just like Dr. Faustus, I'm sure!'

'Never mind about that,' cried Aunt Judy. 'Tell us what Tawny Rachel said.'

'Oh, she called out that he *must give* it, if she was to have it, for she had nothing to pay for it with. I had a shilling in my pocket, and was just going to offer it, when I recollected that he would most likely do her more harm than good. But the gentleman with the white beard walked in immediately, set his pack down on the table, and said, "Then, my good woman, I *shall* give it you;" and out he brought a bottle, tasted it before he gave it to her, and promised her that it would cure her if she took it all.'

'My dear No. 3!' repeated mamma once more.

'Yes, I know she can't be cured, Mother, and I think she knows it too; but still she "*took it very kind,*" as she called it, of him, and asked him if he would like to "rest him" a bit by the fire, and the gentleman accepted the invitation; and there we all three sat, for really I quite enjoyed seeing him, and he began to warm his hands, remarking that the young gentleman—that was I you know—looked very well. Oh, Judy, I very nearly said "Thank you, Dr. Faustus," but I only laughed and nodded, and really did hold my tongue; and then the two began to talk, and it was as good as any story you ever invented, Aunt Judy. Tawny Rachel was very inquisitive, and asked him,

"You've come a long way, Sir, I suppose?"

"Yes, Ma'am; I'm a great traveller, and have been so a many years."

“‘It’s a wonder you have not settled before now.’”

“‘I might have settled, Ma’am, a many times.’”

“‘Ah, when folks once begin wandering, they can’t settle down. You were, maybe, brought up to it.’”

“‘I was brought up to something a deal better than that, Ma’am.’”

“‘You was, Sir? It’s a pity I’m sure.’”

“‘My father was physician to Queen Elizabeth, Ma’am, a many years.’”

When No. 3 arrived at this point of the dialogue, mamma and Aunt Judy both exclaimed at once, and the former said again,

‘My dear No. 3!’ which delighted No. 3, who proceeded to assure them that he had himself interrupted the travelling quack here, by suggesting that it was Queen Charlotte he meant.

‘Old Queen Charlotte, you know, Judy, that No. 1 was telling the children about the other day.’

But the ‘gentleman,’ as No. 3 called him, had turned very red at the doubt thus thrown on his accuracy, and put a rather threatening croak into his voice, as he said,

‘Asking your pardon, young gentleman, I know what I’m saying, and it was Queen Elizabeth, and not Charlotte nor anybody else!’

No. 3 described that he felt it best, after this, to hold his tongue and say no more, so Tawny Rachel put in her word, and remarked, it was a wonder the queen hadn’t made their fortunes; on which the gentleman turned rather red again, and said that the queen did make their fortune, but wouldn’t let them keep it, for fear they should be too great and too rich—that was it! This statement required a little explanation, but the gentleman was ready with all particulars. The queen used to pay his father by hundreds of pounds at a time, because that was due to him, but being jealous of his having so much money, she always set someone to take it away from him

as he left the place! So that was the reason why there was no fortune put by for him after his father died, and that was the reason why he couldn't very well settle at first, though everybody wished him to stay, and so he took to travelling; for his father had left him all his secrets, and he was qualified to practise anywhere, and had cured some thousands of sick folks up and down!

No. 3 declared that he had not made the old man's account of himself a bit more unconnected than it really was, and on the whole it sounded very imposing to poor Tawny Rachel, who had watched his departure with a sort of respectful awe.

He added that not liking to disturb her faith either in the man or the bottle, he had himself helped her to the first dose, and had then begun to talk about the creature comforts before described, the very mention of which seemed to cheer the old lady's heart, and to interest her at least as much as the biography of the travelling quack.

'So now, Mother,' concluded No. 3, 'order the gruel, and we'll give three cheers for Queen Elizabeth, and Dr. Faustus—eh, Judy? But I do think the poor old thing ought not to take that man's poisonous rubbish; so here's my shilling, and welcome, if you'll give some more, and let us send for a real doctor.'

The 'nothing-to-do' morning had nearly slipped away, between the conversation with Aunt Judy, and the visit to Tawny Rachel; and when, soon after, a friend called to take No. 3 off on a fossil hunt, and he had to snatch a hasty morsel before his departure, he declared he was like the poor governess in the song, who was sure to

'Find out,
With attention and zeal,
That she'd scarcely have time
To partake of a meal,'

there was so much to do. 'But you're a capital fellow, Judy,' he added, kissing her, 'and you'll tell me a story

when I come back ;' and off he ran, shutting his ears to Aunt Judy's declaration that she only told stories to the 'little ones.'

Nor would she, on his return, and during the cosy evening 'nothing-to-do' hour, consent to devote herself to his especial amusement only. So after arguing the point for a time, he very wisely yielded, and declared at last that he would be a 'little one' too, and listen to a 'little one's' story, if Aunt Judy would tell one.

It was rather late when this was settled, and the little ones had stayed up-stairs to play at a newly-invented game—bazaars—in the nursery ; but when No. 3 strode in with the announcement of the story, there was a shout of delight, followed by the old noisy rush down-stairs to the dining-room.

It is not a bad thing to be 'a little one' now and then in spirit. People would do well to try and be so oftener. Who that has looked upon a picture of himself as a 'little one,' has not wished that he could be restored to the 'little one's' spirit, the 'little one's' innocence, the 'little one's' hopeful trust? 'Of such is the kingdom of Heaven!' And though none of us would like to live our lives over again, lest our errors should be repeated, and so doubled in guilt, all of us, at the sight of what we once were, would fain, very fain, if we could, lie down to sleep and awake a 'little one' again. Never, perhaps, is the sweet mercy of an early death brought so closely home to our apprehension, as when the grown-up, care-worn man looks upon the image of himself as a child.

Happily, however—nay, more than happily, *mercifully*—the grown-up man, if he do but put on the humility, may gain something of the peace of a little one's heart!

Aunt Judy had twisted up a roll of muslin for a turban on her head by the time they came down, 'for,' said she, 'this is to be an eastern tale, and I shall not be inspired—

that is to say, I shall not get on a bit—unless there is a costume and manners to correspond, so you three little ones squat yourselves down Turkish-fashion on the floor, with your legs tucked under you. There now! that's something like, and I begin to feel myself in the East. Nevertheless, I am rather glad there is no critical eastern traveller at hand, listening through the key-hole to my blunders.'

'However, errors excepted, here is the wonderful story of "The King of the Hills and his four sons."

'A great many years ago, in a country which cannot be traced upon the maps, but which lies somewhere between the great rivers Indus and Euphrates, lived Schelim, King of the Hills.

'His riches were unlimited, his palaces magnificent, and his dresses and jewels of the most costly description. He never condescended to wear a diamond unless it was inconveniently large for his fingers, and the fiery opals which adorned his turban (like those in the mineral-room at the British Museum) shimmered and blazed in such a surprising manner, that people were obliged to lower their eyes before the light of them.

'Powerful as well as rich, King Schelim could have anything in the world he wished for, but—such is the perversity of human nature—he cared very little for anything except smoking his pipe; of which, to say the truth, he was so fond, that he would have been well contented to have done nothing else all day long. It seemed to him the nearest approach, to the sublimest idea, of human happiness—the having *nothing to do*.

'He caused his four sons to be brought up in luxurious ease, his wish for them being, that they should remain ignorant of pain and sorrow for as long a period of their lives as was possible. So he built a palace for them, at the summit of one of his beautiful hills, where nothing disagreeable or distressing could ever meet their eyes, and

he gave orders to their attendants, that they should never be thwarted in anything.

‘Every wish of their hearts, therefore, was gratified from their baby days; but so far from being in consequence the happiest, they were the most discontented children in his dominions.

‘From the first year of their birth, King Schelim had never been able to smoke his pipe in peace. There were always messages coming from the royal nursery to the smoking-room, asking for something fresh for the four young princes, who were, owing to some mysterious cause, incapable of enjoying any of their luxurious indulgences for more than a few hours together.

‘At first these incessant demands for one thing or another for the children, surprised and annoyed their papa considerably, but by degrees he got used to it, and took the arrival of the messengers as a matter of course.

‘The very nurses began it:

“‘May it please your Majesty, the young princes, your Majesty’s incomparable sons—may their shadows never be less!—are tired of their jewelled rattles, and have thrown them on the floor. Doubtless they would like India-rubber rings with bells better.”

“‘Then get them India-rubber rings with bells,” was all King Schelim said, and went to his pipe again.

‘And so it went on perpetually, until one day it came to,

“‘May it please your Majesty, the young princes, your Majesty’s incomparable sons—may their shadows never be less!—have thrown their hobby-horses into the river, and want to have live ponies instead.”

‘At the first moment the king gave his usual answer, “‘Then get them live ponies instead,” from a sort of mechanical habit, but the words were scarcely uttered when he recalled them. This request awoke even his sleepy soul out of its smoke-dream, and inquiring into the

ages of his sons, and finding that they were of years to learn as well as to ride, he dismissed their nurses, placed them in the hands of tutors, and procured for them the best masters of every description.

“For,” said he, “what saith the proverb? Kings govern the earth, but wise men govern kings. My sons shall be wise as well as kingly, and then they can govern themselves.”

‘And after settling this so cleverly, King Schelim went back to his pipe, in the confident hope, that now, at last, he should smoke it in peace. “For,” said he, “when my sons shall become wise through learning, they will be more moderate in their desires.”

‘I do not know whether his Majesty’s incomparable sons relished this change from nurses to tutors, but on that particular point they were allowed no choice; so if they bemoaned themselves in their palace on the hill, their father knew nothing of it.

‘And to soften the disagreeableness of the restraint which learning imposes, King Schelim gave more strict orders than ever, that provided the young gentlemen only learnt their lessons well, every whim that came into their heads should be complied with as soon as expressed.

‘In spite of all his ingenious arrangements, however, King Schelim did not enjoy the amount of repose he expected. All was quiet enough during lesson hours, it is true; but as soon as ever that period had elapsed, the royal princes were more restless than ever. The older they grew, the more they wanted, and the less pleased they became with what was granted.

‘From very early days of the tutorship, the old story began :

‘“May it please your Majesty, the young princes, your Majesty’s incomparable sons,—may their shadows never be less!—are tired of their ponies, and want horses instead.”

‘The king was a little disappointed at this, and actually laid down his pipe to talk.

‘“Is anything the matter with the ponies?” he asked.

‘“May it please your Majesty, no; only that your incomparable sons call them slow.”

‘“Spirited lads!” thought the king, quite consoled, and gave the answer as usual,

‘“Then get them horses instead.” But when only a few days afterwards he was informed that his incomparable sons had wearied of their horses, because they also were “slow,” and wished to ride on elephants instead, his Majesty began to feel disturbed in mind, and wonder what would come next, and how it was that the teaching of the tutors did not make his sons more moderate in their desires.

‘“Nevertheless,” said he, “what saith the proverb, ‘Thou a man, and lackest patience?’ And again,

‘Early ripe, early rotten,
Early wise, soon forgotten.’

My sons are but children yet.”

‘After which conclusion he returned to his pipe as before, and disturbed himself as little as possible, when messenger after messenger arrived, to announce the fresh vagaries of the young princes.

‘It is impossible to enumerate all the luxuries, amusements, and delights, they asked for, obtained and wearied of during several years. But the longer it went on, the more hardened and indifferent their father became. “For,” said he, “what saith the proverb, ‘The longest lane turns at last.’ At last my sons will have everything man can wish for, and then they will cease from asking, and I shall smoke my pipe in peace.”

‘One day, however, the messenger entered the royal smoking room in a greater hurry than ever, and was about to commence his usual elaborate peroration respect-

ing the incomparable sons, when his Majesty held up his hand to stop him, and called out,

“What is it now?”

“May it please your Majesty, your Majesty’s in—”

“What is it they *want*?” cried the king, interrupting him.

“May it please your Majesty, *something to do*.”

“Something to do?” repeated the perplexed king of the hills; “something to do, when half the riches of my empire have been expended upon providing them with the means of doing everything in the world that was delightful to the soul of man? Surely, oh son of a dog, thou art laughing at my beard, to come to me with such a message from my sons.”

“Nevertheless, may it please your Majesty, I have spoken but the truth. Your Majesty’s in—”

“Hush with that nonsense,” interrupted the king.

“Your Majesty’s sons, in fact, then, have sickened and pined for three mortal days, because they have got *nothing to do*.”

“Now, then, my sons are mad!” exclaimed poor King Schelim, laying down his pipe, and rising from his recumbent position; “and it is time that I bestir myself.”

‘And thereupon he summoned his attendants, and sent for the royal Hakim, that is to say, Physician; and the most learned and experienced Dervish, that is to say, religious teacher of the neighbourhood, “For,” said he, “who knows whether this sickness is of the body or the soul?”’

‘And having explained to them how he had brought up his children, the indulgences with which he had surrounded them, the learning which he had had instilled into them, and the way in which he had preserved them from every annoying sight and sound, he concluded,

“What more could I have done for the happiness of my children than I have done, and how is it that their

reason has departed from them, so that they are at a loss for something to do? Speak one or other of you and explain."

. 'Then the Dervish stepped forward and opening his mouth, began to make answer. "And," said he, "Oh King of the Hills, in the bringing up of thy sons, surely thou hast forgotten the proverb which saith, 'He that would know good manners, let him learn them from him who hath them not.' For even so may the wise man say of happiness, 'He that would know he is happy, must learn it from him who is not.' But again, doth not another proverb say, 'Will thy candle burn less brightly for lighting mine?' Wherefore the happiness which a man has, when he has discovered it, he is bound to impart to those that have it not. Have I spoken well?"

'Then King Schelim and the Hakim declared he had spoken remarkably well; nevertheless I am by no means sure that King Schelim knew what he meant.

'Whereupon the Dervish offered to go at once to the four incomparable princes, and cure them of their madness in supposing they had nothing to do, and King Schelim in great delight, and thoroughly glad to be rid of the trouble, told him that he placed his sons entirely in his hands; then taking him aside, he addressed to him a parting word in confidence.

"Thou knowest, oh wise Dervish, that I have had no education myself, and therefore as the proverb hath it, 'To say *I don't know*, is the comfort of my life,' yet what better is a learned man than a fool, if he comes but to this conclusion at last? See that thou restore wisdom and something to do to the souls of my sons."

'Which the Dervish promised to accomplish, and accordingly in company with the Hakim, he betook himself to the palace of the four princes, his Majesty's incomparable sons.

'Well, in spite of all they had heard, both the Dervish

and Hakim were surprised at what they really found at the palace of the four princes.

‘It was as if everything that human ingenuity could devise for the gratification, amusement, and occupation both of body and mind had been here brought together. Horses, elephants, chariots, creatures of every description, for hunting, riding, driving, and all sorts of sport were there, countless in numbers, and perfect in kind. Gardens, pleasure-grounds, woods, flowers, birds and fountains, to delight the eye and ear; while within the palace were sources of still deeper enjoyment. The songs of the poets and the wisdom of the ancients reposed there upon golden shelves. Musicians held themselves in readiness to pour exquisite melodies upon the air; games, exercises, in-door sports in every variety could be commanded in a moment, and attendants waited in all directions to fulfil their young masters’ will.

‘The poor old Dervish and Hakim looked at each other in fresh amazement at every step they took, and neither of them could find a proverb to fit so extraordinary a case.

‘At last, after a long walk through chambers and anti-chambers without end, hung round with mirrors and ornaments, they reached the apartment of the young princes, where they found the four incomparable creatures lounging on four ottomans, sighing their hearts out, because they had nothing to do.

‘As the door opened, the eldest prince glanced languidly round, and inquired if the messenger had returned from their father, and being answered that the Dervish and Hakim who now stood before him, were messengers from their father, he called out to know if the old gentleman had sent them anything to do?

“The king, your father’s spirit is disturbed with anxiety,” answered the Dervish, “lest some sudden calamity should have deprived his sons of the use of their

limbs or their senses, or lest their attendants should have failed to provide them with everything the earth affords delightful to the soul of man."

"The king, our father's spirit is disturbed with smoke," replied the eldest prince, "or he never would have sent such an old fellow as you with such an answer as that. What's the use of one's limbs, or one's senses, or all the earth affords delightful to the soul of man, if we're sick of it all? Just go back and tell him we've got everything, and are sick of everything, and can do everything, and don't care to do anything, because everything is so 'slow;' so we will trouble him to find us something fresh to do. There! is that clear enough, old gentleman?"

"The king, your father," answered the Dervish, "has provided against even that emergency; I am come to tell you of something fresh to see and to do."

'No sooner had the Dervish uttered these words, than the four princes jumped up from their ottomans in the most lively and vigorous manner, and clamoured to know what it was, expressing their hope that it was a "jolly lark."

'In answer to which the Dervish, lifting himself up in a commanding manner, stretched out his arm, and exclaimed in a solemn voice,

"Young men, you have exhausted happiness. Nothing new remains in the world for you, but misery and want. Follow me!"

'There was something so unusual about the tone of this address, and it was uttered in so imposing a manner, that the young princes were, as it were, taken by storm, and they followed the Dervish and Hakim, without a word of inquiry or objection.

'And he led them away from the palace on the beautiful hill—away from all the sights and sounds that were collected together there to delight the soul of man with both bodily and intellectual enjoyment—down into the city in the valley, among the close-packed habitations of

common men, congregated there to labour, and just exist, and then die.

‘And presently the Dervish and the Hakim spoke together, and then the Hakim led the way through a gloomy by-street, till he came to a habitation into which he entered, and the rest followed without a word. And there, stretched upon a pallet, wasted and worn with pain, lay a youth scarcely older than the young princes themselves, the lower part of whose body was wrapped round with bandages, and who was unable to move.

‘The Hakim proceeded at once to loosen the fastenings, and to examine the limbs of the sufferer. They had been crushed by a frightful accident, while working for his daily bread, in the quarries of marble near the palace on the hill.

“‘Is there no hope, my father?” he ejaculated in agony as the bruised thighs were exposed to the light, revealing a spectacle from which the princes turned horrified away.

‘But the Dervish stood between them and the door, and motioned them back.

““Learn here, at last,” said he, “the value of those limbs, the power of using which you look upon with such thankless indifference. As it is with this youth to-day, so may it be with you to-morrow, if the decree goes forth from on high. Bid me not again return to your father to tell him you are weary of a blessing, the loss of which would overwhelm you with despair.”

‘The young princes,’ continued Aunt Judy, ‘were, as their father had said, but children yet; that is to say, although they were fourteen or fifteen years old, they were childish, in not having reflected or learnt to reason. But they were not hard-hearted at bottom. Their tenderness for others had never been called out during their life of self-indulgence, but the sight of this young man’s condition, whom they personally knew as one who had at

times been permitted to come up and join in their games, overpowered them with dismay.

‘They entreated the Hakim to say if nothing could be done, and when he told them that a nurse, and better food, and the discourse of a wise companion, were all essential for the recovery of the patient, there was not, to say the truth, one among them who was not ready with promises of assistance, and even offers of personal help.

‘And now, bidding adieu to this youthful sufferer, whose distress seemed to receive a sudden calm from the sympathy the young princes betrayed, the Hakim led the way to another part of the town, where he entered a house of rather better description, in a small room of which they found a pale, middle-aged man, who was engaged in making a coarse sort of netting for trees. Hearing the noise of the entrance, he looked up, and asked who it was, but with no change of countenance, or apparent recognition of anyone there. But as soon as the Hakim had uttered the words “It is I,” a gleam of delight stole over the pale face, and the man, rising from his chair, stretched out his arms to the Hakim, entreating him to approach.

‘And then the young princes saw that the pale man was blind.

“Is there any change, oh Cassian?” inquired the Hakim kindly.

“None, my father,” answered the blind man, in a subdued tone. “But shall I murmur at what is appointed? Surely not in vain was the privilege granted me, of transcribing the manuscripts which repose on the golden shelves in the palace of the royal princes. Surely not in vain did I gather from the treasuries of ancient wisdom, and the divine songs of the poets, sources of consolation for the suffering children of men.”

“And has anyone been of late to read to you?” asked the Hakim.

‘ But this inquiry the blind man seemed scarcely able to answer. Big tears gathered into the sightless eyes, and folding his hands across his bosom, he murmured out,

“None, oh my father. Not to everyone is it permitted to trace the characters of light in which the wise have recorded their wisdom. I alone of my family knew the secret. I alone suffer now. But shall I not submit to this also with a cheerful spirit? It is written, and it behoves me to submit.”

‘And, with tears streaming over his cheeks, the blind man took up the netting which he had laid aside, and forced himself to the work.

“Seest thou!” exclaimed the Dervish, turning to the prince who stood next him, apparently absorbed in contemplating the scene. “Seest thou how precious are the powers thou hast wearied of in the spring-time of life? How dear are the opportunities thou hast not cared to delight in? Bid me not again return to the king, your father, to tell him his sons can find no pleasure in blessings, the deprivation of which they themselves would feel to be the shutting out of the sun from the soul.”

‘Then the young prince to whom the Dervish addressed himself, wept bitterly, and begged to be allowed to visit the blind man from time to time, and read to him out of the manuscripts that reposed on the golden shelves in the palace on the hill; and which, he now learnt for the first time, had been transcribed for his use and that of his brothers, by the skill of the sufferer before him.

‘And when the blind man clasped his hands over his head, and would have prostrated himself on the ground, in gratitude to him who spoke, asking who the charitable pitier of the afflicted could be, the prince embraced him as if he had been his brother, forced him back gently into his seat, and bidding him await him at that hour on the morrow, followed the Hakim from the house.

‘And now the Dervish and Hakim spoke together once

again, and the place they visited next was of a very different description.

‘Enclosed within walls, and limited in extent, because in the outskirts of a populous town, the garden into which they presently entered, was—though but as a drop in comparison with the ocean—no unworthy rival of the gorgeous pleasure-grounds of the palace. There, too, the roses unfolded themselves in their glory to the sun, tiny fountains scattered their cooling spray around, and singing-birds, suspended on overshadowing trees, poured forth delicious melody to the air. In the midst of this scene of miniature beauty a venerable man was perceived, seated under the shadow of an arbour, in front of a table on which were scattered manuscripts, papers, parchments, and dried plants, and in one corner of which were laid a set of tablets and writing materials.

‘Although the door by which they entered had fallen to with a noise as they passed through, the old man did not seem to be aware of it, nor did he notice their presence until they came so near, that their shadows fell on some of the papers on the table. Then, indeed, he looked suddenly up, and with a smile and gesture of delight, bade them welcome.

‘It was not difficult to divine that the old man had lost the sense of hearing, and the Dervish, taking up the tablets from the table, wrote upon them the following words, which he showed to the young princes, before presenting them to him for whom they were intended :

“Hast thou not wearied yet, oh brother, of thy narrow garden, and the ever-recurring succession of flowers, and thy study of the secrets of Nature?”

‘Whereat the deaf man smiled again, and wrote upon the tablets,

“Can anyone weary of tracing out the skilful providence of the Divine Mind? Is it not a world within a world, oh my brother, and inexhaustible in itself?”

'The youngest prince pressed forward to read the answer, and having read it, turned to the Dervish, and said, "Ask him why the singing-birds are suspended in the garden, whose voices he cannot hear."

"Write on the tablet, my son," said the Dervish; and when he had written it, the old man answered, in the same manner as before,

"I would remember my infirmity, my son, lest my soul should be tied to the beauties of the visible world; but now when I see the twittering bills of the feathered songsters, I remember that one sense has departed, and that the others must follow; and I prepare myself for death, trusting that those who have rejoiced in the Divine Mind—however imperfectly—here, may rejoice yet more hereafter, when no sense or power shall be wanting!"

'After this, the venerable old man led them to a secluded corner of the garden, where his young son was instructing one portion of a class of children from the secrets of his father's manuscripts, while another set of youngsters were engaged in cultivating flowers, by regular instruction and rule. Many a bright, cheerful face looked up at the old man and his visitors as they passed, but not one seemed to wish to leave his work, or his lesson, or the kind young tutor who ruled among them.

"We have wasted our lives, oh my father!" exclaimed the young princes, as they passed from this sight. "Tell us, may we not come back again here, to learn true wisdom from this man and his son?"

'Having obtained the old man's willing consent to this, the Hakim retiring, conducted his companions back into the streets; and the young princes, whose eyes were now opened to the instruction they were receiving, came up to the Dervish, and said,

"Oh, wise Dervish, we have learnt the lesson you would teach, and we know now that it is but a folly, and a mockery, and a lie, when a man says that he has nothing

to do. There is enough to do for all men, if their minds are directed right! Have I not spoken well?"

"Thou hast spoken well according to thy knowledge," answered the Dervish, "but thou hast yet another lesson to learn."

The prince was silenced, and the Dervish and Hakim now hurried forward to a still different part of the city, where several trades were carried on, and where in one place they came upon an open square, about which a number of gaunt, sad-looking men, were lounging or sitting, unoccupied, listless, and sad.

"This is wrong, my father, is it not?" inquired one of the princes; but the Dervish, instead of answering him, addressed a man who was standing near, somewhat apart from his companions, and inquired why he was loitering there in idleness, instead of occupying himself in some honest manner?

The man laughed a bitter mocking laugh, and turning to his companions, shouted out, "Hear what the wise man asks! When trade has failed, and no one wants our labour, he asks us why we stand idling here!" Then facing the Dervish, he continued, "Do you not know, can you not see, oh teacher of the blind, that we have got *nothing to do? Nothing to do!*" he repeated with a loud cry—"Nothing to do! with hearts willing to work, and hands able to work,"—(here he stretched out his bared, muscular arm to the Dervish,)—"and wife and children calling out for food! Give us *something to do*, thou preacher of virtue and industry," he concluded, throwing himself on the ground in anguish; "or, at any rate, cease to mock us with the solemn inquiry of a fool."

"Oh, my father, my father," cried the young princes, pressing forward, "this is the worst, the very worst of all! All things can be borne, but this dire reality of having *nothing to do*. Let us find them something to do. Let us tear up our gardens, plough up our lawns, and pleasure-

grounds, so that we do but find work for these men, and save their children and wives from hunger."

"And themselves from crime," added the Dervish, solemnly. Then quitting his companions, he went into the crowd of men, and made known to them in a few hurried words, that, by the order of their young princes, there would, before another day had dawned, be something found to do for them all.

'The cheer of gratitude which followed this announcement, thrilled through the heart of those who had been enabled to offer the boon, and so overpowered them, that, after a liberal distribution of coin to the necessitous labourers, they gladly hurried away.

"Now, then, my task is ended," cried the Dervish, as they retraced their steps to the palace on the hill. "My sons, you have seen the sacred sorrow which may attach to the bitter complaint of having *nothing to do*. Henceforth seal your lips over the words, for, in all other cases but this, they are, as you truly said, a folly, a mockery, and a lie."

'It is scarcely necessary to say,' continued Aunt Judy, 'that the young princes returned to the palace in a very different state of mind to that in which they left it. They had now so many things to do in prospect, so much to plan and inquire about, that when the night closed upon them, they wondered how the day had gone, and grudged the necessary hours of sleep. But on the morrow, just as they were eagerly recommencing their left-off consultations, the Dervish appeared among them, and suggested that their first duty still remained unthought of.

'The incomparable sons were now really surprised, for they had been flattering themselves they were most laudably employed. But the Dervish reminded them, that, although their duty to mankind in general was great, their duty to their father in particular was yet greater, and that it behoved them to set his mind at rest, by assuring him,

that henceforth they would not prevent him from smoking his pipe in peace, by restless discontent, and disturbing messages and wants.

'To this the young princes readily agreed, and thoroughly ashamed now, on reflection, of the years of harass with which they, in their thoughtless ingratitude, had worried poor King Schelim, they repaired to his presence, and without entering into unnecessary explanations, (which he would not have understood,) assured him that they were perfectly happy, that they had got plenty to do, as well as everything to enjoy, that they were very sorry they had tormented him for so long a period of his life, but that they begged to be forgiven, and would never do so again.

'King Schelim was uncommonly pleased with what they said, although he had to lay down his pipe for a few minutes to receive their salutations, and give his in return; after which they returned to their palace on the hill, and led thenceforward useful, intelligent, and therefore happy lives, reforming grievances, consoling sorrows, and taking particular care that everybody had the opportunity of having *something to do*.

'And as they never again disturbed their father King Schelim, with foolish messages, he smoked his pipe in peace to the end of his days.

'Nice old Schelim!' observed No. 8, when Aunt Judy's pause showed that the story was done. A conclusion which made the other little ones laugh; but now Aunt Judy spoke again.

'You like the story, all of you?'

Could there be a doubt about it? No! 'Schelim, King of the Hills, and his four sons,' was one of Aunt Judy's very, very, very, best inventions. But they had the happy knack of always thinking so of the last they heard.

'And yet there is a flaw in it,' said Aunt Judy.

'Aunt Judy!' exclaimed several voices at once, in a tone of expostulation.

'Yes; I mean in the moral:' pursued she, 'there is no Christianity in the teaching, and therefore it is not perfect, although it is all very good as far as it goes.'

'But they were eastern people, and I suppose Mahometans or Brahmins,' suggested No. 4.

'Exactly; and, therefore, I could not give them Christian principles; and, therefore, although I have made my four princes turn out very well, and do what was right, for the rest of their lives (as I had a right to do;) yet it is only proper I should explain, that I do not believe any-people can be *depended upon* for doing right, except when they live upon Christian principles, and are helped by the grace of God, to fulfil His will, as revealed to us by His Son Jesus Christ.

'Certainly it is always more *reasonable* to do right than wrong, even when the wrong may seem most pleasant at the moment; because, as all people of sense know, doing right is most for their own happiness, as well as for everybody else's, even in this world.

'But although the knowledge of this, may influence us when we are in a sober enough state of mind to think about it calmly, the motive is not strong enough to be relied upon as a safe guard, when storms of passion and strong temptations come upon us. It very often goes for nothing, so to speak, and then it is a perfect chance which way a person acts.

'Even in the matter of doing good to others, we need the Christian principle as a motive, or we may be often tempted to give it up, or even to be as cruel at some moments, as we are kind at others. It is very pleasant, no doubt, to do good, and be charitable, when the feeling comes into the heart, but the pleasure may perhaps go, if we find people thankless or stupid, and that our labours seem to have been in vain. And what a temptation there

is, then, to turn away in disgust, unless we are acting upon Christ's commands, and can bear in mind, that even when the pleasure ends, the duty remains.

'And now,' said Aunt Judy in conclusion, 'a kiss for the story-teller all round, if you please. She has had an invitation, and is going from home to-morrow.'

'Oh, Aunt Judy!' ejaculated the little ones, in not the most cheerful of tones.

'Well,' cried Aunt Judy, looking at them and laughing, 'you don't mean to say that you will not find *plenty to do*, and *plenty to enjoy* while I am away? Come, I mean to write to you all in turns, and I shall inquire in my letters whether you have remembered, *to your edification*, the story of Schelim, King of the Hills, and his four sons.'

THE WHALER'S DAUGHTER.

(BY LOUISA STUART.)

CHAPTER V.

THEY proceeded, in the dim and short day of the dreary Arctic May, in a direction nearly due north, in order to commence, with the slenderest resources, a journey which according to their computation, could not be less than two hundred miles. The region across which they had to travel, forms a part of a vast plain which may be roughly said to extend from Mexico to the shores of the Polar Sea. The low hills, or rather rising grounds, that lie between the two extreme points, are not of sufficient magnitude to make an exception to the general level appearance of this immense district. Thus our travellers had no great difficulties of ascent to encounter, and while their provisions lasted, the labour of drawing the sledge over the frozen snow was not very great. Now and then two of them undertook this labour, while the third endeavour-

ed, with bow and arrows, to kill some of the birds that were now migrating northwards. They were occasionally successful, and were enabled by this means to eke out their little store of reindeer's flesh, and biscuit. Dreadful as it would be to us to devour, uncooked, the flesh of any creature, they were only too thankful for any addition to their food, however distasteful. But they saw no other animal, and the birds mostly flew too high for their arrows to reach ; only in the case of stragglers from the main body of the flight, could they hope to meet with any success in shooting. And thus their stock of food lessened day by day, in spite of all their efforts, and all their economy. The strength of the men diminished in proportion to the decrease of their rations, which they were obliged frequently to reduce in quantity, and at the end of a fortnight, they computed that they had still nearly a hundred miles of their journey to perform.

About this time a heavy misfortune befel our travellers. In crossing a small stream, Ross stumbled and fell upon the ice, and sprained his ankle so severely, that he was obliged to fall out from the ropes, being quite unable to walk. The imperative necessity of proceeding in order to arrive at some spot where animal life was more abundant, compelled Melville and Fairford to take the sufferer into the boat which they attempted to drag slowly forward. But their diminished strength soon rendered such an exertion quite out of the question, and they were compelled to stop. Ross, whose buoyant spirits were not quite subdued even by his complicated misfortunes, assured them that an hour or two's rest would quite restore his ankle, and enable him to proceed ; but, alas ! instead of the promised amendment, the limb swelled fearfully, and a night of agonizing pain followed this unfortunate accident.

And there, on a desolate plain, covered with frozen snow, and over which the fierce Arctic winds swept unobstructed, the sailors and their little companion spent

two nights and a day awaiting the possibility of Ross's being able to resume his journey. In vain he implored them to leave him to his fate, in vain he represented to them the absolute duty of using their utmost efforts to save their lives and that of the darling child, the object of so much anxious care, which had been hitherto blessed by her preservation amidst such unparalleled hardships and dangers.

Melville replied, while the tears rolled down his hollow cheeks, 'We must not do evil, that good may come.'

The boat was reared on its side, to form something like a shelter for the little party. Liliass, who was becoming very weak, lay on her father's knees, while Ross and Fairford alternately read portions of the sacred volume which had been their greatest source of comfort during all the period of their misfortunes. Their misfortunes, however, had not, even now, reached their climax.

On the second night of their waiting for the convalescence of Ross, a partial and temporary thaw took place; this materially increased their discomforts, by moistening and loosening the surface of the snow, an evil which the slight amelioration of temperature did not compensate for. But when the cask that contained the poor remnant of their provisions was opened, to supply them with a stinted and insufficient meal on the following morning, they found to their utter dismay that the meat was entirely putrid.

This occurrence seemed to fill up the measure of their calamities, yet even now, wretched as was their situation, they did not permit themselves to despair. 'God feedeth the ravens,' said Melville, as he kissed the cold cheek of his little daughter, and placed her once more in the boat, to which he and Fairford harnessed themselves, and with Ross limping painfully beside them, they once more proceeded on their weary, and as it seemed, useless journey.

Providentially Ross, on that very day, shot two birds,

which seasonable supply enabled them to get over a larger space of ground than they expected, and when they next halted, Ross's foot was not much the worse for the march. But the extreme paucity, and indeed absence of animal life in that part of the district over which they were slowly advancing, and the increasing weakness of all the party, convinced them that in all probability the term of their sufferings and anxieties was at no great distance. The lichen called by the Canadian *voyageurs* and hunters the Tripe de Roche, was seen scantily here and there, and afforded them a little nourishment; but it made Liliass so exceedingly ill, that they could give her no more of this doubtful and dangerous nutriment. A few bits of biscuit, dipped in snow, was all that, for two days, supported life in the patient, uncomplaining sufferer.

Sheer weakness and complete exhaustion now compelled the men to halt. In a slight depression of the plain, where a little shelter was obtained from the wind, which still blew unvaryingly from the north, the sailors, and the captain's little daughter, laid themselves down to die. The men covered Liliass up, as well as they could, with their warm clothing, placed her under the lee of their boat, gave her the last morsel of biscuit, and sat down beside her, in profound silence. When Melville again raised his head, only himself, Fairford, and Liliass, were there. 'Did you see him go?' inquired he of Fairford. Fairford was excessively weak, and his mind had sunk into a kind of torpor, so that he scarcely seemed to comprehend the question; at last he shook his head, and replied, 'No.'

Then Melville rose and looked round, and there on the summit, or rather ridge, of the slight elevation that had formed their shelter, he saw a person, whom he concluded to be Ross, making the most frantic gestures, and waving his cap with an energy which seemed quite supernatural in a person so feeble and exhausted. Then a cry, intend-

ed to be one of joy, but which fell on their ears with a weak and tremulous sound, came to them over the snow. The men both rose and approached him.

'A *cache* ! A *cache* !' screamed the poor fellow in an agony of joy.

'A *cache* ?' cried Melville. 'My Lily ! a *cache* ! Thanks be to the Lord of Mercies, we may yet be saved !'

And so indeed it was. This *cache*, or deposit of provisions and necessaries, was one of several which had been made at certain spots by the servants and hunters of the Fur Company, according to agreement with the British Government, for the use of the exploring parties who should be sent from the Discovery ships, which had been for some seasons in the Arctic regions. And now with a wonderful strength and activity, inspired by the hopes so providentially rekindled in their hearts, our sailors hastened to the mound containing the *cache*, which was surmounted by a sort of miniature flag-staff, from which a piece of scarlet bunting floated. They did not hesitate to open it, for by all the accounts they had heard, and which the Esquimaux could have had no motive in fabricating, the Discovery ships had quitted those regions during the preceding summer. They found within it a number of tins of portable soup, of pemmican, of biscuit, and, what to them was invaluable, three rifles, which were carefully packed up in India-rubber coverings, and a quantity of ammunition. They took two of the rifles, several cases of the pressed meat and soup, and some biscuit, together with a part of the ammunition. Then they carefully covered up the *cache*, planted the flag-staff, if so diminutive an object could be so called, and hastened to administer a part of this most providential supply to their exhausted little companion.

This most seasonable relief enabled the sailors to resume their painful march on the following day ; but before they

left the spot, they carefully took the bearings of the *cache* by Melville's pocket-compass, intending to return to it and remove its contents to their hut, if it were the will of Providence that they should reach it in safety.

Slow and toilsome was the remainder of this never-to-be-forgotten journey. Long and dreary, yet not now hopeless, were the seemingly interminable miles of snow over which they toiled, but most providentially the frost still continued, and at last they beheld, to their infinite joy, the frozen waters of the ocean, in the very bay in which they had been deserted.

The hut was still there, apparently uninjured, and they lost no time in placing Liliās within its welcome shelter, and kindling a large fire before the door. Then for the first time during many months, a meal of cooked food was enjoyed by these patient and resolute men, whose energy and perseverance had, under the blessing of Providence, preserved their lives, and that of Liliās, under dangers and privations that might well have annihilated hope and energy in men of less religious and well-trained minds.

How profoundly thankful were they for so many mercies, shown them in the midst of such fearful perils! With what joy they knelt together beside the couch of that little fragile child, to return thanks for their preservation to that Great Being who had led them in safety through those awful solitudes! How joyfully did their simple hymn arise to heaven from the desolate shores of that deadly, frozen ocean, as they concluded their evening service, before lying down in hope and peace to dream of those far distant homes, those beloved household faces, that, excepting in their dreams, there seemed no human probability of their ever beholding again.

CHAPTER VI.

THEY possessed now a sufficiency of food to last till the departure of the frost should draw the reindeer to their

favourite pasture-ground. They were able to keep up comfortable fires, and to preserve a warm and equable temperature within their hut. The health of the whole party underwent a most favourable change, and Liliash soon regained her strength, and was able to exert herself to keep the hut clean and comfortable, and to repair the clothing of her tender and watchful protectors.

But soon an alteration in the weather was perceptible; the wind changed to the south-west, immense flocks of birds flying northward darkened the air with their densely serried phalanxes. The snow disappeared from the low hills, and the depressions between them, only resting on the summits of the lofty and glacier-clad cliffs, from which, it would seem, it never departed. The sun now sunk below the horizon for a very short period, the sea became clear of ice, excepting that immense icebergs were carried by the ocean currents towards the eastward, looking like moving castles, passing silently over the deep blue sea, their green or white and semi-transparent masses reflecting in a thousand prismatic angles and pinnacles the brilliant light of the glorious sun, that soon illuminated with its reviving rays the whole of that desolate region, during nearly the whole of the twenty-four hours.

Fairford had contrived to manufacture a kind of weapon very similar to the bolas, in use among the Gauchos of the Pampas of South America, using the skins of reindeer instead of those of oxen and horses in the work. Three long plaited thongs of leather were united together in a common centre; at every end a stone was inclosed in a piece of leather, and attached strongly to the thong. The centre is firmly held in the right-hand of the person who uses the weapon, while the thongs and the balls of wood or iron attached to each extremity are whirled rapidly round the head till they acquire considerable velocity, and are then flung over the animal intended to be caught.

Of course Fairford's bolas were rather a rude imitation

of the weapon so common in use in the South American plains, where the Gauchos, or natives of Spanish descent, catch ostriches with it, and use it for many similar purposes in preference to the lasso. His object in preparing it was, if possible, to entrap, without injuring, two or three reindeer, which might not only afford the party a supply of milk, but might be harnessed to such a sledge or light carriage as they might be able to construct, and which might be of incalculable service to them in future. Unfortunately the deer did not come to pasture on these plains and downs in any great numbers during this summer. Whether the intrusion of the sailors on their usually solitary pasture-grounds had alarmed them, or whether the *lichen islandica*, the lichen which is their favourite food, was not this season of a good quality in that particular spot, or whatever else might be the cause, large herds of them were seen to pass away to the southward and westward, but only a few stragglers came into the immediate neighbourhood of the hut. However, Fairford succeeded, after several disappointments, in securing three deer, a buck, a doe, and a beautiful little fawn, which was a source of never-failing delight to Liliás. These individuals, as a matter of necessity, accepted the pasturage, which seemed not to please the fastidious taste of their former companions, and allowed themselves to be tethered near the hut, and grazed contentedly within the range of their permitted freedom.

The sailors were, however, often obliged to go some distance before they could shoot enough game to provide a sufficiency of venison; but their great success in fishing, and in taking birds'-eggs among the lower and more accessible rocks at each side of the bay, left them little present anxiety on the score of food. The carriage they made, rough and clumsy as it necessarily was, and to which they soon were able to harness the two adult reindeer, was of immense service to them when they were

obliged to go any distance in search of game, in carrying their guns and ammunition, and bringing back to their hut the animals they killed.

They were constantly occupied, and in the never-ceasing round of necessary employment, their minds were never permitted to become depressed by the dreary and uncertain prospect of the future; yet they often talked, unheard by Liliass, of their plans and intentions. They determined never to trust themselves again to the tender mercies of the treacherous savages, the nomadic inhabitants of the vast arctic regions, but rather, if it were necessary, they resolved to winter in their present hut, and with this idea they economized as much as possible their venison, smoking and salting a quantity of it to furnish a supply for the winter. They had found the sorrel which Liliass had collected the year before of the greatest service during the winter in warding off disease, and she now occupied herself in gathering and drying a vast number of bundles of this invaluable anti-scorbutic for future use.

But while these and other useful preparations were being made, in case they should determine to winter in that fearful solitude, another plan daily gained more favour with Melville. This was to take the boat and the sledge, with the reindeer as beasts of draught, as soon as the frost should set in so as to render the swamps and lakes passable, and by keeping a few miles inland, to travel on to the south-east till they should, sooner or later, fall in with some human habitation. The prospect of passing their lives in such a spot, the horrible idea that if, in the course of nature, he and his companions should die, Liliass would be left quite alone, created such a terror in his heart, that he determined, if no mode of escape offered itself during the short northern summer, to propose this desperate scheme to his two companions, rather than run the risk of remaining in that spot during the remainder of their

lives, or of leaving his little daughter in that horrid region quite alone, if he and his friends were taken from her.

In the meantime, a constant look-out was kept for the possible ship that *might* be sent, and that *might* arrive, for their rescue. Little, indeed, was the chance that any whaler could penetrate to that generally ice-bound seclusion; little the hope that the William Wallace could have reached home in safety, to give even a remote idea of the position of her deserted captain and his officers, yet to this shadowy hope they ever clung. A large fire was kept burning night and day, that the smoke or the flame might attract the attention of the imaginary crew of the imaginary ship, while the never-setting sun shone night and day over the constantly barren sea, whose blue surface was never diversified, except by some pinnaced and turretted iceberg sailing majestically on the bosom of the current towards the south-east.

And so the summer, which was intensely hot, and brought its strange plague of mosquitoes, that seemed to unite the equator to the poles, waxed, and began to wane. The sun, though still far from setting, sunk nightly nearer to the horizon, and Melville was seriously balancing in his mind the practicability of a journey inland, over which Lilius's increasing delicacy now threw an additional doubt, when the busy monotony of their lives was varied by the appearance of a party of Esquimaux of a different tribe from those with whom the sailors had passed the last winter, and much more cleanly in their appearance. They had never seen any European, and their astonishment at the sight of the hut was intense, and still more so when they beheld its inhabitants. They said that they came from the south-west, from a country of seas, and lakes, and rivers, and that they were now going to a place they called the Valley of Deer, on a hunting expedition. They said it was three days from the bay on whose shores they now stood, and that they were not afraid of telling where

it was, for that the deer frequented the spot in such numbers that there were enough for all parties.

They even offered to take the sailors with them to the spot, but this proposal, as may be imagined, was without hesitation refused. When they departed, they promised, if possible, to return by that way, and bring some game for them, but they said that most likely they should make a more direct course to the spot where they usually wintered, as they thought the frost would set in early that year.

Lilias wept bitterly when these people departed; the sense of solitude oppressed her, though her three friends were near; and even they felt a sinking of the heart as the last of the party disappeared behind the slightly swelling down.

On the evening of the second day after the departure of the Esquimaux, Ross and Fairford were busily engaged in cutting up firewood, while Melville was attending hopelessly, but perseveringly, to the useless signal fire, when on looking earnestly to sea-ward, a strange and unusual object met his eye; another similar one followed it; both were very distant, yet with the naked eye he could see that they were not icebergs. He snatched up his telescope, and clearly discerned the beautiful fabrics of two British ships-of-war! His loud shouts soon brought his two comrades and Lilias to the spot. They saw the stately ships gliding on to the eastward—they saw the flag that floats undauntedly in every sea!

They fired their rifles, they waved their garments, they threw damp wood on the fire to increase the magnitude of its pillar of smoke, they shouted simultaneously and with the energy of despair; but it was all in vain. The fair ships, with their freight of happy and home-bound hearts, passed on to the eastward; no signal answered theirs; no gun broke with its deep music the low moanings of the ever-lamenting sea. The vessels passed on—on; they

rounded one by one the great dark glacier-clad cape, and left the deserted seamen to their despair.

And now their patience, their resignation, their hope, all, for the moment, deserted them, and they flung themselves on the earth in an agony of tears and lamentations. Not long, however, did they give way to these passionate expressions of sorrow. Melville was the first to become more calm.

‘We are no worse off than before,’ said he. ‘We believed the tale of the Esquimaux, that the ships had sailed away to the southward and eastward last summer. We did not rely on their help for escape.’

‘But to have seen them! to have been near them! to have been so near to British ships—to British sailors, that would have given all they possessed to have helped us!’ exclaimed Fairford, weeping bitterly.

Ross, the light-hearted, patient, cheerful Ross, whose stories and songs had lightened Liliass’s sorrows and sufferings all the long winter, Ross was perhaps the most to be pitied of all the party. He lay quite silent, his face buried in his hands, and his limbs relaxed as if they belonged to one about to die. Melville and Liliass rose and went to him, much alarmed, and Liliass, taking his hands, drew them from before his face, which was pale and shrunk. This last sudden hope, followed by so fearful a disappointment, seemed as if it would kill him.

‘Oh! for my sake, dearest friend, for all our sakes who love you so dearly, for God’s sake, who has so wonderfully preserved us, rouse yourself!’ said Liliass, chafing his cold hands in hers. ‘We shall yet do well, we shall yet see dear Eastport, if you will but rouse yourself. You will still see Annie, and little Johnny, and Mary, and tell them how you bore up for the sake of us all!’

Ross covered his rugged face with her thin hands, and soon the tears flowed fast between the little fingers, and he listened to the consoling chapter that Melville read

from his Bible, and joined in his earnest prayer for strength.

And strength and patience were given to all in a renewed measure, and they were soon able to consult calmly about what was best to be done.

Lilias's strength now appeared to her father to be quite unequal, for the present, to the fatigue of a long overland journey, in the intense cold that would supervene as soon as the frosts set in; and after weighing well the disadvantages of each plan, they at length determined to spend at least the earlier part of the winter in the hut. If the weather was at all moderate, and if Lilias should grow stronger, they determined to set out late in the winter, or early in the spring, to attempt a journey to the south-east. Their intention was to keep near the sea, so that if their journey were prolonged beyond the breaking up of the frost, they might launch their boat and possibly fall in with some whaler; or if they were fortunate, might even reach Disco, or some other Danish settlement on the coast of Greenland.

The intense heat, following so quickly the fierce and pitiless cold, had proved exceeding trying to Lilias, and although at first the light, and warmth, and out-of-door exercise, had seemed to have the most beneficial effect upon her constitution, yet the good they wrought upon her was but temporary, and was succeeded by a lassitude and weariness that gave the most serious alarm to Melville and his friends. They almost longed for the frosts that might brace up that relaxed and languid little frame, and strengthen it to bear the journey that they now contemplated, as their last and only hope of escape. In the meantime, their efforts to render the winter endurable, and even comfortable, to her and to themselves, were unceasing. The ingenuity of Fairford enabled him to construct many little things for Lilias which gave the hut the appearance of being furnished, and he often was the one selected to

be left at home as a guard and companion to her while her father and Ross went to any distance on a hunting expedition, as he could then employ himself in adding to the comforts of their house, as well as in preparing for the ensuing winter. He never neglected to keep up the signal-fire, though the near departure of the summer made their rescue by sea more and more improbable.

The two whose duty it was to go constantly, or at least frequently, in chase of game, were now, by means of the reindeer and the rough cart which they drew, able to extend their expeditions to a much greater distance, and one evening it was decided that the next day Melville and Ross should depart, to endeavour, by the description of the route by the Esquimaux, to discover the spot which they called the Valley of Deer, which they spoke of as being the constant haunt of the reindeer.

CHAPTER VII.

ACCORDINGLY, on the following morning Melville kissed his little daughter, and having harnessed the deer, and loaded the cart with such articles as would be necessary for an absence of a couple of days, he set out with Ross on the purposed expedition. Liliias watched them till they disappeared behind a shoulder of the little hill, and even then stood listening to the pleasant sound of Ross's voice, as he sung in loud and clear tones one of the morning hymns of the Scottish Kirk.

But we must leave her in the faithful care of Fairford, and accompany her father and his companion on their hunting expedition. By the help of the compass, of the sun, and of the descriptions and directions of the Esquimaux, the two sailors found their way to the spot indicated by them, at which the frequent and numerous tracks of deer entered the commencement of a narrow valley, through which a brook, or small river, flowed. It was towards the afternoon of the second day that they reached this spot, and

after following the tracks for a considerable distance, they found, where the valley expanded, that the brook also widened, and there in its shallowest part a number of deer were drinking. Both the men fired their rifles without a moment's delay, when, to their utter astonishment, a third report, loud, sharp, and clear, replied to theirs !

Melville and Ross both turned deadly pale, and looked at each other for a moment in silent astonishment.

'Was it an echo?' said Melville at last, as he rapidly reloaded his rifle and fired.

Again was the report followed by another ! Ross now fired : another signal answered his, and in a tumult of indescribable feelings they ran through the valley towards the spot whence the sound proceeded, and there they beheld a party of sailors surrounding a small boat, placed on wheels, and drawn by a number of dogs. Two officers walked in front—two British officers !

As soon as they saw our two friends, these noble English sailors gave a hearty cheer, and then they began to sing 'Rule Britannia,' in a chorus which might not have been very harmonious, but which was the sweetest music that Melville and Ross had ever heard ! They hurried forwards, pale, breathless, agitated ; their knees trembled under them, and at last Melville sunk to earth. He could only clasp his hands, and cry, 'O Lord ! O Lord ! I thank Thee !'

The English sailors hurried to them ; they wrung their hands, they raised them up, they danced round them, they sung, they shouted, they nearly choked them with attempts to pour rum or thrust biscuits down their throats, till their officers interfered to stop these ebullitions of the kindest sympathy. For Melville and Ross stood pale, trembling, weeping like children—these men who had for twelve months suffered every privation, the hardest labour, the bitterest anxiety and disappointment, and the fierce regions of the Arctic winter, patiently and uncomplainingly !

The revulsion of feeling was too much for them ; it seemed as if they would expire from the effects of such unexpected happiness.

Mr. Parish, the lieutenant who commanded the party, desired our friends to sit down for a while. He then directed the midshipman who was with him to take a party of the men and to try to shoot a couple of deer, but to return within an hour to that spot, whether successful or not. He ordered some biscuits and rum and water to be placed near Melville and Ross, and taking his telescope he ascended the little rising-ground to look after the hunting party. Thus our friends had time to recover from the sudden effects of joy, and when he rejoined them he found them calm, and able to converse.

‘But the other sailor,’ said he, ‘and the poor little girl. I trust they are safe?’

‘We trust so too,’ replied Melville. ‘We left them two days since to come to this spot to hunt. Oh! I trust they are safe!’

He seemed quite unable to believe that so great a happiness as that of having met these kind friends and deliverers could be unaccompanied by some great calamity.

‘We will lose no time in ascertaining their safety,’ said Mr. Parish. ‘We shall not bivouac for the night these three hours, and will be early astir to-morrow morning. The Esquimaux have proved that they can speak the truth, an accomplishment I scarcely gave them credit for.’

He then said, that after rounding the immense cape to the eastward, which was in fact the one which formed the eastern horn of the bay so well known to our friends, the ships had found a beautiful roadstead about fifty miles down the coast; and as they saw a quantity of game on the hills, and a stream of water flowing into the sea, it was determined that hunting and watering parties should go ashore at once. Soon after landing, they had encoun-

tered the party of Esquimaux who had lately visited Melville's hut, and had learnt from them that three deserted sailors and a little girl were living miserably in a hut on the shore of Barrow's Strait. The captain of the North Star immediately despatched the present party, provided with every comfort for the unhappy strangers, and with the best directions which they could obtain from the Esquimaux for finding their place of refuge. To his great joy Mr. Parish had heard the report of the two rifles, and feeling sure they must be those of the deserted sailors, he had replied to the signal in the manner we have just described.

In less than an hour the party of hunters returned, and placing Ross and Melville in the boat as tenderly as if they had been two infants, the sailors cheerily recommenced their march. In about two hours they halted for the night. A good supper of venison, biscuits, and other provisions brought from the ship, was eaten beside a comfortable fire, the materials for which had also been conveyed in the boat, and preceded a night of sound and refreshing sleep. The morning brought another cheerful meal, and such kind care and hospitable attentions from the English sailors as often drew tears to the eyes of our two friends, weakened as they were by long privation and anxiety, and now almost bewildered by the sudden revulsion of feeling caused by the unexpected change in their situation. The party camped out the second night without any misadventure, and in the forenoon of the following day the hut was visible to Melville's anxious eyes. Mr. Parish had fired his rifle in order to announce Melville's return to his little daughter, so that she was seen standing with Fairford before the hut, looking anxiously in the direction whence the sound had proceeded. When she saw the whole party coming round the shoulder of the hill, she screamed in affright and astonishment, for among the strangers, as she believed them to be, she saw no one resembling her father or Ross.

In truth a great change had taken place in the appearance of both her friends; for the sailors had not only shaved off their long beards, to make them look a little Christian like, as they said, but they had clothed them anew from head to foot, so that, with neat blue trousers and jackets, and clean white linen, new shoes, and stockings, and caps set smartly on the sides of their heads, they looked very unlike the rough, fur-clad, bearded, and uncombed men, with pieces of deer-skin tied on their feet instead of shoes, and rude caps of the same material on their heads, who had set out from the hut four days before.

‘Don’t you know me, my Lily?’ cried Melville, as Liliás, who had clung closely to Fairford, hiding her head on his shoulder.

‘Oh ! Papa, Papa ! is it indeed you?’ cried the little girl—‘you and dear Ross with these gentlemen ! Then I know we shall see our home once more !’

How kind, how thoughtful, how tender, were the English sailors to Liliás and her friends during her journey to the bay where the two ships lay at anchor ! How deeply they felt the goodness of Captain Maynard of the North Star, the senior officer of the expedition, when he came himself to shore in his gig to offer the whole party the hospitality of his ship, and to take them all with them on board, there to receive from himself, and his officers, and the whole crew, every kind attention that could suggest itself to the minds of these feeling and thoughtful Englishmen.

When a little rest and refreshment had in some measure restored the strength of the Scottish sailors, they related their adventures during the past year, giving a simple and unadorned narrative of their trials, their misfortunes, and their wonderful preservation. Modestly as the history was related, the energy, patience, and reliance upon the goodness of the Almighty, which had enabled them to

surmount such hardships, and to bring their delicate little charge in safety to the commencement of a second autumn in these horrid regions, could not be concealed, and won for them a high place in the opinion of Captain Maynard and all his officers and crew.

And Liliās—how kind they were to her! An extempore wardrobe was soon prepared for her, which, as soon as they arrived at Disco, was improved by such articles of female apparel as they could procure there. The officers said that she should be called Aurora instead of Liliās, to commemorate her long acquaintance with the wonderful electrical phenomenon of the north. The captain gave a ball on board to amuse her, and as she was the only lady present, we may suppose that her hand was in great request in the dance. But Captain Maynard yielded his right to Mr. Parish, who had brought her from the icy desert where she had anticipated nothing less than to spend the remainder of the young and joyless life, that had already shown symptoms of succumbing to the rigours of the climate, and the absence of so many comforts.

Two plays were acted by the officers during the voyage, highly to the amusement of Liliās and her three friends; and indeed the performance was very creditable to the talents of the actors, who seemed equally at home in tragedy and comedy, and might have gratified an audience more fastidious and less inclined to be delighted than that which applauded so enthusiastically in the theatre on board the North Star.

These amusements were varied by a concert of vocal and instrumental music, which perhaps gave Liliās more pleasure than any of the others; some of the performers had beautiful voices, and one of the officers sung many Scottish ballads with a taste and pathos which gave them an inexpressible charm to many a home-sick heart, besides that of the little girl.

But soon a tinge of sadness or anxiety, a kind of restlessness, and eager yet fearful longing, took possession of every heart, and showed itself upon every countenance. The *North Star*, and her consort, the *Vancouver*, had been between four and five years from home. Four years of that time had been passed in the desolate and inaccessible regions of the extreme north, and during that time what changes, what dreary and irreparable losses, might have taken place in those homes which had been the green and pleasant resting-place of each man's thoughts during those long and weary years of banishment!

In these feelings of trembling doubt and anxiety Melville and his party shared deeply, for though their absence from home had been so much shorter than that of their kind friends and deliverers, yet they knew that their wives and children, their parents and relatives, could never have hoped to see them again, and must have suffered all the agonies of uncertainty respecting their fate, all the misery of an eternal separation.

Captain Maynard had promised, if it were possible, to land our friends at Eastport, or at least at some port in Scotland; but contrary winds compelled him to abandon this idea, and to proceed at once with both ships to Spithead. They had, however, been seen in their passage down the North Sea, and the intelligence of their near approach had preceded them to Portsmouth.

When the *North Star* and the *Vancouver* arrived at Spithead, they were speedily surrounded by yachts, boats, and small vessels of every description, bringing friends, letters, supplies, and numbers of persons inspired only by curiosity or general interest. Soon arrived the admiral of the port, with the other authorities, and they were immediately received on board with all the ceremony that the circumstances admitted of. Amidst all this bustle and excitement, Melville and his little daughter appeared to

be forgotten, together with their two friends, and they stood apart on the lower deck, looking anxious and eager, yet not liking to remind anyone of their presence, and their inability to take advantage of any of the shore-boats in order to land, being utterly without money.

But their anxiety did not long continue, for soon they were requested to repair to the captain's cabin. They were presented to the great personages there assembled, and the Port Admiral then said that Captain Maynard had given the whole party a most interesting account of their wonderful preservation and escape, and that he, in common with all his friends, felt the warmest admiration for the courage, energy, perseverance, and reliance on the protection of Providence, which Melville and his two friends had shown ; and he kindly presented them with a considerable sum for their expenses, an example which was followed by every person present. Then Captain Maynard ordered his gig to be prepared to take the party on shore, and shook hands heartily with every individual, most kindly bidding them farewell. Placing his hand on the head of Liliass, he said, 'Farewell, Aurcra ! I think you will not be anxious again to take an active share in the whale-fishery !'

And now the deserted sailors, and the little truant Liliass, are in the train on their way to London, whence they intend to go down at once to Scotland. Their hearts are beating with hope and joy, yet trembling with fear and anxiety. Rapidly as they were travelling, it was not swiftly enough for their wishes, and it seemed an age before they arrived at the Vauxhall station, whence they were to go to Euston Square, there to take the train for Edinburgh. As they stood for a moment on the platform, a train was in readiness to go down to Portsmouth, and, amongst many other persons, a woman, neatly dressed in widow's weeds, with a little girl beside her, was just about to enter a second-class carriage, when Melville darted for-

ward and seized her arm. 'Janet!' 'Jamie!' exclaimed they, and, utterly regardless of the busy and bustling crowd around them, the husband and wife were once more clasped in each other's arms.

I cannot attempt to describe the happiness of this wonderfully reunited family. Every thoughtful and feeling heart can imagine it. It would require a far more able pen than mine to paint it in words.

The intelligence that the Discovery Ships had proceeded down the North Sea towards Portsmouth, had reached Eastport through the crews of some fishing smacks that had been at sea, and who had seen them; and Janet had determined to lose no time in going to Portsmouth, and ascertaining by personal inquiry whether anything had been heard or seen of the deserted sailors; for by nearly a miracle, the William Wallace had reached Scotland in safety; but the third mate, who was in command, could give no clear account of the locality in which her captain had been left, nor would any whaler be likely to be able to penetrate so far to the north-west; and the Discovery Ships seemed to be the only means of, even by a bare possibility, hearing any intelligence of the fate of Melville and his companions.

And now the happy party resolved to spend a week of quiet enjoyment in London. They visited together many places, amongst the most remarkable objects of interest in the great capital; but the one which charmed Liliasth the most, was the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park. She was never tired of feasting her eyes upon the beautiful trees and grass and flowers, and watching, with Amy's hand always clasped in hers, the curious and interesting animals so scientifically and humanely managed in that astonishing inclosure.

One day the two little girls stood contemplating a party of Polar bears, and Liliasth was eloquently describing their strange appearance in their native regions, amidst the ice

and snow, when a kind hand was laid upon her shoulder, and a well-known voice said, 'Ah! Aurora! I see you have still a tender remembrance of your old acquaintances!'

It was Captain Maynard, who, with the young lieutenant, Mr. Parish, now shook hands heartily with all Melville's little party, and received the warm and modest thanks of Janet for their extreme kindness to her husband and her child.

'And do you know, Aurora,' continued Captain Maynard, addressing Liliás by the name he had given her on board the North Star, 'I am going to dine this evening with a very great lady, who is even more kind and good than she is great. She wishes to hear an account of our adventures while we were in those regions that we all have good cause to remember, and I intend to tell her your history.'

Liliás coloured. 'I am afraid she will think me a very naughty girl!' said she.

'I am afraid she will,' said Captain Maynard, laughing. 'But, Aurora,' continued he, 'would you trust me with that beautiful necklace, and the bracelets that little Onootka the Esquimaux girl gave you? And if I should think it for your father's advantage that I should offer this little gift to one of the children of this lady, from you, you will not be vexed, as, you remember, you have repeatedly asked me to accept it; and you know better than anyone, what a debt of gratitude you owe her for the immense quantity of beef and biscuit you have consumed at her expense!' added he, laughing.

Liliás most gladly consented to this proposal, and Captain Maynard and his young friend, Mr. Parish, accompanied their party to the lodgings, which were their temporary home. Liliás gave him the ornaments, and was rather consoled for his departure by his promise of returning at an early hour the next day.

Accordingly, true to his promise, he came, bringing a most gracious and kind message from the great and excellent lady whom he had been to visit, together with a very munificent gift of money to pay all the expenses of the party both in London, and during their journey home. And a splendid present soon afterwards arrived in the shape of a nearly complete wardrobe for Liliás, and such a plaid and brooch for Janet, as made her the envy and admiration of every captain's wife in Eastport to the day of her death.

And soon Melville, and his wife, and his two little daughters, took leave of their kind and thoughtful friend, Captain Maynard, and his nephew, Mr. Parish, who was Liliás's especial favourite, with a deep sense of their great and considerate friendship and kindness. They returned with thankful hearts to their humble home, and were received by all their fellow-townsmen with such public and general demonstrations of joy, as showed how deep and sincere the respect and attachment were, which could thus tear aside the habitual quietude and undemonstrative self-restraint of the Scottish character.

L. STEWART.

THE WINDS.

CHAPTER V.

PERIODICAL WINDS, MONSOONS, LAND AND SEA BREEZES.

'From morn to eve the live-long summer's day,
The strong bright Sun, a ceaseless fire,
Poured arrowy heats, and not a breath
Soothed the air fever rising higher, higher
The pitying Sea sent light airs to the land,
He said, "It will be cooler now,
"Sister of Mercy, happy evening breeze,
"Welcome to parched breast and burning brow!"'

Lewis. Well, Uncle, I think I may answer for William

and for myself, that we shall never forget your explanation of the trade-winds and the return-winds.

Uncle F. I hope not, Lewis; and I hope, too, that you will remember the name I gave them when we concluded our last conversation.

William. Oh, what was that? I have forgotten it, I am afraid, already.

Uncle F. I called them the 'constant,' or 'uniform' winds, because, in the main, they are winds which keep constantly or uniformly to the same direction all the year round. And I gave them this general name for another reason also, namely, to remind you of the existence of *other* winds which are *not* constant to the same direction all the year round. Now what name did I give to these latter?

Lewis. Periodical.

Uncle F. Yes; and why so, William?

William. You said that besides the uniform trade and return winds, there were other winds which changed their direction, from *period to period*, and so were different from these regular trade and return winds, which do not alternate or change in this way.

Uncle F. Very good. In certain regions the winds change with the seasons; and one part of the year you have a wind blowing in one direction; in another part of the year you have a wind blowing in another. So we call these winds *periodical*, by way of distinguishing them from those which we have called *constant*. There is another name for these winds which we have used so often lately, that I need hardly ask if you know it; but as William was reading the other night about the monsoons, which are the winds I mean, I will ask him if he remembers the explanation of the *word* monsoon, given in the Encyclopædia, and what language it is of?

William. Oh, dear no! I never troubled my head about *that*. I read on to see what they were like.

Uncle F. Boy-like, William. But I shall not let you run on so fast when you are with *me*. Names are not always things to be treated so lightly; and in this case the name has a real meaning, and the language also to which it belongs is worth remembering.

Mrs. H. Well, Francis, what does the name monsoon mean, and what country does it belong to?

Uncle F. It is an oriental word formed from the Arabic MAUSIM, or as it is in Malay, MUSIM. These words mean *epoch*, *fixed period*, or *season*. Now you already know that it is in the Indian Ocean that our regular and constant trade-winds are converted, by circumstances, into *periodically-changing* winds, and therefore you can easily understand how it is that we know of such winds by the name they bear in their own chief region. The chief of all periodical winds are Indian winds, and so they have an Indian name.

Mrs. H. Then monsoon means a wind which belongs to a particular season, and monsoons are winds which change about with the seasons. Will that do?

Uncle F. Yes, very well. Monsoons and periodically-changing winds are really the same words in different languages.

William. But, Uncle, there are other monsoons besides those in the Indian Ocean, are there not?

Uncle F. True. Still the greatest and chiefest of them are there; and it was the periodical winds of the Indian Sea which were first regularly studied as to their rules and their causes. After these were understood, it was soon found out that similar causes, only on a smaller scale, produced other similar smaller periodical winds in other places, and people naturally kept up the old familiar name, and called them also the monsoons of those other places. But the name itself always reminds us where the chief of the monsoon family is to be found.

William. Yes, I understand. The old original monsoon is an Indian both by name and nation.

Mrs. H. So much for the name, Francis. Now let us hear about the cause of these changing winds.

Uncle F. To make quite sure, let me go back a little, and see how the boys remember about the cause of the currents of air from the poles to the equator in the first instance. You, William, tell me, why does the air move at all towards the equator?

William. Because at the equator, or thereabouts, the air is heated most; and, therefore, it is lightest in that region, and so there it is always ascending into the upper regions of the atmosphere, and making it necessary for the cooler air to flow in from north and south below.

Uncle F. And what if the place where the earth is hottest is not exactly at the equator?

Lewis. Then the boundaries of the trade-winds will be altered, for they will blow up to the hottest place wherever it is.

Uncle F. Very well answered both of you. So that if the actually hottest region should, for any reasons, be a long way north of the equator during one season, and a long way south of it at another season, what then?

Lewis. Why then I suppose the boundary between the two trade-winds, I mean the place to which they both blow, and where they meet and ascend, will travel about, being a great way north at one season, and a great way south at another season.

Uncle F. Yes; and consequently the region lying *between* these two positions of the boundary, will be blown across *part of the year* by *one* trade-wind, and *part of the year* by the *other* trade-wind.

Mrs. H. I think I see what you are driving at. You mean to explain, that the space between the two different places to which the winds blow, will be *blown over* by different winds at different seasons.

Uncle F. Just so. And so its winds will not be *uniform*, but *monsoon* winds; one wind one season, another

wind another season ; and here you have the general rough outline of the cause which produces periodical winds, or as I might better express it, *converts the trade-winds into monsoon-winds*.

Lewis. But what makes this place of greatest heat move about so much ?

Uncle F. This I have partially and briefly explained to you already, when I was showing you why the line of separation, between the trade-winds in the Atlantic, moved northwards in the summer, and southwards again in the winter ; but now that we are come to so much larger an example of the same thing, I must go into the question at full length, and take up the different causes one by one separately.

Mrs. H. Well, I see we are in for a lesson. Let us listen in good earnest.

Uncle F. I must begin by reminding you once more, that land receives heat much more rapidly than water, so that if you are standing upon the sea-shore, you would find, by the end of a summer's day, that the land has increased in heat, since the morning, much more than the sea has done. In *temperate* climates, or in cool and moderate weather, the difference, of course, will not be so very great ; but in *very hot* climates the difference in the course of a summer season becomes prodigious. You all know that even here, at the end of a hot summer's day, a stone wall facing the sun becomes almost too hot for you to touch it ; but if there be a pond, or a vessel of water near, the *water* will not be too hot for you.*

Lewis. But, Uncle, if this is so, how is it that in the course of a summer the land in warm countries is not quite burnt up ?

* Upon this point see the fact stated, page 660, regarding the morning and evening temperatures of land and sea within the tropics.

Uncle F. For this reason, namely, that all things which receive heat quickly, give it out again also quickly. And, therefore, if you stand upon the shore during an ordinary summer's night, you will find that the land has given out again, or lost more heat than the sea has done. The rule is, that those materials which receive heat the quickest, give it out again quickest; and those things which receive heat the slowest, give it out again the slowest. Do either of you know what are the regular fixed words which you find in books to express these facts?

Lewis. Is *radiation** one of them?

Uncle F. Yes. That is the word used for the way in which heat goes away from anything into the air, as for example, from the earth. *Absorption* is the other word; and so we say that the earth *absorbs* heat during the day, and *radiates* it away during the night. And the *rule* about absorption and radiation is this, that any surface, as land, or sea, for example, *radiates* heat away *after the same rate* that it *absorbs* it.

Lewis. If that is the case, how is it that the earth ever should grow any hotter than the sea, if, as you say, it radiates away in the night, the heat it has received during the day?

Uncle F. If the days and nights were both of the same length, then, no doubt, there would never be much difference. During the summer, however, the nights are much shorter than the days; so that the earth *has not time* to radiate away *all* the heat it has received during the day, but only a *part* of it; so that from the time when the days first become longer than the nights, the land is *every day* receiving more and more heat than it

* When heat passes away from the surface of anything into the air, it moves in straight lines, or *rays*, in every direction. This is why it is said to be *radiated* away from the surface. The process of its departure is called *radiation*, or moving away in *rays*.

has time to give out again during the following night. **You** see, then, that through the whole of our summer season, I mean from the end of March to the end of September, our lands are steadily receiving, or *absorbing*, and laying up more heat than they lose, or *radiate* away.

Mrs. H. But there will have been a daily gain of heat to the sea also, will there not ?

Uncle F. Yes ; but not nearly to the same extent. The sea both receives and gives out less, and therefore its daily gain of heat is less.

Lewis. It comes to this, then, at last ; that towards the latter part of a summer, the land has, on the whole, become very much hotter than the sea.

Uncle F. Yes ; this will be so everywhere in summer, but of course *most* where there is most heat to be received from the sun, that is, in the region between the tropics. Hence, by the end of a summer the *tropical lands* will be heated very much beyond the *tropical seas*, so that if land and sea are *at all intermingled* in the region of the tropics, the place of *greatest heat* will follow the line of the land or continent ; and, therefore, the place to which the cool draughts are drawn will follow the line of the continents.

William. And how about the winter, Uncle ?

Lewis. Just the reverse, I suppose. Is it not so ?

Uncle F. Yes ; I hardly had thought it necessary to explain that. The very first time the night is longer than the day, the land and the sea will, ordinarily, radiate away more heat than they have received ; but as the land will radiate it *fastest*, it will lose *most* ; and in this way, by the latter part of a summer season, the land will be cooled down to a point lower than the ocean ; and so the line of greatest heat will no longer follow the course of the continents as it did, but will altogether have a different position.

Lewis. And so the place to which the north and south

currents of air are flowing, will have a different position.

Uncle F. Yes. And now turn to your map, and look at the Indian Ocean. There you will see that all the space about the equator is occupied by *sea*. Then look northwards, and just within the region of the tropics you will see that this ocean is fringed, if I may use the word, all the way by the lands of Africa and Asia. Where, then, will be the place of greatest heat during the northern summer?

William. Over the continent, I suppose. Along the line of Arabia, India, and China.

Uncle F. Quite right. And then during the northern *winter*. Where will it be then?

Lewis. Somewhere over the ocean, I suppose. At any rate not over the continent, where it was in the summer.

Uncle F. Yes; it will naturally pass away to the southward of its summer position.

Lewis. And how far? Is there anything to guide us to that?

Uncle F. I will tell you. And now I come to the next step in my explanation. You know that when it is *winter* in the *northern*, it is *summer* in the *southern* hemisphere; so that when the regions north of the equator are at their *coolest*, then the ocean between the equator and the southern tropic is *hottest*. During the northern winter, then, the region of greatest heat is to be found somewhat south of the equator; *very much* to the south of it indeed on the eastern and western sides of the ocean, where the lands of Australia and Africa come in for the sun's heat, but *less* so towards the centre, where all is ocean, and there is no land to the southward to receive the heat. In actual fact, the region of greatest heat during our winter, lies south of the equator in a curve line resting on Australia on one side, on Africa,

about the Island of Madagascar, on the other, and then bending northwards between these two points, until perhaps its northernmost place will be about 12° south of the equator. This settles where the place of greatest heat is to be found, first in summer, and then in winter ; very far to the north in summer, and considerably to the south in our winter. Now, William, what are the corresponding winds in the two seasons ?

William. Let me see. When it is summer in the north, the south-eastern trade-wind of the south blows all along across the equator, and does not stop there, but goes on until it comes to where the greatest heat is, and so it crosses all over the ocean until it strikes upon the heated lands of Asia. Thus all the Indian Ocean has one wind during the summer, and this is the summer monsoon.

Uncle F. Very right, William. Now, Lewis, how about the other season, that I mean when it is winter north of the equator, and summer to the south of it ?

Lewis. Then I suppose it will be just the other way. The hottest place where the air is ascending will then be to the south ; so the southern trade-wind will not go so far as the equator at all, but the northern trade-wind will blow all over the Indian Ocean from off the lands, and will occupy all the space as far as the curved line I drew upon the map just now.

William. And this will be the winter monsoon, will it not, Uncle ?

Uncle F. Yes ; you both seem to have caught the true ideas. In the northern summer season, the southern winds take possession of the whole ocean, and blow right up to the heated lands. In the northern winter season, the northern winds go on from over the lands where they were stopped in summer, to take possession of the whole ocean, up to the line I have described. Thus this ocean has two winds per annum, winds which change with the

seasons, *monsoons* or *periodical* winds. And again you will see that they are results of the same *general causes*, as those which produce the trade-winds in the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, only these general causes have their effects *modified*, as I told you long ago, by the peculiar arrangement of the land and sea in this particular ocean. There is no uncertainty about them. In their way they are as much to be depended upon as the trade-winds themselves. Navigators calculate upon them, and arrange their voyages accordingly, just as they do in our own Atlantic Ocean, so that the monsoons are in no way exceptions to our great general plan, but only the same plan working itself out under somewhat different circumstances.

William. But, Uncle, when I was reading about the monsoons the other evening, I came upon all sorts of stories about great storms which prevail in the region of these winds. I had no idea that they were such regular winds as you describe them to be.

Uncle F. Ah! there you remind me of an important fact which I ought to tell you of. You will easily understand, that the region of greatest heat does not change its position in one day, or week, or even month, across so vast a space of the earth's surface. It is no trifling area which it crosses in moving from its southern to its northern locality. The true state of the case is, that it is really a considerable time about it; and, therefore, there will always be a considerable period before either monsoon fairly 'sets in,' as it is termed, over the whole surface of the Indian Ocean. The actual position of greatest heat, and therefore the boundary wherein the two north and south currents meet and ascend, has *literally* to travel across the equator from the summer to the winter position, and so back again to its summer place, before the corresponding monsoon fairly takes possession of its entire territory.

William. Yes. This is easy to understand ; but what has it to do with the storms of the Indian Ocean ?

Uncle F. Stay a moment and you will see. Owing to this continual moving up and down of the line where the north and south currents meet, there naturally arises some sort of confusion in the atmosphere, the edges of the two winds are always more or less mingling and clashing, and twisting each other round into eddies and whirlpools of air, *whirlwinds*, as the term is, for really almost all the Indian hurricanes are true *whirlwinds*. Then again the outer edges (to the south and east of the monsoon district) of the monsoons are also places where these winds are in conflict with the neighbouring winds, and from these clashings and conflicts result those frightful storms with which the history of these seas is rife, and which of late years has received so much attention from men of science.

Mrs. H. Let us clearly understand then about the monsoons before we go further. If I have rightly caught your meaning, Francis, it is much the same thing as if the Indian Ocean, instead of having, like ours, one trade-wind blowing on one side of the equator, and another trade-wind upon the other, all the year round, has *one at a time* blowing *all the way* across it, each lasting about half the year.

Uncle F. Yes, that will do very fairly, only that *neither* lasts the *full half* of the year, because of the time lost in the transit of the line of greatest heat between its summer and winter positions. And again, you have to remember that the southern trade-wind which blows south-east in the southern hemisphere, when it crosses the equator, becomes a south-west wind, so that in the northern Indian Ocean, and over the coast islands of Asia, the summer monsoon is called also the south-west monsoon.

William. South-west ? Why so ?

Uncle F. For the same reason * that our return-winds here are south-west winds, as I explained long ago. Our south-western winds are only the southern trades prolonged into our hemisphere, after ascending and crossing over our northern trade-wind; and so the south-west monsoon is the same thing, only that it has not had to cross over the back of the northern trade-wind.

William. And the hurricane district?

Uncle F. Properly speaking, there will be two hurricane districts, the one all along the southern edge of the monsoon region, from Madagascar eastwards, up to the China seas. The other *traversing* the monsoon region, as the line of greatest heat travels northwards and southwards between the periods of the two monsoons.

Lewis. And the one great reason why the trade-wind is thus drawn beyond its boundary, the equator, is, that the lands become heated and cooled so much more and so much quicker than the seas.

Uncle F. Yes, if not, all would go on as it does in the diagram I gave you the other day.

Lewis. Then if so, I should have imagined that there would be monsoons blowing almost everywhere, in the hot places of the earth, where land and sea are mixed up.

Uncle F. And so there are, only that nowhere else are the land and the sea arranged in a way to produce this effect upon so large a scale, and in so striking a manner. You see the Asiatic lands run chiefly *east and west*, *i. e.* in the same direction as the equator, with vast projections as of Arabia, Hindostan, and Cochin China, into the

* Our readers will remember that the earth's rate of turning round from west to east, is necessarily *greatest at the equator*. Hence the winds, as they cross the equator, will have had communicated to them a rapidity of movement towards the east, greater than that of the part of the earth's surface they are crossing, as they go on to travel northwards. Hence their track across the northern part of the Indian Ocean will have a direction from the south-west. Refer to pages 204, 205.

region of the tropics. This draws the line of greatest heat *bodily northwards* in the summer over a very large district, and so produces the results we have described, in a manner easy to understand, and very gigantic in its scale. The other monsoon winds are upon a smaller scale, and not so interesting in their manifestations. On the coast of Africa, for instance, where that great round mass projects into the Atlantic, we have a monsoon during the later summer months. That great tract of sandy, riverless earth becomes in our summer actually hot enough to cause a great draught of air to itself from off the sea, so that during all the later summer and autumn months, there is a wind towards the land blowing from the south-west, and occupying a space of some breadth from the coast. After the period we have named, it ceases, and the regular trade-wind goes on as before; and thus we have here a regular monsoon, a periodical wind, one half the year blowing from the south-west, the other half from the north-east.

Crossing the Atlantic westwards, we next come to the South American coasts. There along the Brazils, in the southern hemisphere, when it is *their* summer, or *our* winter, the Brazil lands are heated by the sun-warmth, and they, in like manner, cause a draught to their own coasts from the ocean, and so produce, during the months from January to June, a steady north-easterly wind, in place of the south-easterly trade-wind, which prevails during the rest of the year. On the western shores also of the American continent, within the tropics, the same cause produces a similar effect. A north-westerly wind blows from off the sea on to the land, from May to September, while a south-westerly wind prevails in the same direction during the greater part of the remainder of the year, interfering, for a certain space, over the ocean with the otherwise regular action of the trade-winds.

Mrs. H. I have traced your description along the map

all the way, Francis, and it seems to me as if through *all* the hotter regions of the globe, the lands were fringed with monsoons along their coast line, or sea-board, as you sailors, I think, usually call it.

Uncle F. This is exactly the true state of the case. Out at sea in the open ocean, the trade-winds will be found blowing according to our general rules. But when you approach the land, you find that the great heat of the continents during the summer months, diverts the currents towards themselves during those months, overcoming, *for the season*, the regular trade-wind. In this way, there arises an *alternation* of wind along the coast line, and so *monsoons* are made.

Lewis. I like that idea of the continents in the tropical countries being *fringed* with monsoons, or periodical winds; and I think it helps us to understand what you said before about the irregular intermixture of land and sea preventing the great plan of trade-winds and return-winds being uniformly developed all over the globe.

William. Some time ago, Uncle, you were saying, just when you began to explain all this, that every day the earth received more heat than the sea. Will not this *always* produce a wind from the sea towards the land?

Uncle F. Not always; for you know I told you also that by night the earth gives out again, or *radiates* away more heat than the sea does.

Lewis. So the earth becomes cooler than the sea?

Uncle F. Certainly, and especially towards morning. This produces the alternation of land and sea breezes which you know of at the sea-side. They are not great winds, and do not last long, but still they are regular breezes whenever the weather is hot enough to bring about any considerable alternation of warmth and coolness.

Lewis. I do not think I ever heard of these land and sea breezes.

Uncle F. Did you not ? Then I must tell you that even on our own coasts, in hot weather, there is a kind of miniature monsoon every day, owing to this fact which we have been discussing. Towards *evening* the superior heat of the land draws a slight breeze from the sea ; towards *morning* again, when the *radiation of the night* has *cooled* the earth below the temperature of the neighbouring sea, there is a corresponding flow of air towards the sea, where the air, being rather lighter, is disposed to ascend. Twice a-day, then, you will have a breeze upon the sea-coast, if it is at all hot weather, and this is the reason why the sea-side is generally so refreshing and pleasant in our autumn season.

Mrs. H. Then our cool pleasant evening sea-breeze is a little monsoon wind ! It is a dear old acquaintance of mine, and is associated with many a pleasant memory of evening strolls on our warm Devonshire coasts. But I cannot say I have so much acquaintance with the morning's *land* breeze.

Uncle F. No, I dare say not. It is soon destroyed by the sun-warmth ; and in the summer time the sun will have risen and dispersed the land breeze before you are likely to be up, or at least out.

William. Well ! only to think of our having a private monsoon all to ourselves !

Uncle F. It is a very little one, William, and I must hardly allow you to call our little land and sea breezes by so large a name. Customarily, the term monsoon is limited to those winds which change only once a year. But I ought to tell you that these land and sea breezes of our summer mornings and evenings become matters of real importance in hotter climates. Within the tropics there is a prodigious quantity of heat absorbed by the land in the day-time. The evening breeze from the sea will consequently be a large draught of wind several miles long, and the morning breeze from the land will in like

manner be large and strong enough to stretch several miles out to seaward. Here these winds will be merely light airs of uncertain strength, and brief duration, but within the tropics they are really useful and important winds, coming round steadily and uniformly, and lasting long enough to be of real service to navigators who look out for them, and take advantage of them in their voyages.

Mrs. H. So then, Francis, this is the account of those formidable tyrants of the air, the monsoons?

Uncle F. Yes. And you will notice that I began by telling you that in this conversation I should explain the nature of *periodical* winds, as opposed to *constant* and *uniform* winds. I chose rather to use this term, namely, *periodical winds*, because it conveys a more definite idea to our minds, and because it *includes more* than the term *monsoon* does, which custom limits to those winds which, like the Indian monsoons, blow during half, or nearly half a year, and change once a year only.

Mrs. H. But the monsoons are the most important of all the periodical winds?

Uncle F. Yes, infinitely so. And the Indian monsoon is the most important of all the monsoons. Once understand its nature and causes, and all others are simple and easy. Perhaps the *easiest* example of all the periodical winds is the alternate land and sea breeze, but I preferred beginning with the most interesting, and the most important. In very hot climates, however, the land and sea breezes are by no means of trifling extent or utility, and you will, no doubt, be surprised when I tell you, that by the afternoon in tropical climates the shores have been observed to be heated up to 120° of our thermometer, while the sea is not warmer than 80°; and again, on the other hand, before sunrise the heat of the land will have been radiated away to so great an extent, as to leave it no warmer than 50° or 60°, while the sea remains much more nearly at the same heat as before.

Mrs. H. What a prodigious difference! Do you mean to say that in the afternoon the lands will be 40° hotter than the sea, and in the early morning nearly 30° cooler?

Uncle F. Such is the fact. So you may imagine what a strong *draught* will be caused to and from the *land*, according as it or the sea is the hotter.

Lewis. I am afraid, Uncle, that you will think me very stupid for what I am going to say; but though I can understand that this difference upon the thermometer means something very large, yet I do not feel as if I should quite know what I meant if I were to repeat to anyone that the land was so many degrees warmer than the sea.

Uncle F. I am very glad, Lewis, that you have the honesty to say so, and not to give way to the false shame of concealing your ignorance. There are many persons besides you; persons, too, who ought to know better, who will go on talking about degrees of heat, and *differences* of degrees of heat upon the thermometer, without once stopping to ask themselves what actual difference in the way of feeling warm, or feeling cold, corresponds to these differences upon the thermometer.

Mrs. H. Do not be too hard upon us, Francis. I am afraid I am one of the offenders.

Uncle F. Well, I spoke of the land being found to be some 40° , or so, hotter than the sea. You know what it feels like when we have a moderate frost.

William. Cold rather. Sharpish, I should say.

Uncle F. Well, then, that corresponds to 30° or 32° on the thermometer mostly used in England. And I must next tell you that a comfortable, healthy, in-doors temperature will be about 35° higher than this on the same thermometer. I mean that an ordinary living room should, for health and comfort, be kept as near as may be about 65° of thermometer; in summer it will be somewhat higher, and you dress cooler in consequence, but for spring,

autumn, and winter, you should not keep your sitting-rooms above 65°.

Lewis. Then it comes to this, that 35° or 40° of the thermometer means as much difference of heat as there is between the warmth of a comfortable room, and the cold in an ordinary frosty day out-of-doors.

Uncle F. Yes, this will do very well as a sort of rule to measure by, so that when we speak of the land being 35° or 40° hotter than the sea, we mean that the *difference* is the same as that we have spoken of. You may see then, what a wonderful power the sun must have in the tropical countries; how much more than in our own.

Lewis. Yes; now I can understand how all these more remarkable effects of the heating of the lands takes place chiefly in the tropical regions.

Uncle F. And I am pleased that you asked that question just now, for it has given me the opportunity of enabling you to *realize* the real work of *heating* and *cooling* which goes on within the tropics. We read, and read, and read, in these days of books; we *talk*, and come to use *words* familiarly, *not* because we *understand* them, but because we are *accustomed* to *see* them, and to *pronounce* them; we forget that all these *words* represent *real things*, and if we have not at once, first of all, obstinately refused to go on until we have realized what a new word *describes*, the chances are, that our very familiarity with the sound and appearance of the *name*, stands in the way of our ever making true acquaintance with the nature of the *thing*.

Mrs. H. I am afraid, Francis, that if these conversations of ours were to be—what do you sailors call it?—overhauled, we should find some more *words* and *terms* which we have used without fully entering into, or, as you say, realizing the things they represent.

Uncle F. I will not be so insincere, my dear sister, as to pay you a false compliment. If I were, of course I

should in all politeness reply that you do yourself great injustice ! But still I hope there have not been many things left unexplained, like enemies in the rear of an advancing army. Another time, however, I will try and think if there are any words or things likely to have escaped us unexplained. I am glad too, for William's sake, that I have now finished my account of the uniform and periodical winds, so that I am now free to begin with my next great division of the subject.

William. What, the hurricanes ?

Uncle F. Circular winds. So that my three divisions will run thus :—I. Constant, or Uniform Winds ; II. Periodical Winds ; III. Circular Winds.

William. What an odd name. I *did* think that as you told us the monsoon region was a region of fierce storms, we should have come to a hurricane at last.

Uncle F. Well, but what if hurricanes should be circular winds ? Will that satisfy you, William ?

William. Yes, but who ever heard of such an odd name ? I thought a wind was a straightforward draught of air ; you began by telling us so. Ah, Uncle, I think I have caught you there.

Uncle F. I may have said the winds were only gigantic draughts, and so they are, but even a *common draught* will often twist about into a *circular draught*, or twisting whirlpool of air, so that I shall not be caught tripping that way, Master William.

'To-morrow, then, we will begin with the 'Circular Winds.'

(*To be continued.*)

NAME-FANCYING.

NAMES FROM THE LATIN.

LAURUS, a laurel, or more properly a bay-tree, the ever-green that furnished the wreath of the victor, gave a well-omened name of one who conquered by a death of torture, the noble young Roman deacon, Laurentius, and in his honour it has been transformed to suit the lips of each nation. His modern countrymen make it Lorenzo, with the contraction Renzo ; it is Lorenzo again in Spain, Lorentz in Germany, Laurent in France, Lars in Sweden, Lawrence in England, with the Scottish Laurie, and the Irish Larry.

Poetical Provence must have invented Laura, a graceful title for the gentle dame of Petrarch's Sonnets, which have rendered it one of the poetical modern appellations ; but as it stands in no calendar, the Lora, Loretta, Laure, Laurette, or Loulou of the continent, keeps her feast on St. Laurence's day, the 10th of August, as has been recorded by the Duchesse d'Abrantes, whose fête day when a young child, was broken in upon by that 10th of August which was truly a feast turned into a day of weeping and mourning.

Lætitia, gladness, was once frequent in England under the simple form of Lettice. Letizia was the name of Napoleon's mother, but it does not seem to have been at all a frequent choice.

Leo, a lion, was the Christian name of sundry emperors of Constantinople ; and many popes likewise adopted it in honour of the two great Saints Leo, defenders of Rome by their prayers and by their courage, and it was likewise considered to bear a more distant reference to the Lion of the Tribe of Judah. The Italians call it Leone, and the French and Spaniards Leon. Leontius, one of the deri-

vatives, became Léonce in France, and was the name of several local patron saints at Fréjus, Arles, and Bourdeaux. Leo was also the root of the princely Welsh Llywelwyn or Llewellyn, Anglicised into Leoline, and in the romances of the Round Table, Lionel, or as the Italians made it, Leonello. It was probably in allusion to these heroes that the third son of Edward III. was called Lionel, and it is a pity that so princely and chivalrous an appellation was not kept up among the Plantagenets. In Germany the word *Löwe*, a lion, became united with *hart*, a heart, and thus was formed Leonhard, Leonard, Léonard, Lionardo, and in Spanish, Leonarda, all owning as their patron the Bishop, St. Leonard of Corbigny. Withhold, gentle, it became the German name, Leopold, much used in the House of Austria, with the feminine Leopoldine.

Lilium, a lily, has been the parent of the pretty Scottish Lilies, and the English Lilian and Lilla. The foreign names Lelio, Lelia, and Lelie are from the Latin *Lælius*.

Lux, light, is the most obvious derivation for the old prænomen *Lucius*, which came down from the dark Etruscan ages, belonged to at least a tenth part of the Romans, and was probably the name of St. Luke. It has fallen into disuse in the masculine form, and is hardly ever found except as *Lucio*, in Italy; but *Lucia*, the virgin martyr, has been much more popular. In allusion to the signification of *Lucia*, the true light was always prayed for on her day, eyes became her emblem, and by-and-by the idea arose that the manner of her martyrdom had been by the tearing out of her eyes, whence she is often represented with them in a dish in her hand, and is invoked by those Romanists who dread the loss of eyesight. Her name, as *Lucia*, *Lucie*, or *Lucy*, has been a favourite in all countries and ages. It is the first Latin name to be met with among the Saxons, having belonged to the poor Lucy, sister to the murdered Edwin and Morkar, who be-

came the unwilling bride of Ivo Taillebois ; and a Lucy de Blois, sister of King Stephen, was lost in the White Ship. After slumbering for some time, it came to preferment in the early seventeenth century, and several reigning beauties at the court of the early Stuarts were Lucys, though the name was far too simple for the poets of their day, who accordingly praised them as Lucinda, Saccharissa, &c. There is a story of a clergyman who fancied that the sponsor's reiterated reply of, 'Lucy, Sir,' was a profane attempt to give the name of Lucifer, and accordingly christened the unfortunate girl John ; but our association with the name of Lucifer is entirely modern. *Lucifera* was the beautiful name of the planet Venus, as the morning star, the light-bearer ; and in allusion to this harbinger of day, one of the sainted bishops of the early Church was called Lucifer, a most appropriate title for one of those whose feet were beautiful on the mountains as a bringer of good tidings. But the words in Isaiah, 'How art thou fallen from thy greatness, O Lucifer, son of the morning,' led Milton to adopt the word as a fit designation for his Demon of Pride, and thus 'proud as Lucifer,' has become a proverb, and we never think of any but the signification which he has thus given it. The augmentatives of *Lucius*, *Lucianus*, and *Luciana*, have been used in Italy ; *Luciano*, *Luciana*, in France, as *Lucien*, *Lucienne*, and perhaps may account for the frequent English coupling of Lucy Anne, once, perhaps, *Lucianne*. The pretty Italian diminutive, *Lucilla*, has been in some vogue in France and England ; and *Lucretia*, which perhaps has the same root, has in honour of the Roman matron, flourished as *Lucrece* and *Lucrezia*, though one bearer of the latter name, did all in woman's power to give it an ill repute.

Lupus, a wolf, does not sound promising, yet it prevailed among the lower classes, perhaps in honour of the Roman wolf ; and thus there was a St. *Lupus*, in respect to whom

many a Lupo has been christened in Italy, and many a Lope in Spain, of whom the great poet Lope de Vega was the most celebrated.

(To be continued.)

HINTS ON READING.

THE '*Churchman's Companion*' has just completed an admirable series of papers called '*The Parish and the Priest*,' useful to every one concerned with parish work, as well as to the Clergy. We would particularly recommend to those who wish to find a ready means of giving pleasure, the hint as to 'sick albums,' which we are sure would be an immense boon in many a case of illness. They are scrap-books of devotional prints, pasted on calico, and with appropriate texts or verses of hymns placed beside them. The story of '*Milton's Bouverie, or Retribution*,' is likewise ended. It is an odd wild story, too full of characters and of improbable incidents to please us; and we are not satisfied with the poetical justice of the actual retribution.

Mrs. Francis Vidal cannot write without substance and purpose, but her '*Home Trials*,' (J. and J. H. Parker,) though wise and sound, comes a little too close on recent events, and represents what we hope may be an exceptional case.

'*The Master of Churchill Abbots*,' by Florence Wilford, (Masters,) is a very pretty story of the 'young people' class, gracefully written and nicely imagined, and with the business of the tale carried on at much less expense of naughtiness than usual. Rafe, the sick boy, is a very good sketch, with his fretful impatience of female authority, high capabilities, and strong aversion to the hero, an unreasonable aversion, which subtilly prevents the reader from conceiving the same towards so exemplary a personage; though we must be allowed to doubt whether his church window would not have driven an ecclesiologist crazy. Cissy and Maud are both sweet little girls in their different lines, and in fine we pronounce upon the book Cissy's sole form of admiration, 'very pretty.'

'*Maud Bingley*,' by Frederica Mayne, (Bell and Daldy) is a quiet soundly principled novel, with a very prettily drawn heroine, a lover sorely pursued by accidents and wounds, and three capitally drawn brothers, one good, one weak, and one selfishly disagreeable. Nobody is 'too bad,' and there is some clever drawing. It is very safe and not at all unprofitable reading.

We wish St. Helier's Church, Jersey, may profit by '*Fragments from the History of a Parish Church*,' conversations full of strong feeling, but somewhat upon stilts.

The S. P. C. K. have published two pretty little books, both upon submission to parents, one entitled '*Phæbe's Best Adviser*,' the other, '*The Chamois Hunter*.' Our old friend '*Mildred Grey*' is also come out under the same auspices.

'*Ready and Desirous*' is a striking imagination, but the author wanted something to make it seem thoroughly real.

'*The Life of Sister Rosalie*,' by the author of *Tales of Kirkbeck*, is a beautiful outline of one of the *real* heroines of France, the more interesting for coming down to our own time.

'*Hymns from the Land of Luther*,' in spite of the unpromising title, contains some beautiful poetry, musically translated.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. G. L.—*The excellent papers on Heraldry to which you refer, are newly published by Chapman and Hall, by the name of 'Heraldry in History, Poetry, and Romance, by Ellen J. Millington.' 'Lectures on Heraldry, by Archibald Barrington, Bell, 1844,' are somewhat more interesting than Clarke's 'Introduction,' but hardly so full. J. W. Parker's 'Glossary of Heraldry,' is a useful book.*

ALTO, declined with thanks.

A. P. H. is heartily thanked both for the contribution to the bells for Auckland, New Zealand, and the accompanying wishes. The kind subscribers will be glad to hear that the fund is progressing, though slowly, surely.

E. C. D. accepted with many thanks.



